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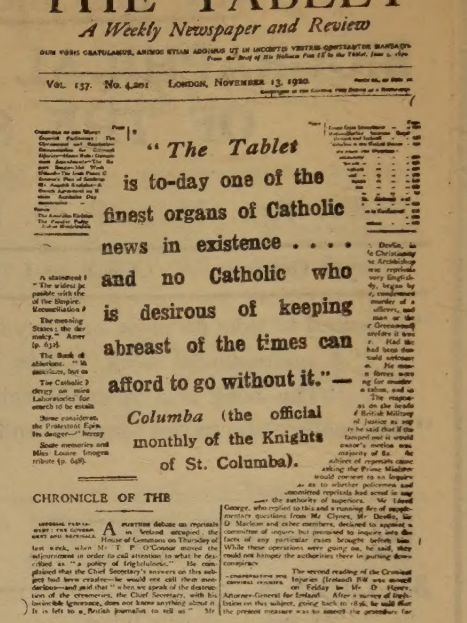

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REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

OF

THE HIBERNIAN BANK LIMITED

Submitted to the Shareholders at their Ordinary General Meeting held on Monday, the 30th day of January, 1928.

The Directors submit to the Shareholders the annexed Balance Sheet as at 31st December, 1927, with relative Profit and Loss Account for the Half-year to that date, and a copy of the Auditor's Report thereon.

After providing for rebate on bills, interest on deposits, bad and doubtful debts and contingencies, the net profits for the half-year amount to ...	£51,868	17	5
To which has to be added:—			
Balance of undivided profits from last Account	27,533	4	11
	£79,402	2	4
The Directors have transferred to the Reserve Fund the sum of ...	£10,000	0	0
And they recommend that the balance be applied as follows, viz.:—			
In payment of a dividend for the half-year at the rate of Twelve and a half per cent. per annum, subject to deduction of Income Tax	31,250	0	0
In reduction of Bank Premises Account	7,500	0	0
To next Account	30,652	2	4
	£79,402	2	4

The Reserve Fund now stands at £630,000.

The Directors retiring by rotation are MR. WILLIAM ROBERT NOLAN and MR. CHARLES HUGH O'CONOR. They are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.

In accordance with the provisions of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, it will be necessary for the Shareholders to elect an Auditor for the ensuing year.

MR. JEREMIAH BUCKLEY, the present Auditor, offers himself for re-election.

By Order of the Board,

ALFRED T. COLLINS
General Manager.

DUBLIN, 12th January, 1928.

THE HIBERNIAN BANK LIMITED

Dr. BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1927. Cr.

LIABILITIES.	£	s.	d.	ASSETS.	£	s.	d.
To Capital, viz.:—100,000 Shares of £20 each—£2,000,000; amount paid up £5 per Share	500,000	0	0	By Cash in hand and with Bankers ...	508,782	6	8
,, Reserve Fund	630,000	0	0	,, Investments, viz.:—			
,, Deposit Current, and other Accounts, including Interest due on Deposits	11,864,881	7	1	War Loan and other Government Stocks	5,056,558	6	1
,, Sundry Agents	64,225	12	1	Corporation Stocks, Railway Debenture Stocks and other Securities	178,010	1	3
,, Rebate on Bills Discounted not at maturity	9,849	15	7		5,743,350	14	0
,, Profit and Loss Account ... £79,402 2 4				,, Bills Discounted, Advances on Current Accounts, Loans, etc.	7,167,785	11	7
Less: Transferred to Reserve Fund ... 10,000 0 0				,, Sundry Agents	34,026	10	10
	69,402	2	4	,, Bank Premises and Furniture (Head Offices and 58 Branches), written down to	193,196	0	8
	£13,138,358	17	1		£13,138,358	17	1

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for Half-year ending 31st December, 1927.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Expenses of Management, including Directors' Fees, Salaries, Pensions and Allowances, Bonuses and Grants to Staff, Rents, Rates, Repairs, Revenue Taxes, and all other outlay ...	105,134	1	2	By Balance from last Account ...	27,533	4	11
,, Amount transferred to Reserve Fund	10,000	0	0	,, Gross Profits for Half-year, after providing for Rebate on Bills, Interest on Deposits, Bad and Doubtful Debts and Contingencies	157,002	18	7
,, Dividend to be paid in February, 1928, subject to deduction of Income Tax ... 31,250 0 0							
,, Bank Premises Acct. 7,500 0 0							
,, Balance to next Acct. 30,652 2 4							
	69,402	2	4				
	£184,536	3	6		£184,536	3	6

AUDITOR'S REPORT.

I have obtained all the information and explanations I have required in the course of my examination in detail of the foregoing Profit and Loss Account and Balance Sheet.

I have verified the Investments. Their market value as on 31st December, 1927, is in excess of the amount at which they stand in the Balance Sheet. I have also verified the Cash and Bills in hand at the Head Office.

The Balance Sheet is, in my opinion, properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of my information and the explanations given to me, and as shown by the Books of the Company and the Certified Returns from the several Branches.

JEREMIAH BUCKLEY (KEAN & CO.),
Chartered Accountant, Auditor.

DUBLIN, 12th January, 1928.

MARTIN F. MAHONY
T. LEVINS MOORE,
PATRICK J. BRADY } *Directors.*

ALFRED T. COLLINS, *General Manager*

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VOL. XVII No. 65

STUDIES

An Irish Quarterly Review

MARCH 1928

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WHO IS CALLES?

BY FRANCIS MCCULLAGH

(*Mr. Francis McCullagh returned from Mexico via the United States at the end of last year*, 1927. *He had previously visited Mexico in* 1924, *at the beginning of the Calles regime. Fluency in Spanish, acquired from a journey through all Latin America which lasted about a year and from six visits to Spain at various times, enabled him to investigate at first-hand the story of Calles, which he tells in the following pages. For previous articles on the religious persecution in Mexico, see the issues of September* 1926 *and March* 1927).

ONE reason for the silence of the non-Catholic Press on the subject of Mexico, is the appalling nature of the Mexican news. Not that the Press eschews the "dramatic," the "thrilling," the "terrible," and the "astounding"—a glance at the newspaper posters in New York, London, or Paris will show that this is not the case—but the facts of the Mexican persecution are so terrible that they seem exaggerated.

I shall therefore begin my article about Mexico with some quotations from a writer who is beyond all suspicion of exaggeration. His name is Dr. William B. Davis, and he was recently American Consul in Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico. He is a medical man by profession, a Protestant by creed, and a Protestant from a city which is distinctly anti-Catholic, viz., Los Angeles, California. While in Mexico, he wrote a number of letters to his married daughter in Calfornia, without any thought of their ever being published; and he deserves the thanks of all historians by refraining from "touching" them up before publication. For, eventually, they were published, privately; but as Dr. Davis does not want to make money out of them, they are almost unprocurable, probably quite unprocurable by this time.

I was in Guadalajara last year and met some of the people whom Dr. Davis mentions; and formed the impression that this unusual American minimized rather than exaggerated. It will be noticed that he was unable to get any information at all on the religious question.

In one of these letters Dr. Davis tells of a certain Colonel Fierros who "on one occasion, after the surrender of thirty enemy soldiers, mostly boys, personally killed all of them, thus: having had a basket filled with loaded pistols, he made the prisoners come up in front of him and kneel; then he put the muzzle of his pistol to the forehead of one after another and shot them in the order as their names were called."

Colonel Fierros is dead, but there are to-day in the Callista police officers worse than he, men who get intoxicated on blood, men for whom murder possesses the same horrible fascination as drugs possess for the dope-fiend. One of them is General Palomero Lopez, head of the mounted police, and universally known as "Lopez the Killer."

Like Fierros he delights in murdering unarmed prisoners with his own hands. On one occasion he asked a friend to accompany him on a motor trip by night on a large police car. There were three prisoners in the car, handcuffed together, and a policeman armed with a rifle. Fierros drove to the *campos de aviaçion*, where he pushed the three men out of the car and then killed them with his revolver. The friend, though nearly as bad as Lopez in some ways, had not contracted the taste for human blood, and he never went again with "Lopez the Killer" on any of his nocturnal expeditions.

At present it is not a case of the rich only being butchered to make a Mexican holiday: it is a case of a general blood-lust in which the victims are mostly poor workmen, peons, and boys.

Mr. Thornton, the American manager of the Guadalajara Packing House, made in this connection a statement

which Dr. Davis gives, after testifying that Mr. Thornton was "an American citizen whom I personally know to be thoroughly reliable." The statement is to the effect that while two of Mr. Thornton's Mexican labourers were going home on one occasion to their dinner, "the Carranzista soldiers fired on them, killing one outright and wounding the other so that he fell to the ground. After waiting some time, a number of employees ventured out in a body to where the victims were. Seeing them, the officer and some soldiers also came to the spot. The men explained to the soldiers that the two men in question had long been regular employees of the packing house and had never been known to take part in political affairs, and begged that they might remove the wounded man to the packing house where they could call the physician to dress his wounds. The officer gave them no answer, but, turning to his soldiers, said: 'Finish him with a *tiro de gracia.*' Whereupon one of the soldiers placed the muzzle of his Mauser close against the forehead of the wounded labourer and blew his brains out." Dr. Davis then adds:—

> I could continue to relate similar cases *ad infinitum, ad nauseam,* but I have not had the time to procure such witnesses to others, especially now while Mexicans refuse to give testimony, even secret and confidential testimony, on the subject of outrages towards Catholic priests, nuns, and religious institutions.
>
> In an effort to gather information on the subject of this latter, I put an American lady, a Catholic, well known to be devout to the church, on the job of collecting data, and she returned to me yesterday with only a few meager details, saying; "I don't think you will make use of these notes, for I found it impossible to have the facts substantiated as you require. Actually I cannot get the people most interested to state those facts, for they all seem terrified and afraid even of the echo of their own voices."

I had the same experience. I found that instead of telling about atrocities which never took place, Mexican Catholics concealed from me many outrages which actually occurred; and sometimes victims of Roberto Cruz, the

notorious chief of Police in Mexico City, when they did tell me of their experiences, made me promise not to repeat what they said lest relatives of theirs should bring death on themselves in a hopeless attempt to avenge them. The reason for this reticence is because the sufferers are what Sir Robert Carden (the British Minister) called very truthfully "the decent people of Mexico," the well-educated upper class, the respectable shopkeepers, the self-respecting artizans, the peons who have not yet been demoralized.

Things are quite as bad in Mexico at the present moment—*i.e.* in February 1928. The American Consul-General is sending to the American Ambassador in Mexico City facts as appalling as any of those I have mentioned; but I cannot quote him—first, because those accounts are official, and secondly because it is the policy of America, at the present moment, to hush up all stories of Mexican atrocities. Mr. Dwight Morrow, the U.S. Ambassador in Mexico City, is trying to establish better relations between Calles and Coolidge, and in the meantime he strongly opposes the publication of any news prejudical to the Mexican Dictator.

There is one piece of news, however, which he cannot keep from travelling all over the world, because it tells of four murders committed by his Chief of Police, Roberto Cruz, in the very heart of the Federal Capital. The victims were Father Miguel Pro Juarez, S.J.; his brother Humberto; Luis Segura Vilchis, an engineer; and a young workman called Tirado. All four were arrested on the charge of being implicated in the attempt to kill Obregon in Chapultepec Park on November 13 last.

On that occasion several men in an Essex car threw a bomb at Obregon's motor, when Obregon was inside, on his way to a bullfight. Nobody was hurt, but Obregon's escort fired on the Essex car as it made off, shooting one of the occupants through the head. This man, whose name was Ruiz, was captured in a dying condition;

the others escaped. Ruiz was carried to the hospital, where it was found that the ball had entered at the back of the head and emerged through one eye. The surgeons removed the other eye; but probably it did not matter much, one way or the other, as the man was in a state of coma and sure to die. After his death, though he died without having been able to articulate a word, Roberto Cruz gave out that he had confessed that the priest and the other three whom I have mentioned above were his accomplices.

This story is so opposed to the facts of the case, to all the evidence available, and to all probability that it is hardly worth controverting. In fact it has been crushed under mountains of overwhelming rejoinder; and even Mr. Carleton Beals rejects it in the "New Republic" of December 21st, though he is an anti-Catholic and pro-Calles writer who has his home in Mexico City. He says that "every constitutional and humane guarantee was violated" in this case; and it must have been so, otherwise the Radical "New Republic," always very friendly to Calles, would never have printed this statement. From what Mr. Beals says later, it is evident that he suspects the bomb to have been thrown by a friend of Calles, who wanted to rid the Dictator of a colleague who is becoming rather distasteful to him.

These four innocent men were kept isolated in an underground prison for six days, and then shot. They were not tried, confronted by accusers, confronted by witnesses, allowed legal assistance, allowed to communicate with any of their friends, or brought before a magistrate. Seven different articles of the Constitution were violated by Cruz and Calles, for Calles was very close behind Cruz; it was he who finally insisted that they should be taken out and shot. On this occasion no less than seven articles of the Queretaro Constitution were violated by Calles, who professes to hold that Constitution in the utmost reverence when it is anti-clerical. Those articles

are 13, 14, 16, 19, 20, 21 and 22. After they were shot, Cruz told the American correspondents that they had confessed; whereas, on the contrary, they had asserted their innocence till the end.

Father Miguel Pro Juarez was, in my opinion, a martyr. He had nothing to do with this plot. He was working in Mexico City when I was there, secretly of course but industriously and continuously, on purely religious work which did not leave him a moment for the making of bombs—even if he had had any talent and inclination for that sort of employment. He heard confessions from 5.30 a.m. till 11 a.m.; and, being of weak health, he had twice a physical break-down in the confessional. He had raised the number of First Friday communicants from 900 to 1,500. He attended the dying. All this work was illegal and secret, which of course made it more trying. He supported about 92 destitute families with alms contributed by pious Catholics. He devoted himself unsparingly to the Catholic University Youth, for whom he had drawn up a course of lectures. Luis Segura was the best orator at these conferences, and his brother Humberto was a member of the committee which organized the conferences. None of the three had any time for plotting. The engineer was kept busy all day by his employers, the Light and Power Co., a Canadian concern with an English manager. All four prisoners were prominent and practical Catholics, who devoted themselves solely to religious work and paid no attention to politics. I know this. I was in Mexico City when they were at work, and, thanks to a written message which I carried from a Jesuit Father called Pizarro whom I had met in Jalisco, I was admitted to all their secrets. They were martyrs. I do not, of course, wish to anticipate the judgment of the Church; but I think that some of us will live to see Father Miguel Pro Juarez venerated as a martyr.

Here I am tempted strongly to go off at a tangent,

but I shall keep to my subject, which is that Mexico has fallen into a state of chaos so bad that even the best authenticated narratives are regarded with scepticism in Fleet Street. I could quote from Dr. Davis even more frightful things than I have actually quoted, but I think the reader has had enough, and is quite prepared to accept as possible equally strange stories from Mexico.

These stories shall, as a rule, have Calles for their hero. I wish to throw some light on that remarkable but dangerous man, who is personally responsible for the famous "Ley Calles," and who would have absolute control of the Mexican Church if the episcopacy were weak enough to submit to that law.

I shall first show Calles as he was in October 1927, when he crushed General Francisco Serrano and General Arnulfo Gomez, whose crime was that they dared to present themselves as Presidential candidates, although Calles had put up as *his* candidate Alvaro Obregon, his partner.

Calles and Obregon were apparently alarmed at the progress which Gomez and Serrano were making among the soldiers, and therefore they determined on a *coup*, which was, I must admit, executed with very great skill. Both of those gentlemen had had considerable experience of course in the jerrymandering of elections. When Calles was chief of Police in Sonora, he proposed himself as candidate for the governorship of that State, without however resigning his official post; and though his opponent, General José J. Obregón, got a majority of the votes, Calles declared himself duly elected, and nobody had the courage to contradict him—for he was the chief of Police.

On that occasion he was under no necessity to deceive the American Press; but when he struck at Gomez and Serrano, he had to act more carefully. Not content with the rigorous censorship over cables and letters, he stopped all cables and all letters, and then had Serrano assassinated. Having done that, he addressed to America

an exceedingly clever message, wherein he deplored that General's attempt to anticipate the verdict of the ballot-box by an armed rising, and spoke feelingly of his own attempts to secure purity of elections.

Now, this showed a knowledge of American journalism which I don't think that Calles possesses. He must have been assisted on this occasion by the choice collection of American Parlor Pinks who surround him. Under his auspices, Chapultepec Palace has in fact become as much a cesspool for the iniquity of the New World as the Kremlin has become for the iniquity of the Old ; it is full not only of Parlor Pinks but of draft-dodgers, Communists, and thugs—most of them, I regret to say, hailing from north of the border.

Calles, who has been, for the greater part of his public career, a police officer, had got all the details of Serrano's preparations for revolution, as he has been extremely well served, expecially by General Roberto Cruz, Inspector General of Police in Mexico City and a close friend of Serrano's. When he had all the proofs before him, Calles did what probably no other contemporary ruler would do, though I can well imagine Louis XI, Peter the Great, Queen Elizabeth of England and a few other Monarchs of past history adopting the same course : he invited Serrano to Chapultepec Palace and plied him with drink until he was hopelessly intoxicated. By this bold course Calles got out of Serrano all the information he wanted. Presumably, of course, he had taken precautions to protect himself against the possibility of a personal assault being committed on him by his inebriated guest.

The scene would make an interesting historical picture, and a good companion picture to that famous canvas in the Tryetyekovsky Gallery, Moscow, which shows Ivan the Terrible gazing at the corpse of his own son, whom he has just murdered. We have on one side of the festive board the Prohibitionist, and on the other the Dipsomaniac. We have the successor of Montezuma entertaining with

imperial lavishness, and industriously passing the bottle of drugged drink to the besotted soldier whom he watches meanwhile with the hard, experienced eye of the homicidal bar-tender. For Calles was at one time a bar-tender. I shall come to that later.

Here I would like to emphasize the rapidity, unscruplousness, and success with which he acted on this occasion, and which place him in the same category as any of the illustrious but "hard-boiled" Potentates (to use an Americanism) whose names I have just mentioned. He has proved himself to be quite as strong as Porfirio Diaz, though his strength will probably be exercised in pulling down rather than in building up, in making bad blood between Mexico and the United States, in doing infinite mischief to the prestige of the United States throughout Latin America.

Having hermetically sealed Mexico by seizing the telegraph lines and stopping all the trains, he had Serrano shot. Serrano was certainly not ready at the time, for he had only thirteen followers with him, all of them civilians; and, according to the best testimony, he was only having a picnic at his country house in Cuernavaca. There was no court martial; and the mutiny which took place afterwards in Mexico City was due to this assassination. This mutiny was partial, unorganised, and unsuccessful; but this would never have been the case if it had been led by Francisco Serrano, who had, only four months earlier, been G.O.C. of all the troops in the Valley of Mexico, and who had endeared himself to the soldiers not only by his ability but even more by that reckless generosity which is so often found in association with alcoholic excess. Calles himself is a teetotaler and, despite his military rank, an incurable civilian; but some time before he brought off this *coup*, he had summoned to his side Alvaro Obregon who is a hard drinker and personally popular with the troops. Calles and Obregon, together with Amaro and several other Generals in whom absolute

confidence could be placed, formed a very efficient G.H.Q. in Chapultepec Palace until all danger had passed.

I am not prejudiced against Calles, and I hold no brief for either Gomez or Serrano. In some respects I even admire Calles, for I recently investigated, not without reverence, the early life and adventures of that illustrious man, and conducted most of those investigations in the sleepy, little, one-horse town of Guaymas, Sonora, where, in the year 1870, he first saw the light. A full and accurate account of Calles' career would be every whit as interesting as the imaginary adventures of Gil Blas or Hadji Baba of Ispahan; but, unfortunately, Mexican adventurers who attain high position seem to become ashamed of their humble origin and their early struggles; for the autobiographies which they give out for publication are as colourless as the autobiographies in "Who's Who." Of course there is this to be said for that system, that at all events it keeps them out of jail, for if they gave as frank an account of their career as, say, Benvenuto Cellini gives of his, they could hardly escape assassination or imprisonment, unless indeed they took the precaution before publication to change their names and go to the Galapagos Islands or some equally remote place.

Calles is half Syrian and half Yaqui, and is illegitimate. His father belonged to that strange race which hails from Asia Minor, which calls itself Syrian, and which has added an important but poisonous element to the ethnological hotch-potch that makes up Latin America. The United States does not allow any more Syrians to enter that country, and the U.S. acts very wisely, for though I have come across them all over Mexico, Central America, and South America, I never once heard them spoken well of anywhere.

They are charged with dishonesty in business, but an even greater offence in the eyes of the indolent Latin Americans is their habit of combining together in family groups, constituting a sort of Trust which can kill all

competition and get control of almost any branch of trade. Plutarco Elías possesses, by the way, in a strong degree that laudable family affection which is so characteristic of his race: his half-brother is Mexican Consul-General in New York; another half-brother was Mexican Consul General in New Orleans, but may by this time have got a higher post; a relative, Pancho Elías, has been twice Governor of Sonora. But, curiously enough, save the great man himself and his children, no member of the Presidential family bears the Spanish name of Calles; they have all got the Syrian surname of Elías. I refrain, out of delicacy, from asking where our hero picked up the name of Calles.

After a slight smattering of education at a school in Hermosillo, Plutarco began life as a Primary School teacher in Guaymas; but, on being "fired" after a few weeks, he soon obtained, through the influence of a kind uncle, the position of municipal treasurer in Guaymas. He was not long in this position, however, till he lost it also, owing to the discovery of an inexplicable shortage in his accounts; and he would have been prosecuted had not the same kind uncle come forward with a promise to make good the deficiency. He never did so; but, long afterwards, when Calles stood as candidate for the Governorship of Sonora, the Municipality voluntarily wiped out this indebtedness.

For the moment, however, the prospects of our hero were bleak; and he experienced for a time that annoying difficulty in finding another billet which some of the greatest characters in history have experienced under similar circumstances; and was finally forced to descend somewhat in the social scale, in short to become bartender in the "Hotel Mexico," a new but already disreputable establishment which his brother, Arturo Malvido Elías, had just opened on the Plaza of Guaymas, opposite the venerable church of San Francisco.

Here, perhaps, and not in the obscure labyrinths of

theological, historical, or sociological controversy, will the future historian seek for the origin of our hero's intense hatred of the clergy. The Parish Priest may have objected to the uproar in Calles' saloon of a Sunday morning; and it must be borne in mind that, since all this happened in the days of Porfirio Diaz, the Parish Priest was a man of some consequence. Calles has had his revenge, however, for when I recently visited the church of San Francisco it was deserted, and when I enquired discreetly about the priest, I was told that he was in hiding and had been for some time in jail. On the other hand, Arturo Malvido Elías was, as I have already indicated, made Consul-General in New York. Thus are the friends of struggling genius rewarded and its enemies crushed!

In a short time Plutarco Elías became owner or part-owner of the "Hotel Mexico," and as he added a gambling table to its other attractions, he had to keep his wits about him, for a low-class drinking-den which is also a gambling-hell does not attract a select *clientèle*—at all events in the Wild West of Mexico. But perhaps, after all, this severe training was the best that this remarkable man could possibly have had for his subsequent political career. In the first place we must date from this period our hero's ardent teetotalism. Nightly observation of the pernicious effect of bad liquor on the human system cannot have been lost on that acute and powerful intellect; and, as I have just shown in my account of the interview with the inebriated Serrano, this teetotalism was at this crisis in our hero's career a matter of vital importance, political as well as personal.

Valuable too, in their way, were the nightly struggles with inebriated guests (each of them with his little hip-pocket revolver). These struggles must have accustomed Plutarco Elías to think and act quickly, and to shoot at sight. They may even have imparted to his sombre visage and his forceful gait that truculent air of the

" chucker-out " which is still discernible by the initiated even at the most august diplomatic functions, and which has not so far been corrected by the Presidential sash nor by all the glories of Chapultepec.

One of the least pleasing characteristics of the Oriental race to which our hero belongs is an inveterate habit of having an accidental fire in their houses after having first taken the precaution to ensure them heavily, and this characteristic President Calles does not lack; for, after having insured his saloon with two American companies, he had a fire, as the phrase goes, a very thorough one too, for the house was so completely gutted that not even a stone was left for the veneration of posterity; and when the other day I myself made a pious pilgrimage to this hallowed spot, I found that it was occupied by another building.

Calles maintained, of course, that the fire was accidental; but with that disagreeable obstinacy and suspicion which too often characterize American Insurance Companies under such circumstances, these Companies refused to pay, and it was not until after an acrimonious dispute which lasted for some time that a composition was effected, and the future Dictator received something, but not so much, alas! as he considered himself entitled to.

These are only the faint and tentative beginnings of this colorful and tumultuous career: and the careers of Serrano, Gomez, and Obregón are equally exciting. I am surprised that the *New York Times* does not devote at least as much attention to them as it does to Feng Yu-hsiang, Sun Chuan-fang, Tang Shen-tse, Chang Fa-kwei, Chang Tso-lin, Yen Hsi-shan, and the notorious Li Li-san, especially as these gentlemen, estimable though they may be, are only of ephemeral importance and can never have any intimate connection with the United States, whereas the rotativist Calles-Obregon Government may last for the next twenty years, expecially if Morones is taken into partnership, and may all that time be a source of perpetual worry to the State Department.

As I have already pointed out, I hold no brief for anybody. Although Serrano has been described as a martyr of Liberty, I did not admire him in his later phases. In his early struggles, however, one finds much that is admirable. As a boy he had been a fiddler in a brothel; but he afterwards joined a circus in an humble capacity and, by sheer force of character, raised himself to the position of chief clown. From the position of chief clown in a circus to that of General in the Army is an easy transition, for, in order to become a General, one has only got to arm a few Weary Willies and lead them to the assistance of some politician who happens to be in difficulties.

Some of the things which Serrano did when he was Minister of War I cannot mention in *Studies*, but I can say that whenever he contracted debts in a tavern, a brothel, or a gambling hell, he had an easy way of signing a check for the amount and telling the debtor to collect it next morning at the War Office. After that long-suffering and impecunious institution had paid out over two million pesos in this way, even Obregon became scandalized, and insisted on his War Minister going to Europe for a year and a half on an ideal sort of mission with no duties attached to it, but with full pay and all travelling expenses.

This singular forbearance on the part of President Obregon was probably due to his feeling of gratitude towards this drunken soldier for having conducted that famous march of 8,000 kilometres, and afterwards allowed Obregon to take all credit; but it also may have been due to the fact that he himself mixed occasionally in Serrano's revels. At one time, indeed, Obregon, Calles, and Serrano were in the habit of gambling heavily; and in one night Serrano lost 75,000 pesos to the famous Mexican bull-fighter Gaone, who won in all on that occasion 100,000 pesos from these three gay but illustrious gentlemen.

Although Gomez presented himself, somewhat pharisaically, to the electorate as "a man without vices," he

also was a typical Sonoran politician and had long been a tool of Calles. Only a few months ago I was told by a Catholic leader that in one place Gomez had made friends with the Catholic insurrectos and afterwards betrayed them to Calles; but, as a journalist myself, I was more shocked at his treatment of two Mexican colleagues. Let me tell the story as it was told to me.

At that time Calles was a Colonel and the chief of Police for all Sonora, while Gomez was a captain of Police at Nogales, which is, as you know, half Mexican and half American. In the American half there lived in those days an expelled Mexican journalist called Sanchez, better known by his nickname of "El Chorrizo," who published lurid weekly attacks on Calles in a little Spanish paper called "The New Era." Calles, who is extremely sensitive to such attacks and who may even object to the present article, though I have omitted several murders which he committed, instructed Gomez to "get" Sanchez by hook or by crook, with the result that Gomez did "get" Sanchez—not by hook, indeed, nor yet by crook, but by lasso. Sanchez had a habit of walking, at a certain time everyday, along the American side of the street which forms the international boundary. On learning of this, Gomez had a long heart-to-heart talk with sundry American authorities, who are sometimes, by the way, extraordinarily corrupt in this part of the States, perhaps because in some places they are as Mexican as the people south of the border. Gomez also had a talk with a certain Mexican soldier who was very expert with the lasso; and one day when the unsuspecting Sanchez went for his usual *paseo* after having filled up at a drinking saloon called "Las Emociones," he was suddenly lassoed, dragged to the Mexican side of the street through a wire fence which separates the two republics, and at once murdered in the presence of many American spectators. A copy of the latest issue of "The New Era," containing the usual virulent attack on Calles,

was then nailed to his forehead, and the body was left lying there all day.

This neat piece of work encouraged Calles to send Captain Gomez another obnoxious journalist for treatment. Victim number two was Manuel M. Huguez, managing editor of "The Voice of Sonora," an anti-Calles newspaper published at Hermosillo, the capital of Sonora. Calles had this pestiferous scribe placed on board a northward bound train, and when he reached Nogales, Gomez and the American immigration authorities saw that the did not get further. According to my informant, Gomez was told to "eliminate him at the first opportunity"; and this opportunity soon came in the drinking saloon of one Pedro I. Torres, a spy of Calles. "This saloon," continued my informant, "was patronized by Huguez, who was a notorious drunkard, and on one occasion, when the unfortunate journalist was under the influence of drink, it occurred to him to give a cheer for General Maytorena." It was a fatal brain wave, for, though General Maytorena was Governor of Sonora at the time, Calles was his deadly enemy and afterwards succeeded in getting rid of him. Torres instantly arrested Huguez and dragged him before Gomez, who immediately ordered three soldiers to "take the newspaper gent to the cemetery." In anticipation of a rush of business, a number of graves had already been dug, and beside one of these, Huguez was permitted to drink a bottle of whisky which the soldiers had considerately purchased *en route* with some money they had found in the victim's pocket. When he had finished the bottle, he was shot.

My only object in the present paper is to give readers of STUDIES a glimpse of the Dictator who would be absolute master of the Catholic Church in Mexico if the Mexican Bishops accepted the "Ley Calles."

To do so would be to surrender to Calles what the Catholic Church never surrendered to Cæsar.

FRANCIS MCCULLAGH.

Roll of Honour of the Mexican Clergy in 1927

February—Father Mateo Correa, from Zacatecas, tortured and shot in Durango.

Father Miguel Diaz, pastor of Autlan, hanged.

Father Manuel Mercado, shot in Aguascalientes by order of General Genovevo de la O.

Father Hermenegildo Lara, shot in St. Ignacio by order of General Ferreira.

Parish Priest of St. Julien, shot in revenge for a defeat of Calles's soldiers by Catholic forces.

Father X. Ruelas, shot in Durango.

April—Father Secundino Sanchez, pastor of Cocula, taken prisoner to Mascota and shot there.

Father José Sanchez, hanged by the side of road between Palmira and Tecototla.

Father Vicente Lopez, parish priest of Tenancingo, shot there.

Father David Uribe, shot near Iguala.

Father Andres Zola, a young Spanish priest, tortured and shot outside of Leon by order of General Amarillas. His body was hung up and burial permit was denied for several days.

Father José Trinidad Rangel, shot in company with Father Zola.

May—Father Fernando Escoto, assistant priest of San Juan de los Lagos, shot outside the town.

Parish Priest of Assietos, shot in Aguascalientes.

Father Espiridion Jiminez, pastor of Atenguillo, shot May 20.

Father Feliz de la Castanedad, shot in Jerez by order of General Eulogio Ortiz. His body was left hanging on a tree.

Father Cristobal Magallanes, shot in Colotlan by order of Lieutenant Enrique Medina.

Father Augustin Sanchez Calofa, shot in company with Father Magallanes.

Father Sabas Reyes, taken prisoner at Guadalajara, and shot in Tototlan.

Father Martin Diaz Covarrubias, murdered in Villa de la Purificacion.

July—Father Ignacio Gonzales, shot in Queretaro, July 15.

August—Father Miguel de la Mora, shot in Colima, August 9.

October—Father Rafael Retana, shot in Durango, October 16.

Father Librado Arreola, parish priest of Tamazula, arrested. Captors cut off the priest's hands "to prevent him from ever again saying Mass." The priest later died in a hospital in Guadalajara.

November 10—In capturing the village of Union de Tula, General Izaguirre arrested the religious sisters known as the Nuns of Ejutla. The superioress died from harsh treatment at the hands of her captors and the fate of her companions is unknown. The parish priest was also killed, there being two versions of the manner of his death. All agree that his body was burned with a great heap of statues, but some hold that he had been strangled before being burned.

November 22—At Zapotlan Father Gunesindo Sedano was arrested. He was taken out to be shot, and his executioners invited the people to come out and see a man die for Christ. The soldiers trembled at the sight of so many friends of the priest and refused to fire. An officer had to act as executioner.

November 23—Father Miguel Pro Juarez, S.J.,shot in Mexico City, as described by Mr. McCullagh in the foregoing article.

[These are but a few of the outrages reported every week in American Catholic papers. We have gathered them from two of these papers. Several priests were shot also in 1926; but we have details of only a few.—Editor].

JOHN ENGLAND, 1786–1842

Educator, Journalist, and First Bishop of Charleston

BY T. CORCORAN, S.J., D.LITT.

Professor of Education, University College, Dublin

TO the history of modern Catholic action both in Education and in Civic Service, as well as in many other fields, a notable addition has been made in the definitive biography of John England, first Bishop of Charleston.[1] We owe this to the untiring zeal of Dr. Peter Guilday, Professor of Church History in the Catholic University of America. It is an intellectual and moral asset secured not to the United States alone. No epoch in the national and religious progress of Ireland needs more urgently to be presented fully in its true sources, than does the period from the Convention of 1792, in Dublin, to the Synod of 1850, in Thurles. To realise its meaning when so presented, it needs also to be viewed in its results abroad.

Applying to his second task as a biographer on a national scale the method already so successfully used in his *Life of John Carroll*, the method of integral presentation of all the facts in their original state, Professor Guilday now surveys from many angles the development of Catholic action in the United State from 1815 to 1850. Within that period lay the episcopal career of John England, 1820 to 1842. Introductory to this investigation is a very full account of John England's education and public life from 1792, when he was a schoolboy six years old, to his work as educationist and journalist from 1808 to 1820, when after three years spent as Parish

[1] *The Life and Times of John England, first Bishop of Charleston* (1786–1842). By Professor Peter Guilday, Ph.D., New York: The America Press. 1927. Vol. I., pp. x., 596; Vol. II., pp. 577. Ten Dollars.

Priest of Bandon he was consecrated for the new See of Charleston in South Carolina.

To the opening thirty-four years of Dr. England's life, the Irish period, Dr. Guilday has given about one-ninth of his space: he left nothing undone that could make this account as exhaustive as possible. The significance of that stage of his work is repeatedly emphasised, though Dr. Guilday is sparing of general surveys and specific comment. Those who know his writings always watch for the quietly expressed final sentences of his chapters and sections. From such pronouncements a few lines may here be adduced. It was in Ireland that John England "obtained that insight which stood him in such good stead in America." Here at home "the politico—religious school of controversy developed John England's character better than anything else for the great field of labour that lay across the Atlantic. To know this background of John England's life is a key to all that follows."

As to the quality of the education and training received here in Ireland, and first disciplined in her service, Dr. Guilday is equally explicit. "In the history of apologetics England remains, after almost a century, the outstanding figure of the American Church." On the merit of his writings Dr. Guilday, while stating that they "are not read to-day," cites that able but severe critic, Orestes Brownson, who affirms that if England's works are studied by professional students they "will be furnished at all points with weapons, and will be prepared for rightly handling the word of truth. Nothing trivial is found in his writings. *Facts and arguments are spread before the reader*, occasionally adorned with imagery, and *rising to the highest order of eloquence*." Though entirely Irish in his training and previous experience, "few estimated more keenly than Bishop England the peculiarities of the American character; *he succeeded as few since his day*." The final pages, devoted to a

survey of sources for this masterly biography, strike the same note. "Everything that John England did, and practically all that he wrote, assumed *national importance. Possessing a range of vision as broad as the land itself,* he was acknowledged to be the foremost Catholic churchman of his day."

No greater American of the Catholic faith can be named even to-day, than this Irish priest who left Ireland in 1820. This fact could easily be illustrated from Dr. Guilday's elaborate and objective discussions on the American period as a whole. It has great human interest; and as in the various forms of the trustee question in the Church system, a question that often issued in temporary schisms, it has shadows as well as glories. Much is also said on the relations of American and Irish elements to the dominant French influence; and Dr. Guilday is discreetly candid in his views on this great problem. Its solution he attributes, perhaps too completely, to the distinctive lines of policy planned and worked out by the Bishop of Charleston. His ways and his views, no less than his journalistic activities and his original methods of developing lay action, gave repeated shocks to his more staid episcopal colleagues of the central and northern Atlantic seaboard, and even of the Middle West. At the opening of the Jubilee Year of American Independence, 1826, John England, in an address of two hours duration, explained and vindicated the Catholic Church before the two Houses of Congress; and there, in presence of John Quincy Adams, President of the United States, he dealt thoroughly with that President's repeated deliverances of New England Puritan bigotry and ignorance. That the fine policy of Catholic action thus illustrated, even before John England became a citizen of the United States, was not followed up by American Catholics generally, is deplored by Dr. Guilday. "It was not supineness, nor was it spiritual lethargy, but inability on the part of Archbishop Maréchal and the hierarchy

to understand." They "thought it best to allow individual scholars, like Dr. England, to attract to themselves the brunt of the quarrel." For that period, he cites the epitaph provided by John England himself: "Fighting in Detached Squads."

Well worthy of minute study is the full account of all these policies now provided by Dr. Guilday. It would be impossible to enter on any survey of them, however summary in its form. But two may be briefly considered, two main lines of Catholic social action, in which John England brought into novel use in America what he had already mastered, and utilised for years, in Ireland, in the city of Cork. These are organised Catholic and popular education, and the sustained use of Catholic journalism. By the former, Dr. England provided for his small Catholic population of 10,000 souls, scattered over three large States. By the latter, he influenced Catholic opinion over all the territories of the United States. In these two ways of work lay the sources of his power; in both he is a model of Catholic action to-day.

Ten thousand people, in three States, are by no means as easy to provide for educationally as are twenty or even forty thousand Catholics concentrated in compact parishes. But despite the great difficulties of his position, the Bishop of Charleston had, by 1835, equipped his people with what was practically a full series of absolutely Catholic Schools. He had a Diocesan Seminary, a Classical and Scientific Academy for boys, a High School for girls, an elementary school system for both boys and girls, a Catholic Orphanage, a school for free Negro children, and teachers for slaves. Mainly to secure and develop this Catholic education system in all its grades, Dr. England had organised, in a remarkable and most exceptional way, both the clergy and the laity of his diocese. The two orders of Catholics met in annual Convention under his chairmanship, and under a Constitution that he had himself planned for their acceptance.

The whole plan was so novel that its very efficiency alarmed the other Church authorities. Repeated efforts were made to have it set aside by the Holy See; but the Holy See pointed, in reply, to its Catholic character, to its distinct efficiency, and to the entirely smooth working of the Diocese of Charleston. To that work of education Dr. England and the zealous priests who worked with him gave themselves personally. Bishop and priests alike, no less than nuns and secular teachers, worked in the classroom for five hours a day, or even more. Addressing the Diocesan Convention on November 23, 1829, Bishop England affirmed the pre-eminence of Catholic Education, under Catholic direction and control. "This is the parent's special obligation and the *pastor's most pressing and elevated duty.* It is also the patriot's and charitable man's field of active and useful benevolence."

The need of this positive Catholic policy was always present to him. He pointed to the tremendous losses that had been suffered for want of organised provision for education. True even of the city of Charleston, this was true in greater measure of remote towns and country districts. In 1820, the three States that came under his control had about 1,500,000 Protestants to 10,000 Catholics. So thoroughly Protestant was the civil polity that it was not till 1836 that a Catholic could vote, still less be elected to the State Legislature, in the central state of the three, South Carolina. The Bishop may have erred, by excess, in estimating at 100,000 the number of Catholic descent lost to the Church for want of Catholic education. But the record, even then, of Catholic families of high civic and military rank, and of good financial position, families bearing such names as Moylan, Barry, Carroll, in contact with Catholic life in Baltimore, New York, Boston, far more favourably placed in respect of Catholic educational safeguards, makes it difficult to charge the Bishop of Charleston with marked exaggeration in respect of such losses. Most of all he watched over

the Catholic education of orphans, who before 1820 had "fallen into the power of those by whom they are estranged from the faith of their fathers."

Long before John England became Bishop of Charleston, he had first-hand knowledge of this source of loss to the Catholic Church. It was in the Cork region that the infamous Charter Schools got a very early opportunity of inflicting this injury, when they were introduced by George Berkeley, Anglican Bishop of Cloyne. Reinforced by the savage Penal Code, perfected with the express approval of Swift and Berkeley, from 1707 to 1750, by the English Colonial Parliament at Dublin, the Charter School System, the Foundling Hospital, the Charity Schools, all paid special attention to the perversion of Catholic orphan children, poor or rich alike, compulsorily put under their charge. The administration of these schools was in the hands of the English State Power in Ireland, and it was usually entrusted to Prelates of the Established Church. From 1783 onwards, aided by annual grants from the Dublin Parliament and from London, new Education Societies had sprung up, all active in the same evil cause. But a year before John England became Bishop of Charleston the Holy See had, in words of exceptional gravity and urgency, called on the Bishops and Clergy of the Irish Church to organise Catholic Schools in face of these new and manifold assaults, and had directed attention to the possibilities of a weekly collection of one penny per household for this most necessary purpose.

On such work Father John England had long been engaged in the City of Cork. There was in being there, from 1791, a Catholic Poor Schools Committee, managing some eleven large schools for boys and girls. Bishop John Murphy, of whom Dr. Guilday makes frequent mention, gave it every assistance; and when the young priest who was to be first Bishop of Charleston, returned to Cork from Carlow Seminary at the age of 22, in 1808,

he was at once named Organiser and Inspector of Catholic Schools in that city. To that work Father England gave very great personal attention: he was bent on improvements. He did not accept the standards of knowledge, debased standards indeed, which the Committee had, in 1806, accepted in the shape of the "Lancaster Plan"—that first of many dubious Plans and Systems. The new Institutes of Teaching Brothers and Nuns, actively engaged in work in Cork City, would be able to do much better than the Lancaster Plan. Father England was foremost in developing their schools, and was able to announce progress in his Annual Public Report on Education in Cork City, July 1815, the pith of which is quoted by Professor Guilday. The Mardyke or Lancasterian School, still working on Lancaster's Plan, provided instruction for 790 boys in the fundamental branches only: it was one of many such limited schools in Cork. But a higher grade programme had already been set going in the North Monastery School, extending to Geometry, Mensuration, Book-keeping. It was for these schools directly that John England wrote his *School Primer of Irish History*, 1815, on which the Ursuline nuns of Cork based their Catechism of Irish History for use in girls' schools. Dr. Guilday correctly says that John England never admitted authorship of that "manual of political action for Catholics, splendidly done." The Anglican dignitary who jealously watched John England's educational activity in Cork, all these years, had no doubts about it. This was Archbishop William Magee—the prime mover in the aggressive Ascendancy Movement of 1822-1830, called the New Reformation. His words in the House of Lords, May 13, 1825, are definite and contemporary, based on first-hand knowledge. They may be cited here:—

> There have been some books used in those schools for the Roman Catholic laity, or at least understood to be used in them, and which were printed expressly for the use of the schools, and

so entitled, that were exceedingly injurious. When I was in the ity of Cork (where I was Dean from 1813 to the year 1819), there appeared, I think in the year 1815, one book especially printed in Cork for the use of schools. It was entitled " A Sketch of Irish History, compiled by way of Question and Answer, for the use of Schools." That appeared to me to be so monstrous a book that I sent a copy of it to one of His Majesty's Ministers. The language of this must have been most injurious to the young mind, and in a way accessible to the meanest capacity. There is no name attached to it; but the name given to it in Cork was that of Dr. England, who, I believe, was afterwards made a Roman Catholic Bishop in America.

Nor was this the only school text produced by Father John England while Organiser of Schools in Cork. He provided a full series of Readers, which were widely used in Catholic schools in Great Britain long after the rigid regulations of the so-called " National Board " in Ireland had from 1831 tended to restrict their use for Catholic pupils in Ireland. They were thoroughly and expressly Catholic in substance and expression; their authorship was no secret, though not expressly declared. Dr Guilday cites no less than four pages of excerpts from the Irish History Primer, to foreshadow his chapters on John England, Catholic journalist in Cork, in the difficult period of 1813-1820.

Into that splendid period of Dr. England's work in Ireland the limits of this notice do not permit entry here. The references which Dr. Guilday cites, as to the effect produced by Dr. England's editorials, show that even such staunch anti-Vetoists as Bishop Coppinger of Cloyne and Bishop Murphy of Cork were at times dismayed by the vehement expression of Dr. England's convictions. But the best test lay in the determined efforts of the Ascendancy Men of Cork City, among whom the Anglican Dean, William Magee, was a leader, to crush him by a series of libel actions. There was always a Cork jury and a Dublin judge ready to do Ascendancy work; and as far as in them lay, they did it, as Dr. Guilday shows in

footnotes to his opening pages. What John England must have felt most, and most thoroughly contemned, was the willingness of the Catholic men of property and position to unite with the Ascendancy and with the Government against the true Catholic and democratic policy on the issue of Emancipation. John England, in fact, defined for O'Connell that policy which, when taken up by O'Connell, three years after England's departure for South Carolina, was to prove as supremely effective as the policies of the previous twenty years had been nerveless and futile. For John England knew the force of an organised people : he realised that an educated democracy would be a novel and irresistible force in public life in the vindication of religious rights.

All that Dr. England did and wrote later on in South Carolina—and he did the work of a score of Catholic writers—evinces his realisation of that basic fact in Catholic action, the power of an educated democracy. It is the key to his successes in America ; it is equally the explanation of how he was unable to secure combined action for Catholic progress in that vast area. The settled placidities of the French tradition were still too strong. The value of a forward Catholic policy, the value of an organised Catholic polity based on a complete system of Catholic education for Catholic children and youth, the value of vindication, assertion, propaganda, as applied to Catholic doctrine and history, were emphasised by England alike in Ireland, 1808-1820, and in America, 1821-1842. What timid men aspired to and humbly petitioned for, England took and boldly used. He had to teach O'Connell what Catholic democratic action meant : and after seven years in John England's public school, O'Connell was still, in 1820, three years short of having his lesson learned. What wonder if American Catholicity, under a similar course of unpalatable if necessary education, was much longer in learning its lesson in John England's school of Catholic action based

on organised and completely efficient Catholic education provided by and for Catholics.

It was the educated Catholic democracy of Ireland that swept forward irresistibly to their goal, when at last O'Connell did master his lesson. Had John England been in Ireland then, 1829 would not also have seen the weapon of democratic public action dexterously struck from O'Connell's hand in the hour of his apparently complete success: 1831 would not have seen a Government Board of Control imposed on the hitherto free Catholic school system of Ireland. He kept his Catholic school system, in the New World, free and democratic, providing for all, excluding none. He did his level best to educate not the white Catholics alone, but the negro Catholics, whether free or slaves.

It is to be hoped that a main result of Dr. Guilday's finely-wrought biography will stimulate not only general but academic interest in the writings of Bishop England. Two editions of these "compositions of a skilful artist, combined in close union and harmony," as Brownson avowed in 1849, have followed the complete edition of that year, drawn from the 957 weekly issues of his Catholic journal. That edition was the work of Fathers James A. Corcoran, Augustine Hewit, and Lynch. The latest is that given us by Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee, 1908, in seven volumes. This does not quite confirm Professor Guilday's view that John England's writings "are not read to-day." If they are not read, this deficiency in higher Catholic education should be promptly remedied. Our colleges and universities have that remedy to hand, if they will but take it. The *America Press*, which has given us this fine biography, will not be backward in providing an academic selection of those passages which are most distinctive of this great writer of noble English trained on classical lines. They will find ample store, as Professor Guilday says, of papers marked by "clarity and logic," and discussing problems "of con-

stant interest to American Catholics." They would educate for full Catholic intellectual life and moral action. They could and should displace much that is now studied, much that compared with the "scholarliness" and the "references, always given with exactitude and fullness," of John England, Bishop of Charleston, is flaccid and amorphous, lacking alike in those firm timbers and broad-spread roots that befit our Irish oak. But these commendations by Dr. Guilday are not easily exhausted. He dwells on Dr. England's "swift gathering of his forces, rapid marshalling of facts for composition, with a remarkable absence of repetition." A great scholar, he was insistant in the ministry of the pen: he literally died a journalist. Yet "he seldom became journalistic in style or expression." Because he was no stylist, he achieved the grand style. He was constantly "on his guard," constantly "restrained," in controversy: for "controversy was distaseful to him." But he exemplifies, too, "irony, sarcasm, eloquence"; and none the less "profound philosophical grasp." He excelled, as Dr. Guilday also points out, in analysis of the American Protestant mentality. Siegfried has quite recently shown how that mind persists to-day. John England's exposition of its nature and workings is markedly objective. He expounds its causes and its tenaciousness. The study of his works would be emphatically a study of what is timely, vital, real: in a word, a study of great literature.

John, Bishop of Charleston—so he always signed his official letters, thus antedating even John, Archbishop of Tuam—could with great profit be thus happily restored at once to Catholic Education and to Catholic Action. Were this done, Dr. Guilday's unwearying services would have their very noblest issue.

T. Corcoran.

THE PESSIMISM OF THOMAS HARDY

BY FERGAL MCGRATH, S.J.

OVER the subject of Hardy's pessimism there have been many minor disputes. Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, for instance, in his well-known study, discusses the question whether Hardy may be acquitted of the charge of pessimism if by pessimism is meant the depiction of a mere brutal trampling of helpless man under the feet of the gods, but be judged honourably guilty if the charge be one of that nobler pessimism that brings out from the canvas the element of conflict, no matter how hopeless the odds and how ghastly the struggle. Again, a recent article in the *Times Literary Supplement* acquits all the novels save *Jude the Obscure* from the charge of pessimism, on the ground that your true pessimist is the writer who is obsessed by the "petty cruelty of men, not the large injustice of the gods." This idea has been more fully developed by Mr. H. C. Duffin in his analysis of Hardy's philosophy, where he draws an interesting comparison between Hardy and Swift. But both of these discussions are rather over the nature of true pessimism than over the nature of Hardy's philosophy.

Then there is the controversy over the ethical rightness or wrongness of the portrayal of certain incidents in the novels, as distinct from Hardy's philosophical view of them. This controversy will not here concern us, and we may leave it with the two interesting observations that in it we find such strange allies on Mr. Hardy's side as Dean Inge and Lionel Johnson, and that it provoked from Mr. Hardy himself the magnificent phrase (in this conjuncture however a magnificent untruth): "The crash of broken commandments is as necessary an accompaniment to the catastrophe of a tragedy as the noise of drum and cymbals to a triumphant march."

But passing over these allied or subordinate issues, and accepting without subtlety, as the common run of men accepts it, the conception of pessimism as the view

of the man who sees more bad than good in life, the fact of Hardy's pessimism is almost a commonplace. Even those writers who are unwilling to call him a pessimist are found, on closer examination, to be merely trying to define in what exactly his pessimism consists, or in what pessimism in general consists.[1] And we find in very reliable quarters the unvarnished admission that pessimism was Hardy's philosophy of life. Thus Mr. T. P. O'Connor avows from intimate personal acquaintance: "When it is found that the philosophy of Hardy was pessimistic there is only too much ground for that inference. It was the natural and inevitable outcome of his own personal and almost morbid melancholy." And we have Mr. Chesterton assuming without comment that Mr. Hardy was as great a pessimist as he himself is an optimist —which is saying a good deal.

Indeed, when refinements are set aside and the fear of being thought too orthodox or too commonplace disregarded, and when one sits back and views with the eye of the common man the fourteen great novels, the stories, the half-a-dozen volumes of verse and the mighty achievement of *The Dynasts*, what other impression is left than one not only of sadness, but of that hopeless sadness which pessimism engenders. Tess in the grim dawn at Stonehenge, Marty South in the moonlight whispering over the grave of Giles Winterborne, Henchard at Elizabeth-Jane's wedding with his pitiful gift of the caged goldfinch, the whole sad sordid tale of Jude, the gallant Trumpet-Major swinging off into the dark with a smile on his lips and death at his heart, the vast slaughter of *The Dynasts*, brooded over by that pitiless Will that pushes hither and thither

> These flesh-hinged mannikins Its hand upwinds
> To click-clack off Its preadjusted laws;

[1]Thus when in the *Revue de Paris* of February 1st, 1928, M. Abel Chevalley reiterates his view that Hardy is rather "contre-illusioniste" than "pessimiste," he is really discussing, and deciding, the larger question whether or not the vast bulk of mankind are the "illusionnés."

the ever-recurring refrain of the *Poems*,

> Has some Vast Imbecility
> Mighty to build and blend
> But impotent to tend
> Framed us in jest, and left us now to hazardry,

all these creations of Hardy's leave in the mind, beyond a shadow of doubt, a massive sense of life's sad futility.

Turning to the underlying philosophy of this sadness, we must make the preliminary and obvious concession that in every form of literature it remains to some extent a matter of discussion how much of its philosophy is genuine self-expression, how much artistic device. Here Mr. Hardy has himself warned us frequently, as in the often-quoted words of the preface to *Tess* : " Let me repeat that a novel is an impression, not an argument," or those of the preface to *The Dynasts*, where he protests that the doctrines of the Spirits of the Overworld " are but tentative, and are advanced with little eye to a systematized philosophy warranted to lift ' the burden of the mystery ' of this unintelligible world."

With this warning in mind we are not surprised to find that the philosophy of both novels and poems is not metaphysically precise. Once again it is almost a commonplace to say that determinism, and of a very obvious, almost crude kind, stands out from every page. But it is not a consistent determinism. Sometimes, as in *The Dynasts*, the world is hurried on by that Immanent Will, absolutely blind, neither kind nor cruel,

> . . . Loveless, Hateless !—past the sense
> Of kindly-eyed benevolence.

Sometimes, as in the famous passage in *Tess*, men are the " sport " of the " President of the Immortals," a concept utterly clashing with the " hateless Immanence." Sometimes again, and here we seem to be getting more close to Mr. Hardy's real conviction, life is simply a fight between man and circumstances with odds at a hundred

to one against. Thus in that bitterest of passages in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*—

> And thus Henchard found himself again on the precise standing which he had occupied five-and-twenty years before. Externally there was nothing to hinder his making another start on the upward slope, and by his new lights achieving higher things than his soul in its half-formed state had been able to accomplish. But the ingenious machinery contrived by the gods for reducing human possibilities of amelioration to a minimum—which arranges that wisdom to do shall come *pari passu* with the departure of zest for doing—stood in the way of all that.

Over these inconsistencies we need not linger. Once again we are taking the view of the plain reader, and for him there remains, after the reading of such passages, the strong indelible impression of a Something, be it Fate, Immanence, the maelstrom of life's inevitable clashings—call it what you will—which hurries helpless man on to an inevitable doom.

And more than that, there remains the indelible impression that this *is* really the author's concept of life. We have seen his protestations as to the objectivity of his philosophising, and we have already admitted the general and obvious postulate that the philosophical groundwork of every writing need not represent the private conviction of its author. But in the case of Hardy's pessimism two factors render almost irresistible the conviction that philosophy and self-expression are here identified. The one is its all-pervadingness, the other its bitterness. As regards the first, it would of course be unreasonable to read any special significance into the fact of an author having a uniform philosophy, but by "all-pervadingness" I mean more than that. Hardy's pessimism is not merely universal, it is obtrusive and at times positively superfluous. I shall have more to say in this connection when dealing with the effect of Hardy's philosophy upon his art. As regards the second characteristic of Hardy's pessimism, it is my contention that a merely objective presentation of the ironies of life

could give free scope for many passions—pity, scorn, revolt, horror, even hatred—but bitterness is such an essentially subjective passion that its presence at once betrays when the man has overstepped the artist. Take that well-known passage describing the Durbeyfield *ménage*.

> If the heads of the Durbeyfield household chose to sail into difficulty, disaster, starvation, disease, degradation, death, thither were these half-dozen little captives under hatches compelled to sail with them—six helpless creatures, who had never been asked if they wished for life on any terms, much less if they wished it on such hard conditions as were involved in being of the shiftless house of Durbeyfield. Some people would like to know where the poet whose philosophy is in these days deemed as profound and trustworthy as his song is breezy and pure, gets his authority for speaking of "Nature's holy plan."

Taking once more the stand of the ordinary reader, it is very hard to see in this a mere objective elaboration of a philosophical thesis or a mere literary device, and not a bitterly ironic expression of personal conviction.

And this conviction that the sadness and inevitableness of life really did fill Hardy's philosophical horizon is borne out by many personal indications. Mr. T. P. O'Connor's testimony, already cited, is striking enough. The distinguished French journalist M. Frédéric Lefèvre records an interview with Hardy in 1925 in his series *Une Heure avec* . . . . . In it we find the same fatalistic conception of life colouring Mr. Hardy's views on war. Many anecdotes too were circulated after his death which bear out our assumption. One of the most striking of them relates how a friend of Hardy's was discussing with him in 1922 the closing line of *The Dynasts*,

> Consciousness the Will informing, till it fashion all things fair,

and expressed his gratitude for the note of hope offered there. The poet shook his head and said: "I should not write that now." "Why not?" was the surprised query. Hardy replied: "The Treaty of Versailles."

Passing over the innumerable considerations that Hardy's philosophy suggests, we shall here dwell on one only, its influence upon his art. And at the outset I would say that I think that it is in spite of his philosophy that Hardy is great. It is not merely that his philosophy is repugnant to one who believes—with the vast bulk of men—that human endeavour and striving are not mere figments of the imagination, and that desert no less than fault "is not in our stars, but in ourselves." Apart from all that it seems to me that the greatest artistic flaws in Hardy's work flow from that philosophy. To it I attribute that strange air of unreality that pervades so many of his greatest novels. And this though Hardy in all the best senses of the word is one of the greatest realists that ever put pen to paper. *The Mayor of Casterbridge* presents itself as one of the most notable examples of this strange phenomenon. One moves on as in a dream —a most vivid and moving dream—but a dream for all that, through the whole strange tale. The selling of Henchard's wife to Newson the sailor, Henchard's oath on the Communion table, the banquet where his wife recognises him, his grim fight with Farfrae in the loft, the horrible episode of the skimmington-ride, Henchard's piteous appearance at the wedding of Elizabeth-Jane, the grotesque poignancy of his "Will"—take each incident separately and there is nothing fantastic in it, yet the whole is fantastic in the extreme. That dream-like fantastical atmosphere I take to be the creation of Hardy's inexorable mercilessness. Lighted by a little hope, softened by a little pity, the tale would have spoken to the reader as tellingly as a segment of his own life, and would thus have realised the highest type of the class of realistic novel to which it properly belongs. As it is, it is a thing of life yet apart from life, enormously real in detail, but enormously unreal in its whole outline, great in its stern philosophy, but not as great as it might have been if based on the philosophy of common men, the

philosophy that leaves room for hope and courage and endeavour.

A minor blemish in Hardy's work—his unwearying invocation of the coincidence—seems quite obviously the outcome of his deterministic concept of life. Mr. Abercrombie, I note, defends Hardy on this point and holds that his coincidences are always credible and therefore not objectionable. Here again I would make the same distinction as in the case of the unreality of his stories. Taken individually each coincidence is credible. When however one sits back and looks at a tale like *Desperate Remedies*, where one has a series of about a dozen such, beginning with the amazing one by which Cytherea happens to look out of the window just at the very moment of her father's fatal fall, once again one gets the feeling that this is all a vast puppet show and not a story of living, striving men and women. And this we take it is not the artist's aim. However much he believes in the Immortals who pull the strings, he assuredly does not mean to bring his readers so unceremoniously behind the scenes. It is a wonderful tribute to Mr. Hardy's genius that he is able time and time again to get such *tours de force* " over the footlights." The slang phrase really does express Mr. Hardy's feat, for when one views his stories from a distance and sees the amazing amount of protruding machinery they contain and then remembers how irresistibly they carried one along, the whole impression is one of some kind of startling dramatic legerdemain.

I have already made a passing allusion to the obtrusiveness of Mr. Hardy's philosophy, another flaw in his greatness. It is notable that this feature is most marked in what are probably his three best-known works, *Tess*, *Jude* and *The Dynasts*. As regards *Tess*, Lionel Johnson has put the case so well and so wittily that I may be excused for quoting his passage bodily :—

> The novels which ' vindicate the ways of God to man ' are indeed wearisome ; but fully as wearisome are those which vindicate

the ways of man to God : and it is because *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* contains so much insinuated argument of this kind, to the detriment of its art, that I cannot rank it so high as certain other of Mr. Hardy's books. Its subject is nothing new, for all Mr. Hardy's books proceed from the same range of thought ; but none of them show quite this irritability of casual comment, this refusal to let the facts of the story convey their own moral without the help of epigrammatic hints. At times they read like quaint, modern imitations of those marginal glosses which adorn the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Ancient Mariner :* ' Here Tess illustrateth the falling out betwixt Nature and Society ' or, ' In this place did Angel mock at Giant Calvinist, for that he taught an untenable redemptive theolatry.'

It would be beyond the scope of this article to enter into the question of the origins of Mr. Hardy's philosophy and the influences which developed it in him. But in parenthesis it may be remarked that in all this " irritability of casual comment," directed as it is against orthodox convention, orthodox religion, and orthodox morals, Mr. Hardy is true to a type that was young when he was young, the mid-Victorian " young man in revolt." Not that the type is dead. We have a great deal of it, for instance in Mr. Wells, and quite recently it has cropped up in our own country in a distinguished, though comparatively little known book, Mr. Forrest Reid's *Apostate.* The Catholic reader can view with a certain detached and even amused interest the fury with which these paladins of liberty tilt at a " christianity " which for them seems to connote Phariseeism and dreary Sundays. It does not seem fanciful to detect this now rather conventional type of " revolt " in Mr. Hardy's novels and to ascribe to it those unnecessary delays that hold up the thread of his tale the while he scores off orthodox divines and moralists.

In the case of *The Dynasts* it must be of course conceded that the poetic form selected justifies to a considerable extent the " insinuated argument," or rather the very plainly expressed philosophical views with which the Spirits of the Overworld punctuate the clash of armies.

It has been argued too that the device of the Overworld elevates the theme and gives it a unity and sublimity it would otherwise lack. Nevertheless I would confidently say that if a clean cut were made of all the philosophic musings of these airy beings, the drama, great as it is, would be still greater.

As it is, it is with repugnance that one turns from the magnificent, brilliant canvas that throbs with all the life of those great days, camp-fire, beacon-light, trampling horse, smoke of cannon, shot-riddled sail, gay ball-room, sober council-chamber, serried armies, surging mobs, brilliant ladies, dashing marshals and rugged admirals, swearing sergeants and postillions, gossiping yokels, besotted deserters, terror-struck refugees, and finds the human sympathy and feeling all this has evoked suspended by the artificialities of

> O Great Necessitator, heed us now!
> If it indeed must be
> That this day Austria smoke with slaughtery—

and all the rest of the creaking machinery of the Overworld.

This may seem bold in face of able critics who have held this spirit business to be a integral part of the work. But, all through I am concerned with the ordinary reader, and if the ordinary reader thinks my contention bold let him try the experiment of reading *The Dynasts* through, omitting all the stanzas in italics except what the Spirits of Rumour add to the narrative, and ask himself has he thereby read a greater or a lesser work. It is curious to note in this conjuncture that the rôle played by the Beings of the Overworld in the Third Part of the drama is insignificant compared with that which they play in the First and Second. It is perhaps not an altogether fanciful conjecture that the dramatist was tiring of his own device.

A mere indication has been here made of the more notable effects upon Hardy's art of his philosophy of

hopelessness. I am inclined to trace to it most if not all of the defects of his greatness. It is a theme that at least merits investigation, and if true it confirms the belief that Hardy's pessimism was little short of a calamity. For at best pessimism can only inspire regretful admiration. It would of course be unreasonable to demand of every writer that he should be the bearer of some message of hope to man. That would be but an extreme form of the belief or rather the prejudice that all great writing must be didactic. But the unfortunate fact remains that all writing, whether great or small, is as a matter of fact didactic in the plain sense that it puts into the head of the reader whom it captivates ideas on which he is liable to act. And when the writing in question hovers about so dark and troubling a theme as that of the problem of evil, the danger is all the greater. Whether or not Mr. Hardy meant to teach the hideous doctrine of a Being who

> . . . . . .giv'st us men our day
> In helpless bondage thus
> To Time and Chance, and seems't straightway
> To think no more of us

may be a matter of doubt. But there is no doubt whatever that the unloading upon the world of an impressive body of literature adorned with the richest ornaments of the writer's art, and insinuating that doctrine by the mould of every story and the reflections of every second poem, has done nothing and is likely to do nothing to lift up the heart of mankind. This indeed is a reflection more proper to the general estimate of Hardy as a man. But the considerations just set down and others of a like nature which might be adduced would seem to make it at least a supportable contention that, even as a writer, Hardy owes to his philosophy of life whatever littleness may be found in one so undoubtedly great.

FERGAL MCGRATH.

SCOTTI PEREGRINI

The Irish on the Continent in the time of Charles the Bald

BY GERARD MURPHY.

IN the Annals of the Four Masters under the year 784 A.D. (more correctly 789) the following entry occurs: *Ferghil .i. an geometer, abb Achaidh Bó, d'écc san nGermáinne san* 30 *bliadhain dia eapscopóid.* The entry will not surprise those who know something of the history of the early Irish church; for this geometer, Virgilius Solivagus, once Abbot of Aghaboe, later friend of King Pippin and Bishop of Salzburg, where he became renowned as the holder of what were then considered to be unorthodox views on the possible existence of the antipodes, is only one of a long list of Irishmen who from the sixth to the eleventh centuries left their native land to spread abroad the light of religion and learning. In its origin at least this voluntary quitting of the homeland had a noble motive: men set sail from Ireland that they might go a-wandering for Christ's sake as Adamnan says of Columcille, *de Scotia ad Britanniam, pro Christo peregrinari volens, enavigavit.* Driven by missionary zeal and the desire to escape the honour and high worldly position accorded them in their own country, men like Rumold, Fiachra, Gall and Columbanus settled in barbarous or semi-barbarous districts on the continent where they taught the Gospel, combatted heresy, educated the ignorant, and in many cases showed backward peoples how the forests might be cleared and the

NOTE.—The following bibliographical contractions are used: Man. I.=Max Manitius, Geschichte der lateinischen Literatur des Mittelalters, I.; N.A.=Neues Archiv der Gesellschaft für ältere deutsche Geschichtskunde; O Roma=Ludwig Traube, O Roma Nobilis (Abhandlungen der bayerischen Akademie, I. Classe, XIX., 299-392); P. L. III.=Poetae Latini Aevi Carolini, III., ed. by Traube (Monumenta Germaniae Historica); Thes. Pal.=Thesaurus Palaeohibernicus, I.-II., ed. by Stokes and Strachan.

fields profitably cultivated. As a result of their labours monasteries following Irish customs and with a fair number of Irish monks in the community were soon to be found in many parts of Europe. When towards the end of the eighth century Charlemagne son of Pippin became king of the Franks and later head of a revived Roman Empire, his efforts to attract to his court scholars and churchmen from Ireland, England and Italy, that by their aid he might better ecclesiastical discipline and raise the standard of learning in the countries under his rule, resulted in an increased exodus of learned men from Ireland. Among these we find the astronomer-hermit Dungal of St Denis, the poet Joseph pupil of Colcu of Clonmacnoise, the grammarians Cruindmael and Clemens, the geographer Dicuil, all known to us by name and some of whose works are extant; but there must also have been with them a multitude of nameless Irishmen wandering over France to seek what fortune might come their way, for the Dungal mentioned above admits in a letter asking for help from a French bishop that he and his countrymen can be nothing but a burden to the Franks, *propter nostram multitudinem et importunitatem et clamositatem*—"because of our numbers, our importunity and the outcry we make." [1]

Under the rule of Louis the Pious (814-840) the court ceased for a time to be the centre of learning it had become under Charlemagne, though there was little or no abatement of literary and scholarly activity in the other schools of the empire; but when by the Treaty of Verdun in 843 Charles the Bald, Louis the German and Lothar definitely divided their father's dominions among them, Charles the Bald adopting the policy of his grandfather made the West-Frankish court a place where studies were pursued and learned men were wont to congregate. A new generation of Irishmen was attracted thither, some of whom, like the philosopher Johannes Eriugena,

[1] Quoted from Man. I., 371. For Charlemagne's court c.f. ibidem 246-251.

became permanent members of the king's household, others of whom found homes in various cities in the realms of Charles and his brothers, where a welcome was assured them partly for their own sakes and partly because of the personal recommendations from one or other of the three rulers with which some at least among them were provided.[1]

Men hardly ever act from a single motive, and it is probable that more than one cause should be sought to account for the numbers of Irishmen who are to be found on the continent at this period. However, there is no reason to doubt the fundamental accuracy of Heiric of Auxerre, who had himself come under Irish influence at Soissons and Laon, when he alleges Charles's patronage of letters as a chief motive inducing the Irish to leave their native land. His words, taken from an introductory letter to Charles the Bald prefixed to a metrical life of St. Germanus, are as follows : " What am I to say of Ireland which, to a man, despising the sea that lies between, is migrating with a multitude of writers to our shores ? The most learned among them condemn themselves to voluntary exile that they may become willing members of the household of this most wise Solomon." [2] Other motives at work no doubt in certain cases were the fondness for pilgrimages to Rome (always a feature of early Irish Christianity) and the remnants of the wandering tradition of the early missioners, of which tradition Walahfrid in his life of St. Gall written in this century said that it had become a second nature with the Irish, *quibus consuetudo peregrinandi iam paene in naturam conversa est.*[3] Missionary zeal, for instance, is a quite sufficient motive to account for Moengal, ex-abbot of the monastery of Bangor on Belfast Lough,

[1] c.f. N.A. XIII., letter I (to the Bishop of Liege) " Veniat in vestram mentem quod Domnus Imperator ita vobis dixerat ut inter fratres sim ordinatus."

[2] Translated from P.L. III., 429. For Heiric's Irish teachers see Traube's notes in N.A. XVIII., 95, 104; P.L. III., 422.

[3] Vita S. Galli II., 46.

migrating to Bangor's daughter-foundation of St. Gall in Switzerland, where he helped to bring about certain monastic reforms and became the teacher of Notker the Stammerer, famous as a prolific writer of liturgical sequences.[1] Again, that in this age pilgrimages to Rome still brought Irishmen to the continent may be proved from the series of letters written to bishops of Liege by various members of the Irish colony there established and published by Dümmler from a ninth century manuscript in volume XIII. of the *Neues Archiv.* In the second of the series one who describes himself as "a poor little wandering Irishman" (*pauperculo et Scotto peregrino*), after many promises of heavenly rewards awaiting the bishop if he grant the desired help, says: *Beati ergo eritis, si mihi fesso Roma redeunti in visceribus caritatis Christi oportunum auxilium tribuatis*—"You will be blessed if, in the bowels of Christ's charity, you grant timely assistance to me as I return tired from Rome." In the third letter the writer asks for similar assistance for an old priest prevented by an infirmity of the feet from continuing his pilgrimage to Rome, *Siquidem infirmitate pedum prepeditus cum suis fratribus ire Roman non potest.*

These three causes, the attractions of the Frankish court, missionary zeal, and the love of pilgrimage may account in large measure for the exodus from Ireland in the ninth century as they certainly do in the centuries that preceded it; but it is also true that in this century a fresh factor was at work, more effectively, perhaps, than any of the others. The following entry from the Annals of the Four Masters for the year 823, typical of many similar entries, speaks for itself: *Blathmac mac Flainn do ghabháil coróna mairtir, uair do marbhadh somh la Galloibh in Hi Coluim Cille*—"Blaithmac, son of Flann,

[1] cf. Man I., 364 ff. Zimmer in N.A. XVII., 210, shows that the *Moengal, ailithir, abbas Benndchair* of the Annals of Ulster is the same as the Moengal (in Latin "Marcellus") of St. Gall. Traube, who needlessly postulates two Moengals (O Roma, 361), has clearly failed to grasp the point of Zimmer's argument which answers his objection before it has been made.

wins the martyr's crown, for he was killed by Norse in Iona." Other monks of the community of Iona who escaped the fury of the marauders on this occasion made their way as refugees across Britain to Europe, carrying with them such treasured possessions as the manuscript of Adamnan's life of Columcille transcribed in the opening years of the eighth century by Dorbbéne abbot of Iona and preserved to this day in the library of Schaffhausen in Switzerland. They made a stay at the German monastery of Reichenau, a monastery frequently resorted to by wandering Irishmen, where they narrated the story of Blaithmac's death to Walahfrid Strabo who composed a Latin poem in honour of the martyr. The history of these refugees subsequent to their meeting with Walahfrid is unknown; we can have little doubt, however, but that they settled in some one or other of the many colonies of their countrymen that were scattered over Europe, thus adding permanently to the numbers of the continental Irish of the period.[1]

Amongst these continental Irish Sedulius Scottus and his companions hold an important place. They are an interesting group whose names are known to us from poems addressed to them by Sedulius himself, the chief among them, and from the marginal notes with which they were accustomed to deck their manuscripts. One of these manuscripts is a copy of Priscian's grammar, which would seem to have been transcribed in Ireland in the early ninth century and later brought to the continent by its possessors. Inserted in it is the following Old Irish quatrain which illustrates the fear the Norse raiders had inspired in the hearts of the people, even in places which they had not yet visited:

Is acher in gáith innocht:
Fufuasna fairggæ findfolt.
Ni ágor réimm Mora Minn
Dond láechraid lainn ua Lothlind.[2]

[1] For Blaithmac and the refugee monks see N.A. XVII., 209, and Man I., 303, 307.

[2] Thes. Pal. II., 290. "The wind is sharp to-night: it tosses the sea's white hair. I fear not the coursing of the Irish Sea by the fierce warriors from Norway."

Ludwig Traube (O Roma Nobilis, VII. 2) has shown that the notes scribbled on the margins of the manuscript containing this verse are undoubtedly the work of the Sedulian circle. From similar notes in other manuscripts, from reference in the Latin poems of Sedulius, and from external evidence Traube has succeeded in tracing the path taken by this little band of exiles, who setting out from Ireland towards the middle of the ninth century visited the court of the kings of Wales, and thence passing over to the continent found homes at Liege, Cologne, Salzburg and Milan. The intimacy of Sedulius with Charles the Bald and with prominent Frankish nobles has suggested to Traube and others that the poet had had an official introduction to the court. They find the probable occasion of this introduction in the embassy, mentioned by Prudentius in the *Annales Bertiniani* at the year 848, sent by the King of Ireland to Charles to obtain a permit for the Irish king to pass through Charles's dominions on a pilgrimage of thanksgiving for a recent victory over the Norsemen. The date 848 is not an improbable one for Sedulius' arrival in Europe. However, it must be remembered that the connection of Sedulius with the embassy, though widely accepted, is based on very slight foundations; that the fact of his settling at Liege in the dominions of Lothar rather than in some city belonging to Charles is not in favour of it; and that his previous connection with Ruadri, king of Wales from 844 to 878, would suggest some other reason for his departure from Ireland. Have we not here another case of flight before the Viking terror?

In support of this theory it may be significant to note that of seventeen references to the "Nortmanni" contained in the almost complete collection of Latin poems of the age of Charles the Bald edited by Traube (P.L. III.) all are by Irishmen—thirteen from the hand of Sedulius and four from Johannes Eriugena; while of six references there made to the "Dani" one is by Sedulius and the

other five by Micon of the monastery of St Riquier in northern France (Département de la Somme), a monastery which had to be abandoned by its monks on two occasions, in 845 and 859, through fear of Danish raids. Do not these facts suggest that only to those poets who had suffered, or whose friends had suffered, at the hands of the Vikings did it occur to sing the prowess of the Frankish nobles in their wars against them? But if the history of the Viking inroads into Ireland, the Old Irish quatrain quoted above and the significant number of these Latin poetical allusions are by themselves insufficient to justify the assertion that the Viking inroads were the primary motive inducing Sedulius and his companions to leave the country, taken in conjunction with the third of Sedulius's occasional poems, addressed to Bishop Hartgar of Liege, apparently a short time after the poet's arrival in Europe, they seem to point convincingly to that conclusion. Traube has failed to notice the obvious reference to the Viking raids and the citation of them as the cause of the wanderings of the poet and his two companions contained in this poem. Sedulius, having described in lines 1-14 how a bitter storm coming from the north with lightning, earthquakes and roaring of the seas has swept all before it, leaving the poet and his fellows bereft of help, continues :—

> Namque volans Aquilo non ulli parcit honori
> Crudeli rostro nos laniando suo.
> Fessis ergo favens, Hartgari floride praesul,
> Sophos Scottigenas suscipe corde pio.[1]

The poet ends his song with a prayer for Hartgar's soul if so be he accedes to this request for succour. In an epilogue of six lines attached to the main poem he tells us that the bishop's clemency has tamed the fury of the storm, that he has taken in, clothed and given places of honour to the three storm-tossed wanderers, whom as

[1] P.L. III., Sedulii Carmina, II., iii. "For the rushing North Wind spares no persons, lacerating us with his cruel beak. Therefore helping the weary, O flourishing prelate Hartgar, receive with kindly heart us learned Irishmen."

" a gentle shepherd he has numbered with the sheep of his own flock." Were these verses written by the honoured member of a royal embassy ? Are they not rather the work of a homeless wanderer fleeing the storm of northern plunderers that was devastating his native land ?

Whatever were the causes that induced them to leave the country of their birth, all the Irish on the continent of whom anything definite is known during this period, both those belonging to the Sedulian circle and those who were independent of it, seem to have been men of letters finding employment as teachers, as producers of original literary and learned works, as commentators, and as transcribers of manuscripts. Their reputation for learning was high with their contemporaries. The Pope writing to Charles the Bald concerning his protégé Johannes Eriugena, while casting doubts on Eriugena's orthodoxy, admits that " he is said to be of great learning." [1] The same Johannes is quoted as an authority on a point of Latin pronunciation by a continental student of the period writing to his master about various difficulties that have cropped up in the course of his studies.[2] And though Traube in " O Roma Nobilis " may have exaggerated the Greek knowledge current in ninth century Ireland, it is certain that from very early days, when it was a dead thing in most of western Europe, the Irish had a keen interest in the language, knew its alphabet, had a smattering of its grammar, and loved to introduce words from Greek glossaries into their Latin writings.[3] When they reached Europe and found themselves near Greek manuscripts ununderstood and uncared

[1] P.L. III., 520 : " . . . . cum idem Iohannes, licet multae scientiae esse praedicetur, olim non sane sapere in quibusdam frequenti rumore diceretur."

[2] N.A. XIII., 353 : " Intimatote . . . . qualiter cantetur . . . . *infrunito* (aut *infronito*, sive *infrodito*)—antepenultimo acuto secundum doctrinam Johannis Scotti ? "

[3] So much is certain. Montague Rhodes James in vol. III. of the *Cambridge Medieval History* gives probable reasons for believing in a much deeper knowledge of Greek, and especially Greek ecclesiastical literature, in Ireland of the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth centuries.

for by the Frankish scholars, they often turned this smattering to good account: some of them perfected their knowledge and became either competent translators and commentators of Greek philosophical texts, as did Johannes Eriugena, or teachers and readers of the language, as did Martin of Laon and that nameless Irish author of a Greek poem edited by Traube among his *Carmina Scottorum;* [1] others again used the knowledge they already had to multiply Greek Biblical manuscripts with interlinear Latin versions and to amend faulty Latin Biblical translations, as did Sedulius Scottus. Such an acquaintance with Greek may seem a slight thing to those who judge with ideas formed under present-day conditions; but when it is considered that only one or two at the most of the continental contemporaries of these Irish had anything approaching such a serviceable knowledge of the language, it is easy to understand how their fame for Greek learning spread abroad and why the respect shown them in learned circles was great.

The Irish themselves were conscious of their learning and constantly refer to it in their poems and letters. The story of the two Scotti who came as merchants of wisdom to the court of Charlemagne and there cried their wares saying, *Si quis sapientiae cupidus est veniat ad nos et accipiat eam, nam venalis est apud nos* ("If anyone is desirous of wisdom let him come to us and buy, for we have it for sale" [2]), is probably little more than a good story; but it illustrates the contemporary idea of the learning, the originality and perhaps, too, the boastfulness of the wandering Irish. Certainly no one among them, not even the gentle Sedulius himself, was backward in entitling himself *Sophus, Sophista,* or *Sapiens.*

Having this reputation for learning to recommend them, the Irish were much sought after as professors in the schools and academies of Europe. Thus we find Donatus, who was bishop of Fiesole in Italy from about

[1] P.L. III., Carm. Scott. XIII. [2] Quoted Man. I., 250.

829 to 876, giving a prominent place to his work as a teacher in his epitaph composed by himself some years before his death :

> Grammata discipulis dictabam scripta libellis,
> Scemata metrorum, dicta beata senum.[1]

Another Irish professor, Martin, teacher of Greek at Laon, was considered worthy of the following entries in the Annales Laudunenses : " 819 A.D. Martin the Irishman is born, later to become an exile and master in Laon ; 875 A.D. Martin the Irishman fell asleep in Christ." [2] Many well-known churchmen of the day had at one time or another studied under the Irish : Remigius, who was to win fame as a teacher at Rheims and Paris, under the grammarian Dunchad ; [3] Wicbald bishop of Auxerre under Johannes Eriugena ; [4] Heiric, one of the few Frankish scholars of the day who show any acquaintance with Greek, under an Irishman calling himself Helias ; [5] while the learned but unorthodox Hincmar, bishop of Laon, was accused by his over-orthodox uncle, Hincmar, archbishop of Rheims, of mingling with his Latin, Greek and Irish words, *Graeca et Scottica*, showing how the Irish school of Greek at Laon had influenced him.[6] In addition to these we read of a Dungal who was appointed teacher at Pavia in Italy in the year 825 ; [7] and mention has already been made of Moengal's activity as a teacher in the Swiss monastery of St. Gall ; while Sedulius in the following poem gives teaching as one of the occupations with which his day was filled ; the others, apart from eating, drinking and sleeping, being writing, studying, song-making, prayer and penance :—

> Aut lego vel scribo, doceo scrutorve sophian :
> Obsecro celsithronum nocte dieque meum.
> Vescor, poto libens, rithmizans invoco Musas,
> Dormisco stertens : oro Deum vigilans.

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[1] P.L. III., 692. " I lectured my pupils on grammar written in booklets, on the rules of metre, and on the blessed sayings of the Fathers."

[2] Quoted P.L. III., 523. [3] N.A. XVIII., 103. [4] P.L. III., 520. [5] ibidem, 422.
[6] O Roma, § VII., Anmerkungen. [7] O Roma § VI.

Conscia mens scelerum deflet peccamina vitae :
Parcite vos misero, Christe Maria, viro.[1]

Not so many of the wanderers seem to have been producers of original literary and learned works ; but even here Dunchad of Auxerre, Sedulius and Johannes may be pointed to as authors of grammatical commentaries, Sedulius is also the author of a political work (" De Rectoribus Christianis "), of various Biblical commentaries and of a considerable mass of excellent poetry, while Johannes, besides his *De Divisione Naturae*, the outstanding philosophical treatise of the century and indeed of several centuries immediately preceding and following it, has many Biblical and theological commentaries, two translations from Greek philosophers and a certain number of philosophic poems to his credit.[2]

It is as transcribers of manuscripts, however, handers-on of the torch of classical and Christian learning, that the Irish were particularly active. Though compiled for a different purpose the introductions to volumes I and II of the *Thesaurus Palaeohibernicus* of Stokes and Strachan, with their account of manuscripts containing glosses in the Irish language, almost all written on the continent in the ninth century, serve excellently to illustrate the wide range of activity of these scribes. Among the manuscripts there described are Biblical texts, glossaries and commentaries, copies of philosophical and theological works by St. Augustine and of treatises on natural philosophy and computing by Bede and others, copies of the grammatical works of Eutychius, Priscian and Donatus, of the commentary of Philargyrus on the Bucolics and of a commentary by an anonymous commentator on the Georgics, a collection of " Sententiae "

[1] P.L. III., Sedulii Carmina, II., lxxiv. " I am always either reading or writing or teaching or examining wisdom. Night and day I call upon my God throned on high. I eat and drink freely, and in measured numbers invoke the Muses. I sleep soundly, and in my waking hours I pray to God. My mind conscious of sin weeps the ill deeds of my life. O Christ, O Mary, spare this wretched man."

[2] cf. Man. I., 317 ff., 332 ff. For Dunchad see N.A. XVIII., 103.

drawn from the writings of the Fathers, and copies of the canons of the Irish Church. In addition to these, the manuscripts of the Sedulian circle deserve special mention. They help in establishing the text of the New Testament and of certain classical authors.[1]

The Irish, as is clear from what has been already said, were not confined to any one district on the continent: they were to be found everywhere. Certain places, however, seem to have been specially favoured by them: thus Johannes, Martin, Helias, a certain Fregus (or Fergus) and Dunchad would seem to have mostly frequented the city of Laon, which was in close academic connection with Auxerre where the Irish influence was also felt.[2] Soissons would appear to have been another Irish centre,[3] while at Liege there was a regular Irish colony, of which the priest Electus was an important member.[4] Here Sedulius resided for many years, and doubtless during that time some at least of his friends, Dermot, Fergus, Blandus, Marcus, Beuchell, Dungal and Dubthach, were with him. These friends of Sedulius also seem to have had close connection with a similar Irish colony at Milan. Sedulius himself lived for a time at Cologne, where he enjoyed the friendship of Bishop Gunthar, to whom there are also references in two manuscripts written by other members of the Sedulian circle. A poem by Dungal is preserved addressed to a certain Baldo, a scribe at Salzburg, with which town Dungal must therefore have had some connection; while Sedulius, Dubthach and Fergus had been visitors at the Welsh court before passing over to the continent.[5] It goes without saying that at this period there was also fairly constant communication between the Irish monasteries of Europe and their parent foundations in Ireland.

GERARD MURPHY.

(*To be Continued*)

[1] For the MSS. of the Sedulian circle cf. O Roma § VII., 2; § VIII.
[2] cf. P.L. III., 519; N.A. XVIII., 103; O Roma, 365.
[3] P.L. III., 690. [4] N.A. XIII., 361 ff. [5] O Roma § VII., Passim.

POLTERGEISTS

BY HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

I TRUST that I am not an unduly credulous person, but I may confess to a belief in ghosts, and even in that much more elusive and irrational manifestation, the Poltergeist. "Poltergeist" is, of course, a word of German origin, meaning a noisy racketing spirit, and it is technically applied to a class of spooks which throw stones and other missiles, move furniture and raise a din, without making themselves visible to the bodily eye. In the pleasantly entertaining volume of Messrs. Seymour and Neligan entitled *True Irish Ghost Stories*,[1] a chapter is devoted to poltergeists, including two cases which were personally investigated and attested by my friend the late Sir William Barrett, F.R.S.[2] The many analogies presented by these disturbances with the "grappin" phenomena, of which we hear so much in the Lives of the Curé d'Ars and other Saints, may, perhaps, warrant a discussion of the subject here. An outbreak of this nature, occurring quite recently in Battersea and chronicled at some length in nearly all the London papers, proves at least that curiosity regarding such matters is still far from extinct.

The points specially indicated by Professor Barrett as characteristic of the poltergeist are the invisibility of the agents, the sporadic and temporary nature of the manifestations, and notably their dependence upon the

[1] *True Irish Ghost Stories.* Compiled by St. John D. Seymour, B.D., Litt. D. and Harry S. Neligan, D.I.R.I.C. Second edition enlarged. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis and Co. 1926. 7s. 6d. net.

[2] Sir William Barrett had much to do with the foundation of the Society for Psychical Research, of which he was at one time President. His conviction of the supernormal character of the poltergeist manifestations was very strong. So also was that of the late Mr. Andrew Lang. See his *Cock Lane and Common Sense*, the Appendix to his *Making of Religion*, and his article "Poltergeist" in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

presence of some particular individual—usually a young person and often a child—who must be assumed to possess strange, if unconscious, mediumistic powers. When telekinetic phenomena occur—and this is almost invariably the case—whether they take the form of missiles which seem to come from nowhere, or of crockery and even furniture crashing or flying through the air, the movement often seems to be controlled, tortuous and at variance with the laws of gravitation. Professor Barrett writes :—

> The movement of objects is usually quite unlike that due to gravitational or other attraction. They slide about, rise in the air, move in eccentric paths, sometimes in a leisurely manner, often turn round in their career, and usually descend quietly without hurting the observers. At other times an immense weight is lifted, often in daylight, no one being near, crockery is thrown about and broken, bedclothes are dragged off, the occupants sometimes lifted gently to the ground, and the bedstead tilted up or dragged about the room. The phenomena occur both in broad daylight and at night. Sometimes bells are continuously rung, even if all the bell wires are removed. Stones are frequently thrown, but no one is hurt ; I myself have seen a large pebble drop apparently from space in a room where the only culprit could have been myself, and certainly I did not throw it.[1]

In both the two fully investigated Irish cases which Messrs. Seymour and Neligan borrow from Professor Barrett, rappings and inexplicable noises played a prominent part. The earlier occurred in 1877 at a lonely hamlet called Derrygonnelly, nine miles from Enniskillen, in the house of a farmer who had been left a widower with a family of four girls and a boy, the eldest child, Maggie, aged about twenty, seeming to be the centre of the disturbance. Strange rappings and scratchings were first heard, then objects were seen to move, stones began to fall, and candles and boots were repeatedly thrown out of the house. Several neighbours urged them to send for the priest, but the family were Methodists and preferred to put an open Bible on the bed with a

[1] *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, Vol. XXV., p. 378.

big stone on top of it. Some unseen power, however, displaced the Bible, and eventually removed it from the room, tearing seventeen pages right across. The freakish disturber of their peace evinced a peculiar dislike for any source of artificial light; candles and lamps were mysteriously stolen or thrown out, and Professor Barrett recounts how the old farmer told him that "Jack Flanigan came and lent us his lamp, saying he would engage the devil himself could not steal it, as he had got the priest to sprinkle it with holy water." Nevertheless the lamp, in spite of the blessing, seems to have shared the fate of the Bible. When Professor Barrett visited the scene he heard the long continued knockings, some of which were "like those made by a heavy carpenter's hammer driving nails into flooring." He satisfied himself that the noises could not have been made by any of the inmates, who were all in view, and, as already mentioned, he saw a stone fall from the void. Moreover he challenged the mysterious agent of the knockings to echo by raps the numbers which he mentally indicated; which it did. Further putting his hands into the side pockets of his overcoat, Professor Barrett asked the spirit to "knock the number of fingers he held open." The experiment was repeated four times with varying numbers, and in each case the answer was given correctly.

The disturbances which took place at Enniscorthy in July, 1910, were more dramatic, and though in this case Professor Barrett was not personally a witness of the phenomena, still the depositions he obtained from those principally concerned are so explicit and so fully confirmed by independent testimony that it would be unreasonable to doubt the facts. Apart from hammering and other noises, the prank upon which the poltergeist seemed to concentrate his efforts was the pulling off the bed-clothes and the moving right across the floor of a heavy bedstead, which, lacking one castor, was a particularly difficult object to shift from its place. Three

young men slept in the room, all of whom were reduced to a state of abject terror. The principal sufferer was a lad of eighteen, named Randall. According to his account, confirmed on one occasion by reliable investigators who sat up with them, the sheets and blankets were pulled off him, he himself was dragged out of bed on to the floor, "a chair danced out into the middle of the room without anyone near it," and when all three in their fright decided to get into one bed together, "the bed turned up on one side and threw us out on to the floor, and before we were thrown out, the pillow was taken from under my head three times. When the bed rose up, it fell back without making any noise." [1]

Messrs. Seymour and Neligan cite four other Irish poltergeist cases located respectively at Upper Ballygowan near Larne, in Wexford, in Portarlington, and at Scotchforth near Ballina. The list might be added to, and I would suggest that the authors in any future edition would do well to investigate the claims of the interesting poltergeist which is said to have manifested at Tillymoan, near Claudy, Strabane, in 1866. According to information furnished to the *Derry Standard* in the early part of that year, showers of stones bombarded the house of a farmer named Speer who lived there with his wife and a little boy. We are told that "plates and dishes were smashed off the dresser, and the pots and cans began to *walk about* through the apartments." I venture to italicise the reporter's phrase, for it so plainly corresponds with what Messrs. Barrett and Lang tell us of "the objects . . . . which move in eccentric paths, sometimes in a leisurely manner." Numbers of curious people flocked to the spot from far and near, and one evening the crowd "distinctly saw a pot come flying through the door and fall in smashed pieces on the street." We may probably assume that the little boy was the nucleus

[1] *Proceedings S. P. R.*, Vol. XXV., p. 389.

of these precipitations, for it is mentioned that one morning " he was kindling the fire, when the coals were suddenly lifted off the hearth and scattered through the house in all directions."

A year earlier a somewhat similar case had been reported from a farm in the townland of Lenagh, not far from Mountfield. The *Tyrone Constitution* printed a detailed narrative contributed by a police constable named Jeremiah M'Meilly, dated Mountfield, February 15, 1865. The farmer, Peter M'Crory, a very respectable man, seems to have lived alone with his wife and a little girl whom they had adopted. The manifestations began with the throwing of turf-clods, seemingly inside the house, while the three were sitting round the fire in the evening. This was sufficiently disquieting, but next morning in clear daylight the attack was renewed in a more formidable shape. " Some bricks were lying at the corner of the kitchen fire, and these were thrown from all angles of the house at the inmates, until they were reluctantly obliged to beat a retreat." One Jemmy Carland, who came in by chance, was later on told the story. He listened incredulously, and shouted out: " Why the blazes do they not clod me now ? " The words were hardly uttered when three stones in quick succession struck him on the back. Whereupon, as he himself confessed, he promptly took to his heels. Peter's wife also decided to seek refuge for the night in the house of a friend who lived at a little distance, taking the child with her. They went, " but were assailed on their entire route by some invisible parties keeping up stone throwing," the child being the principal, if not the only, object of attack. After a day's interval, during which nothing happened, Peter's wife and her little charge returned. But no sooner had they entered the house than the girl was struck by a " hard turf " and knocked into a tub of water. Thus far the statement of Constable Jeremiah McMeilly.

Ireland, of course, has no monopoly in poltergeists, nor are the cases just recounted either exceptionally startling, or very satisfactorily attested. On the other hand, no one can study the matter without being struck by the recurrence of certain features in these stories which undoubtedly could not have been suggested to their very simple-minded narrators by any familiarity with the literature of the subject. I remember reading years ago—it was in *Chambers' Magazine*, if I am not mistaken—an account of a poltergeist in the Mauritius where a little girl's comings and goings were attended by an inexplicable precipitation of stones, though no great damage was done. The writer was a non-Catholic whom I afterwards chanced to meet—she was a sister of the late Fr. William Humphrey, S.J.—and she assured me that the details, of which she had been an eye-witness, were absolutely accurate. Quite on a par with this is a story which reached me only a few weeks since. A Jesuit Father, writing from Bratislava (*alias* Presburg), Czechoslovakia, sent me an account of an occurrence which was puzzling certain of the rural clergy in his part of the world. The terms of his letter implied that neither he nor they had any idea that similar cases had ever been recorded elsewhere. His statement of the facts—it was written in Latin—runs as follows :—

On the 11th of August, 1927, a young man and a boy of thirteen had been fishing in one of the streams running from the Tatra range. They were on the point of returning home when suddenly a stone fell near them. It was followed by a second, and by others in succession. They grew frightened and hastily decamped. Then they seemed to encounter a continuous shower of stones which only came into view when they were 30 centimetres (*i.e.*, about a foot) away and which did not strike with any great violence (*non habebant ictum gravem*). They took shelter in a tavern, but the stones pursued them there, and the pair were promptly ejected on the ground that they must be possessed by the devil. When they reached home, there were further manifestations. Stones seemed to fall from the ceiling. In one of the rooms the boy's

father had made a collection of curious pebbles and geological specimens. These now started flying from one room to another and dropped on the ground. The next day a piece of coal in the kitchen sailed out and broke a glass panel in the door. In the afternoon a pack of playing cards flew up from the table and scattered among the visitors who were present. Finally, on the third day some pieces of money dropped from nowhere—between ten and twenty coins in all—and there was also a twenty-kronen note in paper. It was afterwards discovered that this money belonged to one of the people in the house. The stones which fell were of a type common in the district. It is stated that the thirteen year old boy had taken part as a medium in various séances in other parts of the country; but these particular manifestations were new and had only occurred in this, his native village.

I am not in a position to check the accuracy of this statement of facts, but the points of resemblance between this and some of the Irish stories are striking; and most certainly the Slovak parish priest, who seems to have been the ultimate source of information, is not likely to have made acquaintance with Messrs. Seymour and Neligan's intriguing volume. Of even more recent date is the Battersea goblin. A reporter on the staff of the *Morning Post* who visited Eland Road, Lavender Hill, on January 23, of this year, had an interview with Miss Robinson, whom he describes as "a school mistress of middle age, intelligent, pleasant-spoken and full of common sense." Her father's health had broken down under the strain of the disturbances, and some other members of the household had also withdrawn, including probably the unconscious medium, but Miss Robinson had stood her ground in such part of the premises as were still habitable. She told the reporter how—

> Lumps of coal, potatoes, onions and other missiles have come hurtling through the air both day and night, breaking our back windows and threatening our welfare. Inside the house it has been even worse. On Monday last (Jan. 16) there was a crash in my father's room. We ran upstairs and found that his chest of drawers had fallen over. In the room in which my brother

sleeps a wardrobe collapsed with no apparent reason . . . . . A china bowl on a side table in my sister's room splintered to pieces and crashed on to the ground.[1]

A nephew further related how, a few days before, he had been sitting in the kitchen with one or two others of the household " when a piece of soda suddenly fell out of the void and broke into pieces on the floor. About the same time three loud knocks came from a wall nearby and a broom fell down." In view of the plain facts that hardly a window of the house was left intact, that the family had occupied the premises for twenty years, and that the mischief had been done from within as well as from without, it is difficult to suppose than any mere trick of some ill-disposed person could have remained undetected.

Furthermore, stories of this nature are no novelty. They belong to history at almost every period. Take, for example, an incident recorded by Giraldus Cambrensis, about the year 1191, in his *Itinerarium Kambriae.* A reference to the same occurrence seems to be found in the Margan Annals under the year 1184. In any case Giraldus states :—

In this part of Pembrokeshire it has happened in our own times that foul spirits have held intercouse with men, not indeed so as to be seen, but so as to make themselves sensibly manifest. For in the home, first of a certain Stephen Wiriet, and later in that of William Not, they rendered their presence known by the throwing of lumps of dirt (*jactu sordium*) and of other things meant to deride rather than to do bodily injury. In William's house, as both the host himself and his guests had repeatedly to deplore, they made rents and holes in garments both of linen and cloth, and against this mischief no amount of watchfulness, no locks or bolts, afforded the least protection. But what was stranger still, in Stephen's house the spirit used to talk with men, and when people bandied words with it, as many did in mockery, it taxed them with all the things they had ever done in their lives which they were least willing should be known or spoken about.

Giraldus goes on to express surprise that in hauntings

[1] *The Morning Post*, Jan. 24, 1928.

of this sort the use of holy water, not only the ordinary holy water but even that of the font on Holy Saturday, seemed to be of no avail. Indeed no sacrament or sacred rite produced any effect. When the priests came in all devotion and seriousness, well supplied with holy water and carrying their processional cross, they were the first to get badly pelted. The Welsh scholar accordingly concludes that sacraments and sacramentals are meant to protect mankind against serious injury, not against mere mischief and illusion.[1]

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that the activities of the poltergeist are invariably confined to whimsical pranks alternating on occasion with rather rough horse-play. Though Puck may be the predominating rôle, we sometimes come upon a Caliban, and it is this latter type of experience which most vividly recalls the physical outrages which such Saints as Christina of Stommeln and in a less degree the holy Curé of Ars seem to have been the victims. Perhaps the most remarkable scenes of violence, evidentially well-attested, which I have come across are those described in a paper read at the Warsaw International Congress of Psychic Research in 1923 by the Rev. Haraldur Nielsson, Professor of Theology in the University of Iceland. The incidents referred to took place in 1907, but they seem to have been recorded at the time in the minute book of the Icelandic Psychical Research Society, they were formally confirmed by the President of the Society who was himself a participant and who was present at the Congress, and they were also vouched for by three other gentlemen of standing concerned in the affair.

The central figure in the disturbance was a young professional medium Indridi Indridason, apparently little more than a boy. His normal controls seemed hardly able to protect him from the invasions of a spirit, here called "Jon," who was identified with the soul of a

[1] Giraldus Cambrensis, *Itinerarium Kambriæ* (Rolls Series), p.p. 93-94.

recent suicide. The medium lived in terror of Jon, since he was able to draw "power" out of other unconscious mediums without their sanction and showed himself hostile and vindictive. After an alarming séance, the experimenters came to the conclusion that it would not be safe for Indridi to sleep in a room by himself. Accordingly his friend Mr. Oddgeirsson agreed to share his bed-chamber with him, while Mr. Kvaran, the President of the Society, spent the night in the next room. According to Professor Nielsson's account—

> During the night the medium shouts that he is being dragged out of bed and is very terror-stricken. He implores Mr. Oddgeirsson to hold his hand. Mr. Oddgeirsson takes his hand, pulling with all his might, but cannot hold him. The medium is lifted above that end of the bed against which his head had been lying and he is pulled down on the floor, sustaining injuries to his back from the bedstead. At the same moment a pair of boots which were under Mr. Oddgeirson's bed, were thrown at the lamp, breaking both the glass and the shade. The medium is now dragged head foremost through the door and along the floor in the outer room, in spite of his clutching with all his might at everything he could catch hold of, besides Mr. Kvaran and Mr. Oddgeirsson pulling at his legs. Mr. Kvaran and Mr. Oddgeirsson at last succeeded in getting under his shoulders, which they had great difficulty in lifting. They managed, however, to drag him into bed, but they could not make him stand upon his feet.[1]

Two nights later a similar scene occurred. Indridi on this occasion has a Mr. Thorlaksson and Mr. Oddgeirsson sleeping in the room with him. Ewers and other crockery were hurled about and smashed. The two watchers, while throwing themselves upon the medium and exerting all their strength, could hardly prevent him from again being dragged out of bed, and while this was happening "the table which was standing between the beds was lifted and came down on Mr. Oddgeirsson's back." They all determined to leave the house; but before this could be accomplished, we are told that the medium after partially dressing once more shouted for help.

[1] *Congrès International tenu à Varsovie en* 1923, p. 155.

Mr. Thorlaksson had been standing in the outer room, but now rushes in to the medium, and then sees that he is balancing in the air with his feet towards the window. Mr Thorlaksson takes hold of him, pulls him down into the bed and keeps him there. Then he feels that the medium and himself are being lifted up, and he shouts to Mr. Oddgeirsson to help him. Mr. Oddgeirsson goes into the bedroom, but a chair is then hurled against him and falls down beside the stove in the outer room. Mr. Oddgeirsson swerved aside to avoid the chair, and went on into the bedroom. Mr. Thorlaksson was then lying on the medium's chest. Mr. Oddgeirsson threw his weight on to the medium's knees, who was at the moment all on the move in the bed. Then a bolster which was under the medium's pillow was thrown up into the air. It fell down on the bedroom floor. Simultaneously the candlesticks which were in the outer room came through the air and were flung down in the bedroom.[1]

All this sounds perfectly crazy. But Professor Barrett, who was certainly neither crazy nor given to exaggeration, vouches, as we have seen, for the truth of happenings which were not very dissimilar. The Rev. Mr. Nielsson, the author of the account, who was a participator in other like scenes with the same medium, is professor of theology at Reykjavik. Mr. Thorlaksson, described as " Senior Clerk in the Ministries of Industry and Commerce," Mr. Kvaran, who was president of the Society and custodian of its archieves, and two other gentlemen who took part in the series of events narrated, all append their signatures and testify that the story is an exact record of facts. It is exceedingly difficult to believe that they can all have been hallucinated. The most curious part of the business is that the truculent Jon after being mildly remonstrated with and courteously encouraged, became a reformed character. Like a converted poacher turned game-keeper, he afterwards upheld the law and is said to have been most efficient in keeping the more unruly spirits in order.

It is a far cry from Reykjavik, Presburg and the Mauritius to Stratford, Connecticut; but is was in this

[1] *Ibid.*, p. 157.

last town that there was enacted, seventy-five years ago, one of the most amazing poltergeist dramas of which we have record. The knockings at Epworth rectory in 1716-1717 were tame in comparison,[1] though John Wesley's correspondence has made these latter very famous. In Connecticut the scene of the disturbances was again a parsonage, but it was a Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Phelps, much honoured in his own communion and universally respected, who was the principal sufferer. For more than two years Dr. Phelps with a family of four children, of whom the eldest was a daughter of sixteen and the youngest a boy of three, had occupied the house without the occurrence of any untoward incident. But on Sunday, March 10, 1850, the troubles began which were destined, in varying phases, to continue for eighteen months or even longer. On the morning of that day the house was deserted and locked up. The Phelps family were all attending their own church, and the only servant, an Irish girl who is described as having shown herself "honest and trustworthy" during the six months she had been in their service, had gone to Mass in Bridgeport, three miles away. When the family returned the front door was standing wide open, and the furniture was strewn about the place in disorder. Nothing, however, had been stolen, and a gold watch in a conspicuous position had been left undisturbed. The family again went to church in the afternoon, but Dr. Phelps, remaining behind to keep watch, was conscious of no disturbance of any kind. None the less it was discovered that since their mid-day meal all sorts of new pranks had been played. Everything was out of place. Moreover in the principal bedroom "a sheet was found spread over the bed outside the counterpane, and beneath this were a nightgown and

[1] Still, as Mr. Andrew Lang reminds us (*Cock Lane and Common Sense*, p. 101), Nancy Wesley, as was averred in a letter from one of the family, was raised from the floor together with the bed she sat on.

chemise laid out with the arms folded across the breast, with stockings placed in a position to represent, as it seemed, a corpse disposed as is usual before placing it in the coffin." Similar tricks were renewed next morning, and on that day the visible movement of furniture and other objects began. "An umbrella, standing in the hall, leaped a distance of at least twenty-five feet. Dr. Phelps saw the movement, and knows there was no perceptible agency by which the motion was produced. A bucket standing at the head of the stairs was thrown into the entry below." Smaller articles such as nails, forks, knives, spoons, bits of tin, iron and keys were thrown from different directions about the house. Further, "a piece of crape was fastened to the knocker of the back door, and the mirrors in the front rooms were covered with sheets and table-cloths, as is the custom in some parts of the country when a person lies dead in the house." As these uncomfortable disturbances continued, Dr. Phelps invited an intelligent and trustworthy friend, himself also a clergyman, to come and stay in the house. He remained altogether for nearly three weeks and "became satisfied before the close of the second day that neither the girl in the kitchen, nor the children, had any agency in producing the strange movements." A large raw potato fell on to the breakfast table beside Dr. Phelps' plate. They experimented and decided from the concussion that it could not have dropped from a greater height than 12 or 15 inches, but nobody could possibly have thrown it without instant detection. On numberless occasions both Dr. Phelps and his friend saw small objects rise from the place where they lay and sail into another position.

In one instance a chair was perceived to rise from the floor and beat down again, five or six times, with a violence which caused the house to tremble so as to be felt in all the adjoining apartments. A large plated candlestick, standing on the mantle-shelf, was moved by some unseen power to the floor and then rose up and down beating the floor until the candlestick was broken. This

was the first article which was damaged about the house. Several times during the day, loud noises, like some one pounding with an axe or some heavy substance on the floor, were heard in different parts of the house, and several times the loud poundings terminated with a frightful scream.

These and similar incidents were renewed hundreds of times. As the days went by and the news of these strange happenings circulated, numbers of people came to witness them. They could find no solution, but were agreed that neither the children nor the servant had any hand in their production. The mediumistic power seemed to centre mainly in the boy Harry aged twelve, but also in his sister Anna, who was four years older. On one occasion when Harry was taken for a drive by his father, twenty stones were thrown at intervals into the carriage. At times he was violently caught up from the ground until his head nearly struck the ceiling; once he was thrown into a cistern of water, and once also he was tied up and suspended from a tree. Under the eyes of a clergyman visitor the boy's trousers " were rent from the bottom upwards, higher than the knee, and were literally torn to ribbons an inch or more wide." Then, at another period of the manifestations, the poltergeist turned its attention to glass-smashing. No less than seventy-one panes were broken before the tormentor wearied of the sport.

Dr. Phelps saw a tumbler which was standing on a bureau rise from its place, fly to the window and dash out the only pane remaining whole, when no one was within twenty feet of it and the only persons in the room were himself and Harry, the latter standing by the Doctor's side in the doorway.

There were also written communications which suddenly appeared in unsuspected places, some of them bogus letters couched in facetious terms and signed with the names of neighbouring ministers. Dr. Phelps in fact averred that, when writing alone in his study, he had for a minute turned his back to the table, and on resuming his task found written in large letters, the ink

still wet, upon the sheet before him: "Very nice paper and very nice ink for the devil." But the most bizarre of all the reported manifestations was the following:—

> On March 16, soon after breakfast, two or three "images" appeared in the middle room; soon again another, followed by others still, numbering in all eleven or twelve. They were formed of articles of clothing, found about the house, stuffed to resemble the human figure. A lady's dress would be stuffed in some cases with a muff; again with a pillow, and sometimes with other dresses; a bonnet and shoes were aptly placed to complete the figure. These all but one, represented females in the attitude of devotion, some having Bibles or prayer books placed before them. One formed of Mrs. Phelps's dress so much resembled the real that the little boy, scarce three years old, coming into the room with his sister whispered: "Be still, Ma is saying prayers."

Frankly the whole story is one which it seems extremely difficult to credit. But Mr. E. W. Capron, from whose book, *Modern Spiritualism its Facts and Fanaticisms* (Boston, 1855), I have borrowed the account just given, was by no means an uncritical writer. He knew Dr. Phelps well, and he states that he had been allowed to examine all the records kept by the Doctor himself. There can be no question that the disturbances were widely discussed in American journals while the phenomena were still going on, and that Dr. Phelps courted every sort of inquiry.[1] His own published letters dealing with this matter give the impression that he was perfectly honest, and it is certain that he had nothing to gain, but on the contrary much to lose, by the sensation produced.

What are we to think of these weird experiences? They seem at any rate to warrant the conclusion that the movement of objects, the noises, and the physical assaults of which we read in the lives of the Saints are not all hallucinatory and subjective. Are they therefore the

[1] See H. Spicer, *Sights and Sounds*, London, 1553, p.p. 101-110; and the Swedenborgian publication the *New Jerusalem Magazine* (Boston, 1850), Vol. xxiii., pp. 225-226; *The Spiritual Telegraph* for July 3rd, 1852; *The New Church Repository* (New York, Ap. 1851), Vol. IV., p. 162. Dr. Phelps was not a spiritualist.

direct work of diabolic agencies? That is a question which it is much more difficult to answer. On the one hand we are constantly confronted by evidence of a distinct conflict between these mysterious forces, some tending to protect and restrain, others violently aggressive and malevolent. On the other hand even the more brutal appear in some measure to be amenable to kindness, while execrations and words of scorn lead only to fresh disturbances in a still more outrageous form.[1] That the devil counts for much in all these saturnalia I should never dream of questioning, but that there are other powers concerned which may possibly be the spirits of the unbaptized or creatures belonging to another dispensation, the denizens, it may be, of other planets, seems to me still to remain a matter open to discussion.

HERBERT THURSTON.

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[1] In the case of the Larne poltergeist, for example, Messrs. Seymour and Neligan record (p. 135): "On one occasion, after a volley of stones had been poured into the house through the window, a young man who was present fired a musket in the direction of the mysterious assailants. The reply was a loud peal of Satanic laughter, followed by a volley of stones and turf."

Another Irish poltergeist case at Cookstown, Co. Tyrone, caused much talk at the time. *The Spiritualist* newspaper for November 27, 1874, and in subsequent issues, quotes at length from the *Belfast News-Letter*, the *Morning News* and other journals. It would appear that in the house of a Mr. Allen a process of window-breaking went on for months, which, though constant watch was kept, could be traced to no assignable cause. Some panes were broken by stones, others seemed to break of themselves. Then bowls, standing still on a table, began to rotate, shot off the table and smashed. Coats and hats, hanging upon pegs, were seized with a sort of ague and fluttered away. Other garments were torn to shreds. Potatoes boiling in the pot jumped into the fire or disappeared. Stones weighing three pounds or more, some wet and dirty, some clean, came slowly hopping down the stairs when not a soul was in the upper part of the house. Mr. Allen seems to have been an elderly man, but there were two youthful sons and a daughter living with him. One of these was probably the medium.

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MCKENNA, S.J., M.A.

Ó CONCHOBHAIR'S DEATH

V

Aodh son of Toirrdhealbhach Ó Conchobhair, King of Connaught, is said by the *Four Masters* to have been slain in 1356 at Baile Locha Deacair by Donnchadh Carrach Ó Ceallaigh in revenge for having run away with Ó Ceallaigh's wife. The present poem would appear to refer to the same event, giving a version of it which would be more acceptable to the relatives of the deceased. About fifty years previously Seaán Ó Clumhain had written another poem, Doṁn ṡoiṁ ḃán ṡ ḃáṙaċt, on the above Aodh's grand-father.

Seaán Ó Cluṁáin cct.

1. Leaṙaiġteaṙ liḃ léine an ṙíoġ
a ḃantṙaċt aṙ ḃuan imṙníoṁ
léine ṙánaḋ cóiṙ cuṁa
ón ḋóiġ Éiṙe i n-aontuṁa.

2. Leaṙaiġteaṙ liḃ aṙ leaṙ ċáiċ
ṙġuiṙḋ ġeal an ġṙéaṙa neaṁ-ġnáiṫ
ní ṙṙéaṁ ḋaṙ gcuṁaiḋ ċeilear
léan naċ cuṁuin ċuiṁniġeaṙ.

3. Léine ṙíoġ ṙáṫa Meaḋḃa
aġ ḋúṙaċt mo ḋoiṁeanma
ṙa maiṫ ṙoiṁe aṙ [n-áḋ] oṙċṙa
ṡ cṙáḋ cṙoiḋe an coṁaṙṫa.

4. Ná ḃíoḋ aġaiḃ aṙ ṁ'aġaiḋ
léine ċaoi Í Conċaḃaiṙ
ṙóḋ ċéille ḋo ċlaoċláḋ ḋ'ṙioṙ
léine ṁaoṫ-ḃán an ṁíleaḋ.

5. Ṙa cuṁaiḋ ṙíoġ ṙáṫa Ḃṙeaġ
ní ṙiġṫí a leaṙ aṙ laoiḋeaḋ
ṡ ṙaoṫ léṙ gcṙoiḋiḃ ċeana
laoċ Oiliġ a inġeana.

6. An léine aʒ bṗoṗdaḋ aṗ mbṗóin
tuilleaḋ le toiṗṗe ṗoṁóiṗ
níoṗ ċiall beiṫ aʒ aṗ mbṗoṗdaḋ
eiċ naṗ iaṗṗ a n-eaċ-loṗʒaḋ.

7. I ʒcṗuṫ ʒaḃála Ṫaoiḋeal
le ċéile óṗ dá ċoṁ-maoiḋeaṁ
do bí an tṗuaill-ṗe tá ṗolaṁ
an lá ṗuaiṗ-ṗe a ṗoiṁoʒaḋ.

8. Do taiṗnʒṗeaḋ tṗuaʒ an ṗír
do ṁnáiḃ Danba ʒo mbeiḋíṗ
mun léiniʒ lion a ċionóil
ṗíol Éiḃiṗ iṗ Éiṗeaṁóin.

9. Maiṗʒ do ṗuiṗʒeaḋ ṗe a ṗéaʒain
ṗaċain toiṗṗe a tairbéanaiḋ
duḃ oṗċṗa ṗé lá an léine
a ṁná Toiċa Toiṗléime.

10. Ʒoin an taoiḃ daṗ tṗuaill iṗe
biaiḋ aṗ cuiṁne im ċṗoiḋei-ṗe
an léine ní lé aṗ ċuṁain
ʒuṗ b'é a céile Ó Conċuḃaiṗ.

11. Clanna Míleaḋ ʒan ṁeanmain
d'éiṗ ṁaṗḃċa ṁic Ṫoiṗṗḋealḃaiʒ
léine ní líontaṗ dá ḋul
d'ṗéile ó ioċtaṗ ʒo huaċtaṗ.

12. Duṗṗan ʒan a ḋáil aiʒe
ṗí ṗoṗḃṗaoiliʒ ṗánaiḋe
an maoiṫ-léine ċaol do ċuṗ
um ṫaoḃ caoiṁ-céile Ċṗuaċan.

13. Duṗṗan leam a léine an ṗíoʒ
aċt ʒéṗ b'iomḋa aṗ Aoḋ eiṗṗíoḋ
do bí ṗe huċt a ṗoʒla
an ṗí ʒan luċt leanoṁna.

14. Fuair an dream gan doilge a fior
brat ar a beit i n-uaignior
bró mall-dan ngeal agus ngiall
um fear nAlman ar oir-fliab.

15. Ni grád óir ní himfnióm creac
tug a fagáil go huaigneac
do bí re head i n-otar
rí Breag ar n-a baogloćad.

16. Uaigneas ainmeinic fir Breag
freagrais lućt [iomta] an féineád
fuair an dream nar féag d'foluig
réan i gceann Í Conćobair.

17. Eagrais tré feadar a ngniom
um teac otair an aird-rioġ
ar tuill mun mbruigin mbaogluig
don druing fuiliġ iol-faodhraiġ.

18. [Ir é trá tá] i leabraid
do morgail mac Toirrdealbaig
ir ceanćaill teineád mun dteać
'na fgeimeal leaćtruim luaimneać.

19. Smuainir gan cáć do ćabair
noćtair coig Í Conćabair
léigtear fuar beoil na bruigne
fa deoig ré ćruar comairle.

20. Réidigtear leir dá leagaid
dá óg-mnáid dá fileadaid
an ćéid-fliġe ón múr a-mać
an géig-bile úr uallać.

21. An dara raon do réidig
rí Cruaćan an cait-féinnid
tréf an bróir neimniġ náma
dá bróin geimliġ giall-brágad.

22. An ḋṙeaṙ uaiṙ aṙ n-éiṙṫe a-mać
ṙmuainiṙ a ċoin 1 nṫcuṁṫać
ḋo ḃuain ıall ṫcaol ḋá ċonaiḃ
ḋo ċṙıall Aoḋ an aṫċonaiṙ.

23. Le a ṁeince ṗáiniṫ ṙeampa
'na ṙouaiṫ ḋíomṙaiṫ ḋíleannḋa
níoṙ lean éin-ṙeaṙ ḋá aiṫle
ṙeaṙ na léine leaṙaiṫṫe.

24. Ní cıan ḋo ċuaiḋ le a ṫonaiḃ
ṙeaṙaṙ cṙú Í Ċonċoḃaiṙ
ṫuṙ léiṫ ṙoin ṙe cṙıaiḋ a ċneaṙ
a ṫoin na ḋıaiḋ níoṙ ḋíleaṙ.

25. Ḋuṫaṙ leam 1 leiṫ Moṫa
a ṙṫín 1 nḋıaiṫ Ḋonnċaḋa
1 n-aıṙṫıḋ ıṙ mé ḋá ṁeaṙ
a ṙaiṫṙın aṙ é m'aiṁleaṙ.

leaṙaiṫṫeaṙ.

Translation

1. Repair ye the Prince's tunic, ye ladies of lasting sorrow ; the tunic which calls for tears and makes Éire like to be spouseless.

2. Repair for the benefit of all men that bright, strange-adorned tunic ; it covers not now the root of our grief ; it reminds us of untold woe.

3. The tunic of the king of Meadhbh's Fort awakes my melancholy ; this object fated to bring us ruin (?) was once beauteous ; the sight now aches my heart.

4. Keep from my eyes Ó Chonchobhair's graceful tunic ; the hero's soft white tunic would make a man distraught.

5. There was no need of my chant to stir sorrow for the king of the Breagha's Fort ; without it our hearts grieve, O ladies, for Oileach's hero.

6. The tunic, stirring our grief, adds to a too-great sorrow ; 'twere foolish to urge us, steeds that needed no lashing.

7. On the day when this shrine, now empty, was despoiled, it was engaged in uniting the Gaoidhil ; this is told of it.

8. 'Twas foretold to Banbha's women—sad prophecy !—that one day should gather round this tunic in full muster the race of Éibhear and Éireamhón.

9. Woe to those who have been left to see the sad fulfilment of the words : "This tunic, ye ladies of Tulach Toirleime, shall in its day mean ruin."

10. The wound in the body which it clad shall ever be present to my heart ; for, though the tunic remembers not, I remember that Ó Conchobhair was its spouse.

11. After Toirdhealbhach's son's death Mil's races are cast down; now he is gone, no tunic is found full (as his) of generosity.

12. Alas, that Fanad's generous king, Cruacha's gentle spouse, is fated no longer to don this soft comely tunic.

13. Alas, o princely tunic, that, though Aodh had many quarrels, he had no followers about him at the hour he was attacked.

14. That folk—can tale be sadder ?—watched till Almhain's king was alone with a crowd of fair stately ladies and hostages about him on the hill.

15. Not love of gold or care for booty made the Breagha's king unattended; but he lay for a time in sickness—and danger.

16. The foes of the prince of the men of the Breagha, that folk who scrupled not crime, take advantage of his unusual loneliness, and found a chance to attack Ó Conchobhair.

17. With all care they draw up around the prince's sick-house, that house of danger, all the fierce sharp-sworded folk who could find place there.

18. . . . . Toirdhealbhach's son awoke when round the house was a ring of fire, a destructive leaping danger.

19. Ó Conchobhair remembered no help was near, and drew his sword; the doors of the castle are thrown open at his strong command.

20. The proud active hero clears the way from the castle, first for his leeches and maidens and poets.

21. Cruacha's captain-king next clears the way through the foes' fierce crowd for his chained band of hostages.

22. A third time he arises; he remembers his leashed dogs, and makes the journey once again to loose them.

23. That proud heroic prince of the oft-mended tunic, had so often charged his foes that none of them now dared follow him.

24. Not long did Ó Conchobhair live, his wounds pouring blood, till he fell prostrate to earth; to strike him then availed not !

25. I have brought to Leath Mogha his sword to Donnchadh, giving it to him as a gift, for its sight afflicts me.

Notes

MSS.: N. U. I. Zim. 18, p. 108 (N); R. I. A. 27, L 17, p. 61 (L).

1 *b* buan NL. *c* fana NL. *d* aontuġaḋ N, aontuġa L. 3 *c* náġ NL. The meaning of áḋ in phrases as áḋ umuma (*cf. Irish Monthly*, 1921, p. 114, v. 19; 1928, p. 100, v. 22) áḋ oiċċa is not clear. Perhaps "a cause or sign of fortune, good or bad" ? 7 *a* cruċ in cur i gcn., dul i gcn. means "execution," "effect." This may be its meaning here. Trans. of gaḃáil le ċéile is also doubtful. 8 *a* Reference unknown. *b* mná N. 9 *b* Lit. "the cause of the sorrow of its fulfilment." *d* Tulaċ Toimléime unidentified. 12 *d* ċ. Ċ N, gc. C. L. 15. *i.e.*, People kept away, not because he was niggardly, but because he was indisposed. 16 *b* réimneaḋ, gen. sg. is strange. iomḋa NL. 17*a* Better sense would be given by reading a ġníom. 18*a* ir é trá ata NL. A syllable is wanting. Perhaps the line was originally something like ir é an treas tráth tá i leaḃraiḃ "It is at the third canonical hour (9 a.m.) he awoke . . ." ? 19*a* fmuainear NL. *c*. Transl. uncertain. 24*b*. fearfar NL. Or read fearfair ? *d*. oileas, "satisfying," "complete." 25*a*. a leiṫ NL. *b*. Donnchadh, some unknown patron of the poet.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION

BY WILLIAM ROBERT FEARON, SC.D., F.T.C.D.

AMONG the many ancient problems inherited by science, and still unsolved, that of the origin of life has an interest that is more than historical. Since the time of Thales it has captured attention, and in the later and enlightened ages each outstanding discovery in biology has been celebrated by a flight of rocket-like fancies, which sprinkled the night of ignorance with perishable stars.

The hypothesis of *spontaneous generation* is the most famous and important of the mechanistic attempts to explain the origin of life. It stimulated experimental research, and led to the establishment of the important science of bacteriology in the last century; and if the present fretful generation of scientists is less concerned with the problem it is because the wide frontiers of knowledge, indicated by the genius of Pasteur, have not yet been fully explored. Sir Edward Schafer, in his Presidential Address to the British Association in 1912, appealed for a revival of research into the problem of life's origin, but a tardy discussion was soon drowned by the artillery of Europe. The celebration of the Pasteur Centenary, the publication of books by Benjamin Moore, Osborn, and Lull, together with some modern developments in bacteriology, have in the meantime kept alight the flame of interest; and, although there has been no outstanding recent contribution to the problem of spontaneous generation, the subject is one that may be reconsidered with some profit from time to time.

To the antique mind there seems to have been little difficulty in regarding the spontaneous generation of

living organisms as a commonplace fact of existence. Aristotle, in the midst of his ingenious meditations on animals, apparently accepted without question the assertions that such highly organised forms of life as worms, insects, and fishes arose directly from putrefactive changes in the moist earth. " With good reason," observed Lucretius in *De Rerum Natura,* " has the earth got the name of Mother, since all things are produced out of the earth, forming in rain-water and in the vapours of the sun." Virgil, in a famous passage in the IV Georgic, graphically describes an Egyptian method for generating bees from dead oxen. (Mr. Rudyard Kipling has recorded how a husbandman in later times repeated the experiment, with unforeseen results). Similar allusions occur in such writers as Ovid and the elder Pliny.

Spontaneous generation was accepted boldly by many of the European alchemists long after the dawn of the Renaissance. The great physician Van Helmont declared, with almost unbelievable *naïveté,* that mice could be generated from cheese and old linen, and Kircher published drawings of animals which he saw develop before his own eyes from the action of water on decaying vegetation. Swan considered himself an orthodox naturalist when he wrote in his *Speculum Mundi :*

> A rotten horse breedeth Wasps ; a dead calf Bees, if the west Wind blow ; from an asse proceed Humble-bees ; of a mule, Hornets, etc. And whether the Bees in Sampson's dead Lion were bred anywhere else, no man knoweth.

The nice mind of Sir Thomas Browne found difficulty in accepting spontaneous generation, but he was crushingly refuted by Ross :

> To question this is to question reason, sense, and experience. If he doubt, let him but go to Egypt, and there he will find the fields swarming with mice begot of the mud of Nylus, to the great calamity of the inhabitants.

Derham, however, asserted that he " would as soon

say that rocks and woods engendered stags and elephants as affirm that a piece of cheese can create mice."

The First Experimental Period.

The development of the scientific method restated the problem of spontaneous generation as a working hypothesis, and proceeded to test it. In 1688, Redi, the Italian physician, showed by the use of gauze screens that the fly larvae found in decaying meat did not arise there spontaneously, but had their origin from eggs laid by flies attracted by the odour of putrefaction. These results were followed, in 1700, by the work of Vallisneri, a professor at Padua, who showed that the grubs found in decayed fruit had an external origin. The subsequent work of the Dutch naturalist, Schwammerdam, on the life-history of bees and other insects confirmed the conclusions of Redi, and proved beyond dispute that the alleged spontaneous generation of insects was without foundation.

The Second Experimental Period.

In the meantime, the discovery of the compound microscope revealed the existence of a hitherto invisible world of life, and at once revived the belief in spontaneous generation. Micro-organisms appeared with such readiness and abundance whenever circumstances were favourable that it seemed reasonable to suppose that they arose from the chemical changes associated with putrefaction.

The Scotch priest, Father Needham, sought to explain this by postulating a life-force present in matter (1737). Buffon, the arbiter of naturalists, supported Needham, and developed a hypothesis of primitive atoms or units of life, according to which :

> tous ces prétendus animaux microscopiques ne sont que des formes différentes que prend d'elle-même et suivant les circonstances, cette matière toujours active et qui ne tend qu'à l'organisation. (*Oeuvres completes*, 1, *II*).

After the death of the organism the life-units were liberated in an active state, and were ultimately united again to form other organisms. This hypothesis of Buffon reappears as the *Cosmozoa* doctrine of Richter and Helmholtz; it has been modified by Darwin and by Kelvin, and is implied in the familiar notion of the cosmic conservation of life, due to Arrhenius (1908).

The work of Needham was meticulously criticised by that great physiologist, the Abbé Spallanzani. Needham had used heat to sterilize his culture flasks of organic material; nevertheless, when they were opened they contained living micro-organisms. By adopting a more rigorous form of sterilization, and by carefully avoiding accidental infection during the experiment, Spallanzani was unable to detect " la plus petite apparence d'animalcules, quoique j'eusse observé avec le microscope les infusions de 19 vases différents " (1787).

Needham replied by suggesting that the technique of Spallanzani had been so drastic that the air enclosed in the culture flasks was no longer capable of supporting life. An unexpected result of the controversy was the discovery by Appert of the method of canned food preservation which is a characteristic of our civilization.

The possibility of air-borne infection was discussed by later workers, notably Schwann, Schultze, Schröder and von Dusch, and a climax was reached, in 1858, when Pouchet, an eminent French scientist, claimed to have demonstrated " les protozoaires végétaux et animaux nés spontanément dans l'air artificiel et dans le gaz oxygène." This claim aroused intense excitement in an age inebriated with the new wine of the Evolution theory; it appeared to span the gap between lifeless matter and the things of life. If it were true, its effect on morality and civilization might well be incalculable. Among those drawn into the thunder storm of the controversy was Louis Pasteur, and his entrance marks a new era in the development of scientific research.

THE WORK OF PASTEUR.

Pasteur, in a celebrated letter written to Pouchet, began by affirming that it was the method not the theory that he wished to criticise. "Dans les sciences expérimentales on a toujours tort de ne pas douter, alors que les faits n'obligent pas à l'affirmation . . . . . ." Pouchet had claimed that organic culture fluids, carefully sterilized and sealed up in glass flasks, sooner or later underwent changes due to the spontaneous development of life.

In a research extending over a period of four years Pasteur examined every aspect of Pouchet's work. Culture fluids, such as meat-juice or milk, on exposure to the air soon became infected, and swarmed with life. Similar fluids sterilized and kept from atmospheric contamination according to the method devised by Pouchet developed organisms. Whence came they? Pouchet, Joly, and Musset asserted they arose from the action of the enclosed gas on the liquid. The gas was sterile; in some of the experiments it had even been manufactured chemically. The liquid was sterile. The flask had been thoroughly sterilised, and after being filled was sealed by means of a blow-pipe flame. Yet, without even opening the flasks, the contents, after suitable incubation, could be seen to have undergone the putrefactive changes associated with the presence of life. It was a battle of technique, and technique, Max Gottlieb reminded his class, "is the beginning of all science. It is also the least-known thing in science."

By means of an admirable series of experiments, carried out amidst a variety of circumstances from the Alpine snowfields to the vaults beneath the Paris Observatory, Pasteur demonstrated that air-borne infections were entirely responsible for the positive results obtained by Pouchet and his colleagues. It was not sufficient to work with sterile material. The flasks must be filled under rigidly sterile conditions, and the gas, however

obtained, must be filtered free from all forms of life before being admitted to the flasks. If these requirements be complied with, the contents of the flasks remain free from living organisms; and some of these sealed flasks still may be seen, in the Pasteur Institute in Paris, with their contents as clear as when they were prepared by the hands of Pasteur over fifty years ago.[1]

The Work of Bastian.

The controversy rapidly subsided. Pouchet declared himself unconvinced, but his voice faltered. Béchamp of Montpellier, a contemporary and rival of Pasteur, claimed to have anticipated him in demonstrating the existence of air-borne organisms, but he confused the claim by a theory of *microzymes*, which resembled in many ways the life-units of Buffon. The last veteran who grasped the tattered banner of spontaneous generation was the London physician, Dr. H. C. Bastian. His earlier work, carried out in 1870, was hasty and imperfect, and was soon disproved by Pasteur. But in 1898 Bastian actively resumed the research which he had never completely abandoned, and eventually he obtained results which he regarded as conclusive proof of the spontaneous generation of life. These results were submitted to the Royal Society in 1912, but, although Bastian was a Fellow of the Royal Society, publication was refused.

The work was eventually published by Bastian, in 1913, entitled: *The Origin of Life: being an Account of Experiments with certain superheated saline Solutions in hermetically sealed Vessels.* After being subjected to relatively high temperatures, 100-135 degrees Centigrade, and exposure to daylight for several months, these vessels on being opened contained microscopic structures closely resembling lower forms of life. The work attracted

[1] The account of this laborious and mighty achievement can best be followed in *Oeuvres de Pasteur, Tome* II; published by Masson, in 1922.

very little attention, although Bastian was eager for experimental criticism.

In 1914 he summarised his later researches in a letter to *Nature* (January 13) written the year before his death. In 1919 his son, Mr. W. Bastian, writing to *The Lancet* (May 31) regretted that his father's experiments had never been adequately tested by other scientists. This was not so, because a few years previously the late H. H. Onslow, of Cambridge, had carefully repeated Bastian's work, using in some experiments Bastian's own reagents, and had come to the conclusion that, apart from a few accidental and recognisable infections, the remarkable life-like structures obtained were merely depositions of the chemical compound, silica.

A fitful controversy followed; but the fires of the nineteenth century had been so fierce that subsequent conflagrations were little more than sparks among the ashes.

A disappointment of a peculiarly similar nature had previously terminated the work of Mr. Butler Burke, at one time a student of Trinity College, Dublin. By exposing preparations of gelatine to the influence of radium emanations Burke obtained minute growths, which he concluded were a primitive form of life. The sensational properties of radium had startled scientists, and it did not appear impossible that this amazing element might have been one of the factors in the establishment of life on earth. Burke called his synthetic structures *radiobes*, and discussed their significance in his book, *The Origin of Life*, published in 1906. Closer investigation showed that they were inorganic in character, and due to the local deposition of impurities in the gelatine. Like Bastian's particles, they belong to the group of artefacts, which includes the remarkable imitations of plant structures obtained by Leduc from the interaction of metallic salts in colloidal solutions.

Recently an attempt has been made to revive interest in the work of Béchamp in a book entitled: *Béchamp*

or Pasteur? A Lost Chapter in the History of Biology, by E. Douglas Hume (1923). Unfortunately, the book is written in a somewhat peevish style, and appears to be more concerned with the defects of Pasteur than the merits of Béchamp.

We share a crowded world; in the words of Béchamp: "Rien n'est la proie de la mort; tout est la proie de la vie"! Everything is the prey of life. Were an investigator once more to demonstrate the growth of living organisms in preparations of inorganic materials, his results would be accepted as proof of the occurrence of external contamination. It is hard to see how it could be otherwise.

The outstanding practical result of the long struggle to decide the problem of spontaneous generation has been the establishment of the science of bacteriology, and the successful progress of that science is an ever increasing argument against the occurrence of spontaneous generation.

The doctrine has been purged by the fires of Pasteur's technique, and in its place has arisen the doctrine of a micro-organic generation subject to the control of man. That control is not yet absolute. Many diseases resist every human remedy, and we pay the bitter price of ignorance with the lives of our investigators—"for every inch of ground a son."

One dark region, veiled to Pasteur, still remains to be conquered, the region of the ultra-microscopic forms of life. Intermediate in size between the larger chemical molecules and the smaller micrococci, these organisms are too small to be revealed by direct optical methods. That they exist and form part of the armoury of death is shown by the presence of many infective diseases, the causal organisms of which are unknown.

Indeed, it was gravely asserted two years ago that the obscure agent responsible for the foot-and-mouth disease of cattle might have a spontaneous origin in different localities, so difficult has it been to trace the connection between the areas of infection.

Cancer, in the opinion of some investigators, may be due to the activities of ultra-microscopic organisms.

The smallest form of life at present recognised is the bacteriophage, described and studied by d'Herelle, who believes it to be the unit of living matter. It reveals its presence in a culture by its power of dissolving the colonies of certain other organisms. The bacteriophage fulfils most, if not all, of the criteria of life; but its minute dimensions and peculiar characteristics have led many competent bacteriologists to deny its claim to be included in the kingdom of living things. It may be an unusual enzyme or soluble ferment endowed with autocatalytic properties that enable it to increase in activity. d'Herelle's work has been published in an English translation, in 1926, entitled: *The Bacteriophage and its Behaviour.*

The discovery of the bacteriophage and the failure to discover the nature of the so-called "filterable viruses," which cause such diseases as small-pox, are reviving interest in Buffon's notion of life-units, and its later modifications. A preliminary discussion from a chemical standpoint by V. C. Vaughan, in 1927, emphasised the importance of chemical compounds of the glucoprotein class in determining the structure of the simplest forms of life. Life-units he appears to regard as energized or activated protein molecules, but he cautiously observes that "up to the present time no chemist has awakened dead matter into life."

Interest in spontaneous generation goes beyond the field of the microscope; the problem is metaphysical as well as physical. If it were possible to construct living organisms, life might well be regarded as an intricate property of matter. Chemical molecules when they attain a certain size display colloidal properties due to the possession of an active surface; similarly, it might be argued, chemical molecules of a specific degree of complexity should display vitalistic properties. The great

disparity between living organisms and dead compounds would not be an insurmountable objection, since, in the language of a modern school of thought, life might be an *emergent* and unpredictable attribute of matter.

Such a conclusion was adumbrated by the Victorian Evolutionists when they sought to frame a self-supporting universe, and their ideal is well represented by the symbolic device printed on the cover of each volume of Herbert Spencer's philosophical works. This device shows a plant springing forth from a heap of crystals. A caterpiller painfully ascends the plant; and poised on a topmost flower a butterfly, ancient emblem of the soul of man, spreads its frail wings in the brief sunlight of its existence.

The pursuit of ideals determines history. To the evolutionary philosophers the difficulty of tracing the lost link between man and his anthropoid relatives was less serious than the complete failure to find the greater missing link between the crystal and the organism. The staff of the pilgrim might break forth into blossom, but the test-tube of the chemist showed no such phenomenon. It does not seem probable that the study of ultra-micro-organisms will revive the discarded doctrine of spontaneous generation, although it is always possible that some future scientist may claim to have accomplished the artificial synthesis of these entities.

If such a claim be made, an ancient battlefield will once again resound with the noise of conflict, and in the dust of the dispute imagination may trace the ghostly forms of by-gone partisans—Redi and Needham; Buffon and Spallanzani; Voltaire, cynically wondering how men could deny the existence of a Creator, and yet attribute to themselves the power of engendering eels; Pouchet and Béchamp; Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, and Bastian; Darwin, Helmholtz, Kelvin—the lineage is long and illustrious; and, greatest of all, Pasteur, whose voice still rings from beyond the hills of death: "Laboremus! Laboremus!"

WILLIAM R. FEARON.

A THEORY OF POETRY

BY ARTHUR LITTLE, S.J., M.A.

Part II.—The Theory Reconstructed.[1]

BEFORE setting out on positive reconstruction let me recall what points have already been established incidentally to my discussion of Professor Abercrombie's theory. The substance of poetry, we agreed, is personal experience, that is to say, conscious adventure. But the experience must be of a certain kind ; it must be spiritual experience. The spiritual element essential to all aesthetic experience is emotion, namely, the reaction of the will to the pageants of the imagination. Furthermore, inspiration, the specific stimulus of composition, is the spontaneous desire to awaken sympathy, in the sense of fellow-feeling, by transferring imaginatively the creative experience into the consciousness of the reader. This sympathy is itself simply a species of the common human craving for the moral co-operation of others. The function of poetry in the mind of the reader is not yet clear, save in so far as it is related to its suggestive power, its attribute of universality. I will take these points as sufficiently established, therefore, and proceed to reconstruct the theory in the four points where chiefly I differ from it :— (1) That man's dearest ambition is to be part of a coherent universe. (2) That the motive of poetry, the participation of experience, presupposes no ulterior basis as a condition of its communication beyond the importance of that experience. (3) That the substance of poetry is *adequately* defined as imaginative experience. (4) That the function of poetry is in any sense to effect an escape from the here and now of reality.

First of all, the primary and inveterate desire of man is not to be conscious part of a significant whole. It is simply to be aware that he himself *is* a significant whole. He places at least his present happiness in internal, not

[1] For Part I see issue of September, 1927.

in external, co-ordination. He aspires fervently to realise that his own personal life has a meaning, and that all the guides of his life converge to draw if not to drive him towards a destiny that will fulfil every craving of his nature. Philosophers call this his necessary desire for Absolute Good—*τὸ καλὸν καὶ ἀγαθον.* It is true, of course, that religious men are more explicit in their idea of the ultimate achievement than others. But I think it is beyond religious controversy that every man can at least dimly realise, and primarily delights in realising ever more clearly, that there is some peculiar greatness and nobility in his human nature as a whole and in the end to which it is appointed. Now this is, I believe, the philosophic basis of all art.

To begin with, we can deduce from it our theory of inspiration. We have already agreed that this is a species of the desire for sympathy. We are all impelled to communicate any experience that excites us beyond the ordinary. The person that sings in his bath and the person that writes a lyric are thus subject to the same generic influence. In both cases it is somewhat mysterious, but this at least seems certain : each is seeking reassurance that his experience is something of which he should be proud or at least not ashamed. He is trying to correlate his experience with his sense of the dignity of human nature. In short he is seeking either congratulation or consolation. But this presupposes that the person to whom he communicates his experience is capable of *having* the same experience ; otherwise that person will not be able to participate it, that is, imagine himself as undergoing it. Now the differentiating note of poetical motive, I believe, is the impulse to *publish* the experience. A person capable of undergoing an experience of extraordinary passion or peculiarly significant of human nature will not find adequate reassurance of its legitimacy in the understanding of individuals. He will feel constrained to appeal to the collective consciousness of mankind, for

his experience sounds the depths of human nature. Such an impulse, when it is genuine and not forced, is aesthetic inspiration.

Any poem will illustrate this. Recall, for instance, the poet Claudian as he looked out upon the twilight of the ancient world. A Roman of umblemished stock and a pagan, to him as to St. Augustine, his contemporary, it seemed as if the sum of things were falling into shards. Then one day upon the city's despair the news of the flight of Alaric before Stilicho at Pollentia was borne by an unknown messenger. And straight Claudian forgot the impending doom, the effete citizens, the boy-emperor wedded to a northern bride, the Vandal tyrant of Rome and her hireling defenders, and the Gothic hordes still seething on the Cisalpine plains. And with his straining eyes he invoked the vision of an elder Rome, the eternal Rome that stood for strength controlled, for conquest and monumental masonry and enduring laws. And swayed by the passionate joy of confidence suddenly restored (*O rerum fatique vices !*), he broke forth into poetry like this :—

> Surge precor, veneranda parens, et certa secundis
> Fide Deis, humilemque metum depone senectae,
> Urbs aequaeva polo. Tum demum ferrea sumet
> Ius in te Lachesis cum sic mutaverit axem
> Foederibus natura novis, ut flumine verso
> Irriget Aegyptum Tanaïs, Maoetida Nilus,
> Eurus ab occasu, Zephyrus se prodat ab Indis.

It begins to lose itself here in arid hyperbole, but for all that it resembles more closely than Lucan ever could the majestic restraint of the great

> Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.

And this defines its spirit, for upon the mighty exultation of lost hope regained Claudian felt the impulse to vaunt the human greatness that the capacity for such an experience signified. He wished to reassure himself (subconsciously it may be) that joy of such an order

was the exclusive prerogative of men great precisely *as* men. But he instinctively knew that the one way to gain an intuition of the constituents of human greatness was to appeal to the common consciousness of the race. He must transfer his experience into the consciousness of all men and await their verdict. But in this he presupposed all men to be capable of entertaining such an experience. And so we have here the three elements of aesthetic inspiration (aesthetic—because in this article I am drawing, in the name of poetry, conclusions on the common principles of all the arts):—(1) The personal experience centred in a humanly significant emotion. (2) The desire to affirm the sense of human greatness excited by such an experience, by an appeal to the experience of others. (3) The condition presupposed to the communication of the experience, namely, its potential universality.

We can now straightway conclude to the nature of poetry thus expressed. *The substance of poetry is spiritual experience communicated as representative of the nature of man.* By this I do not mean representative merely of something just capable of the experience, but representative by suggestion of the whole associated nature which by the very fact of the experience is approved noble. Thus the pride of Claudian brings up before us the man that is thus proud with the Roman type of pride, and ultimately human nature as capable of this kind of greatness. It becomes to us typical not of the pride of Rome, but of the pride of man, of man's rejoicing in his own unconquerable might as manifested in his achievements. Thus the transference of this experience carries with it essentially a revelation of human greatness seen from a certain aspect. This revelation, though for Claudian but means to an end, was still part of his deliberate purpose. And it is its absence that prevents the work of Benvenuto Cellini from being poetry; for Benvenuto presents his experiences at all times as strictly

personal. He seems quite unaware of their relativity to the experience of others. He displays his adventures as a spectacle, not as a symbol; he values them for themselves alone, not for their suggestiveness. And where they seem to infuse their experience into the consciousness of the reader that is not due to the deliberate intention of the writer, but to the creative imagination of the reader, almost pretematurally stimulated, indeed, by the vivacity of the description.

Now the function of poetry is already implicit in its substance. To make it still clearer, let us analyze the act of reception. The reader is already endowed with the universal and ineluctable aspiration of man for infinite good, for complete happiness. He is ever seeking intently to realise his capacity for attaining it; he wishes to know what he is and above all what he can be. Under the spell of this impulse he takes up the book and reads. Having comprehended what is presented to the imagination, he perceives the personal experience, the spiritual reaction to external adventure, that the poet seeks to impart. He immediately feels, by the very fact of sympathy, his own power to undergo the same experience. Now the poet has set forth his experience explicitly as indicative of the nobility of man and of his own nobility as a man. The reader infers by an inverse process from the imparted experience first of all the nobility of the man that composed the poem, then the nobility of human nature, and finally enters upon a vision of his own greatness as possessing that nature. The emergent impression, vivid or not, of every poem should be the glory of man. The specific delight of reading poetry is the intuitive knowledge of our own greatness. The ultimate function of poetry is to make man aware of the dignity of his human nature. Hence we have here three stages corresponding in a general way to the three stages of inspiration :—(1) The perception as it were objectively of the poet's experience. (2) The generation of

sympathy or the transference of the experience imaginatively to the consciousness of the reader. (3) A certain exultant sense of dignity, due to the perception of the greatness connoted universally in man by the capacity for such experience, and in himself by his participation in it.

This time I will illustrate my conclusions from French tragedy, because the illustration will be useful for another purpose later. But first I must lay down two principles which, though controvertible, I will not here discuss. The first is that the *experiences*, rather than the *characters*, of the *dramatis personae* of a poetical play are always those of the poet. And the second is that the experience (not the *plot*) of the drama, whether distributed among many characters or synthesised in the life of one, is what renders it especially of value as literature. It is Racine's subordination of experience to the psychological interplay of motive and temperament that makes him less than the Elizabethans, *Britannicus* less than *Dr. Faustus*. Stendhal inaccurately put the contrast in that of conventionality *versus* nature. Yet Racine, by virtue of a hidden tenderness not to be overlooked in him, had also the essential poetical gift of transfusing experience, as in the situation of the *Britannicus* that I will now discuss.

At this supreme moment Agrippina learns from a running messenger of the poisoning of Britannicus by Nero. She has bent all her genius and resolve on the retention of empire. She has been, we know, murderous and lustful to fulfil her purpose. She has abased herself meanly and shamefully. She has confronted unappalled the indictments of conscience. All these things are horrible in themselves, and would be degrading *if we attended to them*. But we do not attend to them. We know these things, but do not *experience* them; the knowledge does not touch our imagination and our will. For these things are made the mere occasions of manifesting more vividly her ruthless fidelity to herself and her ideals. At this moment Agrippina, assured of her

victory, has just completed a triumphant speech of which one line, proud as a lonely star, survives in our memory :—

Rome encore une fois va connaître Agrippine.

Then swift as fate falls the *περιπέτεια*—the tutor, Burrhus, running with the dread news. And forthwith our sympathy is won by this evil woman. She becomes for us a heroine, concentrating in her imperial power of will, that displays itself even in her physical beauty, all the poetry of the drama—an eternal monument, as she looks, unshaken in resolve, upon the peril of utter doom, inferred with no illusion from that of her ally. Her relentless pursuit of purpose in the face of death is perceived by us to be representative of a certain nobility radical to human nature. It becomes a type of the impregnability of the human will. And, pondering it, we too become aware of our own invincible power to pursue our desires in face of all natural opposition. Hence the tragic *κάθαρσις* of Aristotle—the knowledge of our own greatness connoted by distress itself softens or expels that distress. No other explanation of the word is, I think, tenable.

I will add this note : if anyone wishes further to explore the essentials of poetry in line with the above doctrine of humanism, let him compare this play of Racine's with two other great works. Let him first note the failure to impart the experience of outcast ambition in Dryden's passage :—

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate.

The words suggest *physical* falling, and in no way call up a *spiritual* experience. Let him then compare Racine's Agrippina with that of Tacitus, which he is said to have imitated slavishly. Agrippina in Tacitus is even more dramatic than in Racine, but she is in no sense poetic. We are looking at the whole woman, her villainy and her splendour, impartially ; but we are looking at her from close quarters. She is an individual in no way suggestive as a type. She awakens no echoes of the general race of

men. This supreme writer knew the business of historical presentation like a master. To compare him with Racine is to become aware of the difference between poetry and what we loosely speak of as " prose." Someone may object that this will exclude from poetry some universally received masterpieces in verse. True; but what flaw does it prove in the theory that it excludes *The Alchemist* and admits *Moby Dick*?

A Test Case

Now a sound theory of art should explain any problem of aesthetics. I choose as a test case the question that, as Professor Abercrombie will agree, is the knottiest and most important known to criticism—the question of tragedy.

The difficulty extends beyond tragedy, however. It is this: how can we derive pleasure by participating in experiences of evil, whether of sin or of pain? As Professor Abercrombie says, " How do we come to enjoy what seems a version of the mere evil of life?" How does the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, a compound of haughty cruelty, infidelity and murder, founded on the appalling doctrine of fatalism—how does such a theme become a source of exultant joy, perhaps the greatest poem yet contrived by human genius? How does Professor Abercrombie, who disapproves of eternal damnation, write with such infectious enthusiasm of the *Inferno*? How is it that the incorrigible miscreant of Plautus, the *Miles Gloriosus*, is so much more *elevating* to contemplate than his blameless English reflection, Ralph Roister Doister? To concentrate all the versions of this difficulty into a single example, consider this of Hölderlin :—

> Doch uns ist gegeben
> auf keiner Stätte zu ruhn,
> es schwinden, es fallen
> die leidenden Menschen
> blindlings von einer
> Stunde zur andern,

wie Wasser von Klippe
zu Klippe geworfen,
jählings ins Ungewisse hinab.

Here we have a harrowing picture of human life, founded on an untrue philosophic basis, conveyed in a mood of heart-sickness and deadly despair. A wild paradox to call such a passage delightful. And yet, paradox or not, delightful it is. The glory that radiates from supreme poetry is unmistakably cast by these lines.

Professor Abercrombie's opinion is that the pleasure of such tragic art is due to the harmonization of the evil with good. The action takes place in the ideal world, in which everything, evil included, contributes to the function of the whole. Evil thus becomes in a certain sense good because it contributes to attain an end that is good. "Out of the final harmony of the two (good and evil)," he says, "will come the sense of the significance of evil overriding its injury—the sense that evil is no longer the intrusion of irresponsible and useless malignity, but the servant of universal law." Tragedy thus seems to be for him a form of the poetry of interpretation. However, I will confine my criticism just to his theory of tragedy, in the somewhat extended sense of the poetry of evil.

And straightway one can hear some not too impertinent scholastic quote from St. Augustine that evil is not a thing at all, but a *privation*, the absence of a perfection that ought to be there. How then can a thing become perfect by lacking a perfection it ought to have? Or how can an ideally perfect world lack any perfection it ought to have, or in fact be *evil*? Again (it is really the same thing only put in a more humdrum, less philosophical, manner), it is simply impossible for a person to *enjoy* evil of any kind, even considered as a necessary condition of good. He may endure it, even wish for it, for the sake of the good it connotes. But in itself it is *evil* and hence abhorrent, at most to be accepted stoically. Attend fixedly to Hölderlin's passage. How can anyone *enjoy* the vision of an ideal world wherein it is the appointed

law and order that men should be driven blindly and chaotically by ruthless chance and hurled at last into an abyss of mystery? Is it any consolation to think that this is destiny, the normal order? No, the literature of evil can only delight us by some *good* or other that it connotes or suggests.

I feel sure, therefore, that the pleasure of tragedy depends essentially on this, that it is chiefly in circumstances of evil that the greatness of human nature is revealed. To be revealed, indeed, it does not need to display itself in action as in a martyrdom; enough that attention be in some way focussed upon it. We accept the evil communicated as a sort of pedestal for setting off the splendour of character that evil in general is wont to evoke in man. The contrast between the great things for which humanity was made and its representation now as a prey to malignant fortune, in some sort like a statue mounted on a crag emphasizes the image of the Divinity in man. Furthermore, by the very nature and in the very act of his reacting to evil we become aware of this human greatness in the poet, in his fictitious character, and ultimately in ourselves. In Hölderlin's poem the horror of the doom depicted excites in us terror and pity, but we infer almost in the same act that a being *capable* of such experiences as we now participate must have a sublime nature and be framed for some astounding purpose. In short, we enter into a sense of our own greatness, just as we do in reading *any* poem, in participating *any* experience of a passionate type.

Similarly (and this is the prime paradox of art) in the hands of the great masters the communication of *immoral* experience may be a means of moral *elevation*. I have already suggested how this occurs in the case of Racine's Agrippina. Without entering on mazy psychological explanations, the general principle is that moral frailty may be an occasion of illuminating with peculiar brightness certain kinds of heroism in man that would otherwsie remain undemonstrable. For example, the passion of

revenge when communicated (say, by a reading of *Paradise Lost*), "the study of revenge, immortal hate," gives us the impression of a great thing gone wrong, but very emphatically of a *great thing*. Nor could Milton, we realise, get us to *feel* the greatness for which Satan stands did we not also *feel* inwardly in ourselves through imaginative sympathy the tempestuous undulations of his rage. Less effective is the method by which the moral evil is not communicated at all but described, while the noble action that it occasions in the sinner or in his world is communicated to our consciousness. Hence always in poetry, so long as vice be not stressed and meditated for its own sake it becomes a valuable accessory to the presentation of an exalted experience. If, however, moral evil be placed in the foreground, and its experience be the ultimate end of the poem, the sense of human greatness becomes a sense of human meanness and the end of art is defeated. The doctrines of the *Fleurs de Mal* school are fatal to the function of poetry.

Examples of both uses of moral evil crowd upon one, and from many literatures (as indeed is right if a theory of this kind is really universal). It was the impurity of David that lent their stern penitential tenderness to some of the Psalms. It was his mother's incest that stimulated young Hamlet to conscious revolt against the unweeded garden of this world. It was the same violence done to herself that turned Beatrice Cenci from a shrinking girl into an avenging Nemesis, the self-devoted protectress of her whole family. And in those last most pitiful words, uttered almost at the scaffold (those most Hellenic lines wherein Shelley forsakes his wonted sonorous abstractions for simple, homely things and a music mainly of monosyllables), she becomes a woman once more, but a heroine still, an epitome of man, noble by frailty overcome :—

> Give yourself no unnecessary pain,
> My dear Lord Cardinal.—Here, mother, tie
> My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
> In any simple knot; ay, that does well.

> And yours, I see, is coming down. How often
> Have we done this for one another! Now
> We shall not do it any more. My lord,
> We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well.

But on the other hand, this same ugly thing is stressed, is communicated by a subtle reticence, in his friend's *Manfred*, not as a basis for the revelation of goodness, but for its own sake. And so its presence is an artistic flaw. And, to be frank, the undue emphasis laid on evil (not moral evil this time, but suffering) seems to me to rob the catastrophe of the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of its claim to poetry. Perhaps the most distressing and gruesome moment in literature is when Oedipus appears self-blinded, with the blood streaming from his eye-sockets, knowing that his mother has just killed herself on the discovery of his unwitting crime, and that he and his daughters must be driven forth as accursed things from the city where late he had reigned. The very excellence of the craftsmanship defeats its own purpose. This, for which those odes of heady fervour have prepared us as a symbol of the inexorable decrees of destiny, now that it has come, is so terribly interesting in itself that we do not advert to its symbolism. The thing merely shocks us, fascinates us with horror; it is too lurid to permit us to exercise discursive reflections on its meaning. That is why the other plays, the magical *Oedipus Coloneus*, or even the *Ajax*, despite the fact that they are much less close-knit in texture and otherwise technically inferior, seem yet to be greater as poetry.

There are some other problems only a little less momentous; but this article is already long. I believe, however, that any problem of criticism may be disentangled by remembering the three cardinal definitions: that artistic inspiration is always the desire to arouse sympathy, that the substance of art is individual experience set forth as potentially universal, and that its function is to make man aware of his own dignity as man.

ARTHUR LITTLE.

MATTHEW DE OVIEDO, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, AND THE COUNTER-REFORMATION

BY M. D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A.

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IN 1560, when Elizabeth called together her first Irish Assembly for the purpose of imposing the Reformation on the country, the Lord Deputy, Sussex, and the Speaker, Stanihurst, together succeeded in carrying through the government programme, which meant that the Act of Supremacy was restored, the Act of Uniformity passed, and appointments to bishoprics were henceforth vested in the Crown. Thus, by the passing of these laws, forced through the Irish parliament without any freedom of discussion,[1] the Catholic bishops found themselves suddenly, and through no hostile action on their part, enemies of the government. The legislation of 1560 offered them the alternatives of exile or conformity: they rejected both. They refused to go into exile, because it meant deserting their flocks in the hour of greatest trial; they refused to conform because it was against their conscience. Deciding, therefore, to throw in their lot with the people of Ireland in this time of national and religious crisis, they chose to remain in the country and to resist by every means in their power the law which made their existence and their vocation a crime.

These men played a great part in the defeat of the Reformation within the country; for as spiritual leaders of their fellow-countrymen, they ministered in the most difficult circumstances to their flocks, bringing the consolations of religion to a people harassed by an alien and persecuting government. And this rôle they filled so well as to inspire admiration even in their bitterest

[1] Lynch: *Cambrensis Eversus*, Vol. iii, p. 19.

opponents.[1] But they did much more—they linked up the Counter-Reformation movement in Ireland with that on the Continent in such a way that they eventually proved to be a most effective force in the attempt of the Catholic League to overthrow Protestantism in Europe and especially to defeat the designs of Queen Elizabeth of England. Most of these bishops were Irishmen; but there were one or two exceptions to that rule, the most notable being Matthew de Oviedo, a Spaniard, who was appointed Archbishop of Dublin in 1600.

Born at Segovia in Castile, Oviedo, at an early age, joined the Observantine Franciscans. He went through the novitiate at Salamanca, where his interest in the affairs of Ireland was first aroused by a number of young Irishmen, exiles from their native country, who were also studying for the priesthood. Though appointed archbishop of Dublin, Oviedo never dared to enter his diocese, since Dublin as the seat of Government and the chief garrison of the Pale was distinctly unsafe for a Catholic prelate—no Catholic bishop had officiated there since the time of Curwin, who in 1560 went over to the Reformation.[2] Consequently, unlike his colleagues in Ireland, he never did anything in the way of looking after the spiritual needs of his flock. Yet in the history of the Irish Church he is extremely important, because he took a foremost part in the struggle of the Irish Catholics to overthrow the Reformation, and particularly because he is perhaps the leading figure in the operations of the European Catholic League in Ireland in the sixteenth century.

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[1] "They spare not to come out of Spain from Rome, and from Rheims, by long toil and dangerous travelling hither where they know peril of death awaiteth them, and no rewards or riches are to be found, only to draw the people to the Church of Rome"—Spenser: *View of the State of Ireland*, p. 254.

[2] Brady—*Episcopal Succession*, Vol. i, p. 328—comes to the conclusion that an archbishop "Donaldus" had been appointed by the Pope previous to Oviedo's time; but if that be so, no information about him is available, and he certainly never can have functioned in Dublin. Moran—*History of the Archbishops of Dublin*—refers to Dublin's "widowhood of over half a century."

It was not, however, his appointment to the See of Dublin which led him to undertake this rôle of crusader in the armies of militant Catholicism. Rather, that appointment came simply as the due reward of a life already devoted unselfishly to the Catholic cause in Ireland, for it was as far back as 1579, some twenty years before he was nominated to the See of Dublin, that Oviedo first began his labours for Ireland and the Counter-Reformation, when he came over as Apostolic Commissary to the troops, Italian and Spanish, sent from the Continent to help James Fitzmaurice in his Irish revolt, an enterprise which was manifestly but an episode in the general plan of campaign of the Counter-Reformation in Europe.

Preparations for that revolt had been going on for many years previously. English rule had caused much discontent in Ireland, and the situation was still further embittered by Elizabeth's attempt to force the Reformation upon the country for the sole purpose of bringing political unity to her kingdom. At length in 1568 the Irish decided to try and enlist the help of Spain; so a document[1] was drawn up setting forth the sufferings of Ireland under English rule, especially from the point of view of religion, inviting the assistance of Spain in an effort to drive the English out, and offering the crown of Ireland to a prince of the Spanish royal house. This was signed by four archbishops, eight bishops, and practically all the important Irish chieftains, and in February, 1569, Maurice MacGibbon,[2] Archbishop of Cashel, accompanied by one or two other Irish prelates, was commissioned to carry it to King Philip II of Spain and the Pope. The latter seemed to think the Irish had acted too hastily and to resent the fact that he had not been consulted before they took such an important step,

[1] For the original of this, see Moran: *Spicilegium Ossoriense*, p. 59.

[2] For an account of MacGibbon's mission see Prof. Binchy's articles in *Studies*, Sept. and Dec., 1921, March, 1922, March and Sept., 1923, March, 1924.

especially since he regarded Ireland as a fief in his gift.[1] But to this he received a spirited reply from MacGibbon,[2] pointing out, amongst other things, that in view of the condition of affairs in Europe at the moment it was to Spain and to Spain alone the Irish Catholics could look for help. In that quest, however, the Irishmen were destined to be disappointed. Philip II showed no interest in Irish affairs, and certainly with the problem of the revolted Netherlands on his hands, he could ill afford to divert any of his forces to the assistance of the Catholics in Ireland. So MacGibbon, having "been kept in suspense for one year and three months,"[3] had to acknowledge the failure of his mission.

At this time the Papacy was urging Philip to undertake a great campaign against England, while it also invited him to help in the lesser enterprise of James Fitzmaurice; for though the Pope had much more faith in the direct attack upon England, he yet realised the importance of keeping as many of Elizabeth's troops as possible tied up in Ireland. And this could be done very effectively by an Irish rising. Indeed, there is ample evidence in the Vatican archives to show that Rome had been long entertaining the idea of a rebellion in Ireland, backed if possible by continental aid, as an incident, a most useful diversion, in the general European operations of the League and particularly in the actual attack on England. For instance, we find the Cardinal of Como, the Papal Secretary, writing in 1577 to the Nuncio in Spain, as follows:—

As to the Geraldine, though we do not think that he is likely to do much without his Majesty's support, yet he might perhaps harass the Queen enough to cause a diversion of her forces thither-

[1] Cardinal Alciato to the Archbishop of Cashel, June 1570—Moran: *Spicilegium Ossoriense*, p. 64.

[2] Reply of the Archbishop of Cashel to Cardinal Alciato, 29 July, 1570—Ibid., pp. 64-66.

[3] The Archbishop of Cashel to King Philip of Spain, 26 July, 1570—Moran *Spicilegium Ossoriense*, pp. 62-64.

ward; and therefore it would perhaps not be a bad thing to let Stuckley also go, that he might simultaneously harass her in another part. Thereby we should reap this, if no other advantage, that in a great measure that woman would be deprived of the means of furnishing the Prince of Orange with so much money as she now does, being compelled to defend that island.[1]

Philip, however, could not be driven, and his refusal to embark at the moment on the ambitious programme of the Papacy in the name of religion caused nothing short of dismay at Rome. The state of feeling there is made perfectly clear in another letter of the Cardinal of Como to the Nuncio in Spain under date the 18th January, 1578. Having first stated that apparently it "irks" his Majesty now even to hear the English enterprise mentioned, the Cardinal writes:—

> But the worst of it is that we see that his Catholic Majesty has totally abondoned Geraldine . . . . . a thing which verily might dishearten any giant, seeing his Majesty so careless about a business of such importance and on which depends in great measure the prosperous course of the affairs of Flanders, to say nothing of what is due to the Catholic religion; whereas, albeit his Majesty might with some apparent reason deem it inexpedient just now to attempt the general enterprise, there is no longer any doubt that to harass that lady in that way would redound very greatly to his Majesty's service, especially as Stucley would act in concert with Geraldine, by the diversion of a great part at least and perhaps of all the forces which she employs against his Majesty.[2]

At Rome, therefore, it was believed that a Catholic rising in Ireland would be not merely an important event in the interests of Catholicism, but a decisive factor in the Flanders campaign, calculated to influence events so much in that quarter as probably to save the country for Spain and for the Catholic religion, since Elizabeth would be compelled to withdraw her help from the rebels in the Netherlands and concentrate all her forces in Ireland. This was the belief shared by Oviedo; these

[1] Cardinal of Como to Nuncio in Spain, 15 Oct., 1577. Rome—Vat. Arch.—State Papers, Rome, Vol. ii, p. 341.

[2] Vat. Arch.—State Papers, Rome, Vol. ii, pp. 369-70.

were the hopes entertained by him when he identified himself actively with the plans for Spanish interference in Ireland put forward by Irish ecclesiastics and exiled English Catholics in Spain.

Ten years had now passed since Maurice MacGibbon had first gone with his request for aid to Philip II, and it was not until the summer of 1579 that the king at last consented, under considerable pressure, to advance some small aid and to co-operate with the Pope in the Irish enterprise of James Fitzmaurice; but even then the cautious monarch agreed to act only on condition that the Nuncio himself, to quote the latter's own words, "should be the mainspring of all the business, as if it were my very own, in order that he may reveal himself in nothing."[1] Thus at length James Fitzmaurice, with a promise of help from Spain, set sail from Ferol on the 17th June, 1579, and a month later landed at Smerwick. He was accompanied amongst others, by Oviedo, who (it will be seen) began his career in Ireland as an instrument of the Catholic League, an active agent of the Counter-Reformation; and this rôle, and this only, he continued to fill to the end, even when nominally occupying the See of Dublin.

But the expedition led by Fitzmaurice did not meet with the success that was hoped for, and things were not going well with it when, on the 30th July, it was decided to send Oviedo back as an emissary to the Spanish monarch to put before him the wants of the Irish chieftains and urge the immediate despatch of the aid which had been so grudgingly promised by Philip in answer to the demands of the Papacy and the entreaties of the Catholic exiles in Spain. Oviedo seems to have been successful in his mission, and eventually, on the 27th August, 1580, a new expedition set out from Santander under the command of Sebastian San José, with whom the Spanish friar

[1] Nuncio in Spain to the Cardinal of Como, 2 February 1578. Vat. Arch., State Papers, Rome, Vol., ii, p. 379.

returned to Ireland, arriving at Smerwick on the 13th September. On this occasion he brought with him a Bull from Pope Gregory XIII repeating the terms offered in a previous Brief from the same Pope to those who followed Fitzmaurice.[1] Oviedo, however, remained in Ireland again only a short time—about six weeks—for at the end of October, 1580, he was once more sent to Spain, with instructions to pass thence to Rome, where he was to act as representative of Ireland at the Papal Court. But while he was absent on this mission the Spanish expedition at Smerwick was utterly defeated, and the Irish "diversion" was at an end for the present. With this disaster the high hopes which the Papacy had entertained for the deliverance of Ireland from the yoke of the heretic were completely dashed.

These hopes may seem to us to have been exaggerated; but yet it is generally admitted now[2] that had the Irish enterprise been undertaken on a sufficiently large scale and been amply supported by Philip, the fate of the Reformation in Europe might have been sealed in Ireland and the whole course of subsequent history radically changed. There seems not the slightest doubt that Elizabeth would have been defeated. But the number of troops placed at the disposal of Fitzmaurice was totally inadequate to his task; for, as was pointed out by the Papal representative in Ireland the Jesuit David Wolf,[3] than whom there was no better authority on the subject, at least 12,000 men would be required if the English were to be driven out of the country. This was much more than Philip was prepared to advance: probably indeed he could not at the time have spared that number of troops.

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[1] This Bull is given in O'Sullivan's *Hist. Cath.*, p. 100, Moran's *Archbishops of Dublin*, p. 198, King's *Primer of the History of the Catholic Church in Ireland*, Appendix xxvii.

[2] Seeley; *Growth of British Policy*, Vol. i, p. 151. Ward; *The Counter-Reformation*, p. 126.

[3] Description of the Realm of Ireland, 1574, by David Wolf, S.J. Vat. Arch., State Papers, Rome, Vol. ii., pp. 151-168.

In any case, there was a Catholic kingdom nearer home—Portugal—the crown of which remained to be won.

But if the Spanish expedition to Ireland was a failure Oviedo at least, during his brief sojourn in the country, had succeeded in ingratiating himself thoroughly with the Irish chieftains, especially the earl of Desmond; and even the English were impressed by the "great estimation" in which he was held by the native Irish.[1] He was consequently the most useful agent the Catholic League could employ when the time came again for interference in Irish affairs. Twenty years were to pass, however, before that day arrived, and the intervening time was occupied by Oviedo in constantly pleading the Irish cause in influential circles in Spain.[2] It is possible he paid another fleeting visit to Ireland in 1581,[3] but he cannot have remained very long, for shortly afterwards he appears again in Spain, where he continued to live the life of an ordinary member of his Order until in 1599 the victories of the Northern chieftains over the English at the Blackwater and in the Curlew mountains brought into view the prospect of that successful intervention in Ireland for which Spain and the Papacy had waited so long.

The Counter-Reformation in Europe had received a damaging blow by the overthrow of the Armada in 1588—the failure of that direct attack upon England for which Rome had laboured unceasingly and from which so much had been hoped for by the Catholic powers. Spain especially was smarting under the defeat, but the measure of her sorrow was also the measure of her thirst for revenge. And now, it seemed, she had here in Ireland, in the very heart of her enemy's territory, the chance not merely to restore her damaged prestige, but to avenge the insult to the pride of Spain; for the defeat of the English armies by the united forces of O'Donnell and O'Neill led

[1] Letter of the Commons of Lixnaw to her Majesty's Attorney and Recorder of Limerick, 27 September, 1580.—State Papers.

[2] Cf. *Arch. Hib.*, Vol. vii, pp. 286-287.

[3] Cf. Moran, *Archbishops of Dublin*, p. 204.

her to hope that, if only the victorious Irish were but well supported, the disaster of the Armada might be undone and the power of England annihilated. Spain therefore made up her mind to try again in Ireland, and the agent once more employed was the trusted Oviedo.

It was during the six weeks' truce arranged between Hugh O'Neill and Essex, at the end of 1599, that two Spanish vessels, under the command of Ferdinand de Barranova, and with Oviedo on board, arrived off the coast of Ulster. On behalf of the Pope, the Spanish friar was the bearer of a letter to O'Neill, conveying congratulations on his recent success against the English and calling on him to continue the struggle in the interests of religion, so that the " Catholic kingdom of Ireland might not be subject to the yoke of heresy, nor the members of Christ have for their head the iniquitous Elizabeth "[1] Oviedo also brought Papal indulgences again for all who would take up arms against the English, and he presented to O'Neill, in the Pope's name, a crown of phoenix feathers. As representative of Spain, he brought from the new king, Philip III, 22,000 crowns of gold to assist O'Neill in his struggle against the English and the Reformation. But Spain, mindful of the fate of her previous enterprise in Ireland, was determined to proceed in all things cautiously ; so Oviedo was commissioned on this occasion to report at length the true state of affairs in Ireland, the position of the English government there, and especially the attitude of the Irish to the Crown, in order that Philip III might have accurate information on which to go and ample material on which to judge the prospects of success. Oviedo made his report as requested,[2] and apparently it was sufficiently reassuring to convince the Spanish monarch that conditions in Ireland justified intervention. The result was that Spain decided on

[1] Primo Damaschino quoted in Moran's *History of the Archbishops of Dublin*, p. 206.

[2] Oviedo's letter, dated from Dungannon in Ireland, June 24, 1600, is given in Murphy's *Life of Hugh Roe O'Donnell*, p. CXVII.

sending the most effective force that she had yet despatched to that country.

In the meantime, in the month of January, 1600, O'Neill proceeded to Munster, where he rallied all the important chieftains to his side except Lord Barry. The Confederates met at Holy Cross in Tipperary, and there they entered into a compact to defend their religion against the common foe. They then addressed a letter, dated "from our Catholic Camp, the 30th March, 1600," to Pope Clement,[1] suggesting the appointment of bishops to the vacant Sees, and especially recommending the appointment of those men whose names they had already forwarded to the Holy See with the sanction of the aged bishop of Cork and Cloyne—the only bishop left in the province of Munster. One of the names which they had sent to the Pope was that of Matthew de Oviedo, whom they recommended for the archbishopric of Dublin, and though the Bull by which he was appointed is dated 7th May, 1600, yet, even at the end of March, the Conferderates were already referring to him as archbishop elect.[2] In the course of the letter also they declared that the Irish Catholics were suffering more from the English heretics than did the Christians under the yoke of the Turks, and they described the English government in Ireland as more tyrannical than that of Pharaoh of old. Eventually the chieftains separated on hearing of the expected arrival of the English commanders, Carew and Mountjoy, in Munster, and O'Neill hastened back to the North.

Here, from February 1600 till February 1601, O'Neill had the advice and encouragement of Oviedo, who spent most of his time in the territory of Tyrone and was O'Neill's constant companion in the field. From Ulster the arch-

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[1] Given in full in King: *Primer of the History of the Catholic Church in Ireland*, Appendix lii.

[2] Moran: *History of the Archbishops of Dublin*, p. 208. Letter of O'Neill to Florence McCarthy, 2 May, 1600—Carew: *Pacata Hibernia*, p. 306. The Irish in Rome seem to have been opposed to Oviedo's appointment. See *Publications of Catholic Record Society*, Vol. xxvi, p. 19.

bishop also wrote numerous letters of exhortation to the Southern chiefs, to whom he always held out the definite hope of aid from Spain. To the Sugan Earl of Desmond he said :—

> I have omitted nothing that might tend to your profit, as well with his Catholic majesty as with others; which offices I will not fail to continue in Spain. I therefore entreat your excellency to be of good courage, together with all of your party, and to fight constantly and valiantly for the faith and for the freedom of your country; for I am persuaded and know as a certainty that the help of his Catholic majesty is now coming which, when it arrives, all things will be prosperous.[1]

The actual details of the coming Spanish landing remained now to be settled. With that end in view a meeting of the Northern chieftains was held in January, 1601, and Oviedo was invited to attend and take part in the deliberations. According to Carew,[2] "Tyrone, O'Donel, the Spanish archbishop, and all the chieftains of the country were assembled in this Council," and there were present also no fewer than "sixteen Irish priests."[3] Before the deliberations began, Mass was said and all those present received Communion. The oath of association was then renewed, and the proceedings opened. A letter was read from Florence McCarthy to Tyrone saying that he was one with them in spirit. He had been obliged, he said, to make a truce with the Lord Deputy; but it would expire in May, and then he would certainly join forces with them once more. McCarthy's advice also led to the ultimate selection of the landing place for the Spanish forces. All were agreed that Munster was the best province to invade; but while some favoured Limerick as the city to which the expedition should be sent, the meeting was eventually won over to selecting Cork. McCarthy pointed out that this was the stronghold

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[1] From Donegal, 13 January, 1601. Given in full in Carew: *Pacata Hibernia*, pp. 200-02. For a similar letter to Florence McCarthy, see p. 300.

[2] Ibid, p. 282. [3] Ibid, p. 302.

of the enemy, and if it were seized all Munster would be in the hands of the Confederates. Oviedo shared this view, and the deliberations being concluded, he set out without delay, in February 1601, for Spain, accompanied by the Spanish admiral, de la Cerda, to press for the immediate departure of the promised fleet and forces.

In the meantime the Pope—Clement VIII—had been kept thoroughly *au courant* with recent events in Ireland, and especially with the doings of the Confederates in the North, by means of written communications from O'Neill and messages delivered personally by his emissary, Peter Lombard, provost of Cambray, who now took up his residence in Rome as the agent of O'Neill at the Papal Court.[1] And so gratified was the Pope with the efforts of the Irish chieftains on behalf of their religion that, on the 20 January, 1601, he addressed a letter to O'Neill congratulating him on the successful progress of events so far, and promising to secure the help of the Catholic kings and princes of the continent for the Irish cause.[2]

Finally, in September, 1601, the Spanish expedition under Don John d'Aquila, who was accompanied by Oviedo, set out for Ireland. Unfortunately it encountered a severe storm on the way, and the Spanish ships were scattered, some being lost; so it was with difficulty that d'Aquila and the archbishop at last reached Kinsale—the wind was so strong they were unable to land at Cork, as originally proposed. They immediately disembarked with 2,500 men, and sent letters at once to O'Neill and O'Donnell, urging the necessity for a speedy junction of their forces with the Spanish troops. "We have arrived in Kinsale," wrote Oviedo, "with the fleet and army of our king Philip: we expect, each hour, the arrival of your excellencies: come, therefore, as expeditiously as you can, bringing a supply of horses, of which we are

[1] See Letter of Pope Clement VIII to Hugh O'Neill, 20 Jan., 1601—King: *Primer of the History of the Catholic Church in Ireland*, Appendix XXX.

[2] Ibid.

especially in need. As we have already written by another messenger, we now write no more, Farewell."[1]

The Spaniards fortified and occupied the two castles defending the harbour, whilst the English garrison, numbering less than 100, evacuated the town. Carew, on behalf of the English, at once issued a proclamation warning the people of Munster against supporting the Pope and the King of Spain, who were unjustly maintaining the rebels against their lawful sovereign. This was calculated to prevent the Irish from joining the Spaniards, but it was immediately met by a counter-proclamation issued by d'Aquila, but probably drawn up by Oviedo, in which the Spanish invasion was justified by the fact that "Elizabeth was deprived of her Kingdom and all her subjects absolved from their fidelity" by Popes Pius V, Gregory XIII, and Clement VIII, "to whom the King of kings hath committed all power, even to the deposing of temporal kings." It stated that "the Pope and King Philip, being moved with pity, have sent soldiers, silver, gold, and arms with a most liberal hand, not to the end that they might exercise cruelty towards you, O Irish Catholics, but that you may be happily reduced to your own pristine ingenuity, and that you may freely possess the faith." The Irish, are urged, therefore, "to take arms for the defence of the Faith, at the command of the Pope, Christ's Vicar on earth," under the threat that "whosoever shall do otherwise, and remain in obedience to the English, we will persecute him as a heretic and a hateful enemy of the Church, even unto death."[2]

But the battle of Kinsale was another disaster for Spain and the Counter-Reformation, and while Oviedo, accompanied by O'Donnell, returned to Spain to seek further help, it soon became apparent that any attempt at successfully attacking England through Ireland was

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[1] 12 October, 1601—Moran: *History of the Archbishops of Dublin*, p. 212.

[2] Carew: *Pacata Hibernia*, p. 379.

doomed to fail. O'Donnell died[1] in Spain on September 10, 1602; O'Neill made his submission to the Lord Deputy on March 29, 1603; and Oviedo, realising there was no possibility of ever fulfilling the duties of archbishop in the country of his adoption—the See was governed by Vicars-general throughout his entire episcopate—retired once more to his convent in Spain. In 1603, he became suffragan to the archbishop of Compostello, and eventually died in 1610.

As archbishop of Dublin, Oviedo was, of course, never anything but a name. His diocese he dared not even visit, and the needs of his Catholic flock had to be supplied by priests, secular and regular, who, greatly daring, risked all to maintain the position of Catholicism in Dublin and to defeat the Reformation in its stronghold. But as an agent of the Catholic League there is something strangely interesting about this elusive figure. His very bravery and doggedness attract; for, though views may differ about his methods, there can be no divided opinions as to his courage. Typical of his country, he was above all things imbued with the crusading spirit and convinced of the value of the sword even in the realm of religion. Equally typical of his Order, those " patriot Franciscans " of Irish history, in whom hatred of England and the Reformation amounted almost to an obsession, he had one object in life and one only, the defeat of Protestantism, and from the pursuit of that end no joy this world might offer could turn him aside.

Thus, realising well the penalty of capture by the English, yet willing, should the necessity arise, to pay the full price of his most dangerous work, Oviedo never once failed his masters and was altogether one of the most remarkable figures in the Counter-Reformation in Ireland.

M. D. O'Sullivan.

[1] Poisoned by James Blake, an agent of Carew.—See Murphy's *Life of Hugh Roe O'Donnell*, p. cxlix.

THE TERCENTENARY OF BOSSUET

Born in Dijon, September 27, 1627—Died in Paris, April 12, 1704

BY HUGH KELLY, S.J., M.A.

"THE glory of Bossuet has become one of the religions of France: it is accepted: it is proclaimed . . . it is no longer disputed." These words of Sainte Beuve, written in 1854, may be said to have given literary canonization to Bossuet; for they settled finally what his place was to be in French literature. The position given him by the greatest of European critics has not been seriously challenged since. The truest and sanest of succeeding critics have merely confirmed and developed the words of Sainte Beuve. The two most influential of those who wrote during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, Brunetière and Faguet, have written of Bossuet in terms that would be considered extravagant in men of less knowledge and independence. As for Brunetière, he may be said to have constituted himself the high priest of this literary cult, and he made it one of the chief efforts of his life to preach and expound it. For him Bossuet was the highest and truest representative of the French mind in its more serious mood, a higher and truer representative than Molière or Voltaire. He is also the writer who used the French language with greatest range and power. Henceforth he is *notre grand Bossuet* for his countrymen. His greatness is unchallenged: he is one of the supreme landmarks in their literature, above the ebb and flow of literary modes and fashions.

"The Frenchman who praises him has nothing new to teach to the stranger"—these opening words of Bossuet's panegyric on the great Condé were applied to the author himself by Brunetière in an address given at Rome. The words may be true at Rome; but they

are certainly not true of English-speaking countries. A rhetorician of great copiousness who wrote some gorgeous funeral orations, a court prelate of Louis XIV who knew how to temper his apostolic denunciation for royal sin, the adversary of Fénelon in an undignified squabble on Quietism, a leader in the anti-papal movement of Gallicanism and one who warmly approved of the revocation of civil rights from the Huguenots—that is about what Bossuet means for well-read people in this country. Anyone who has read much of Bossuet and has come to some terms of intimacy with his great spirit, can only lament and wonder that he is not better known and esteemed. The third centenary of his birth gives a good opportunity of drawing attention to a writer who more perhaps than any other satisfies our spiritual and literary demands. Is it an exaggeration to say that no man since the foundation of Christianity brought to the work of expounding and preaching the Faith more splendid literary gifts ? The neglect by non-Catholics of the most formidable of modern Catholic apologists, even though he happens to be a man of genius, is intelligible ; though a masterly article in the *Times Literary Supplement* for September 22 shows that this neglect was not general. But the indifference of Catholics is inexplicable. They do not seem to realise that Bossuet was a modern mind, that his religious horizon was our own, and that apart from the literary value of his works, their apologetic value is very great indeed.

Before attempting an estimate of his work and genius, it might be well to give a brief sketch of his career. He was born at Dijon of a bourgeois family of some legal tradition, and studied first at the Jesuit College in his native town and then at the College of Navarre in Paris. From the first he displayed extraordinary powers of intelligence and application. That his eloquence also was a natural gift is proved by the story that, at the age of sixteen, he was summoned one night from his books to

the Hôtel Rambouillet and asked to preach without any preparation to the most cultured and critical coterie in France. His sermon was a brilliant success and occasioned the well-known saying: "Je n'ai jamais entendu prêcher si tôt ni si tard." To these intellectual gifts were joined great earnestness and gravity of character and a very fervent piety, which made it obvious that he was destined to be a priest. A remarkable bit of writing—the earliest of his which we possess, his *Meditation on the Brevity of Life*—shows extraordinary maturity both in style, thought and character for a student of twenty-two. In March, 1652, he was ordained priest, and turning his back on the brilliant academic career that lay open to him at Paris he accepted a canonry in the Cathedral of Metz.

This decision, inspired by apostolic zeal, was wise in other respects also; for the years in Metz served him as an apprenticeship in the art of preaching. Moreover, the presence of many Protestants and Jews in this city was influential in introducing him to the work of apologetics to which his genius was so akin and on which he spent so much of his life. By 1660 he had reached the full maturity of his powers, and was summoned to Paris to preach before the court. For ten years he gave himself, with extraordinary vigour and fecundity, to the work of preaching. Conferences for Lent and Advent, sermons for the feasts of the Church (especially those of Our Lady), discourses for Religious professions, panegyrics came from him with amazing profusion. It is instructive to observe that, with the exception of a few panegyrics and discourses for extraordinary occasions, nearly all his extant sermons are from these years.

In 1670 he was appointed tutor to the Dauphin. A man so intelligent, learned and vigorous must have been a formidable tutor for a stupid boy of nine. But for the tutor at least the ten years spent at court were most fruitful: in them he composed three of his greatest works and laid the foundations of many others.

In 1681 he was offered and accepted the bishopric of Meaux, no great reward for one who had made such a figure at court and whose talents were fully recognised. He gave himself most conscientiously to his duty of preaching and teaching, of administering and reforming his diocese. But this work absorbed only a fraction of his vast energy, and for the twenty-three years of life remaining to him he displayed an activity in writing that is bewildering. During his last years he had much to suffer from bodily ills, which he bore with courage: he kept to the end his love for work, his zeal for the defence of the Catholic truth, and his deep piety. He died at Paris in 1704.

Bossuet the man is a strange contrast with Bossuet the writer. The impression formed from his works, from his style and ideas is that of an imperious, overwhelming personage, and this impression is strengthened by a look at the pontifical portrait by Rigaud. But the real man, as shown in the memoirs of the time, was kind, affable, easy and simple even to ingenuousness. With that disposition went a certain pliancy of character and want of resistance, which an ill-natured observer exaggerated when he said: "He has no bones." If Bossuet's character were of a piece with his intelligence, he would have been a superman.

The general view of Bossuet is that he had a mind of great power but of very narrow range; versatility is not an epithet we hear applied to him. But he was in reality one of the most versatile and comprehensive of minds. "There was never," said Faguet, "a greater artist, a more acute philosopher, a more clear-sighted moralist, a more profound publicist, a more complete *homme d'esprit* than Bossuet. He could easily have been a Pascal, a La Rochefoucauld, a Leibnitz, a Montesquieu. The proof is that he has been each of these in turn." To see in Bossuet merely the preacher is to lose sight of about five-sixths of him. To this work he gave only about ten

years of his life, and his sermons occupy only a small portion of his published works. He was eminent in many and widely separated fields.

He is certainly one of the greatest of historians in virtue of his *Discours sur l'Histoire universelle* and his *Histoire des Variations*. The former is the first attempt ever made to write a philosophical history of the world, to explain all history in the light of one truth or principle. Bossuet's history is an effort to trace the working of Divine Providence among mankind. For him the central current in all human movement was that which led up to the Incarnation and Redemption. This was the one divine event which gave true significance and direction to all other events; it alone gives us the true sequence of things. Other attempts at a philosophical history of human progress have been made since the *Discours* was written for the Dauphin: new starting points and new goals for human progress have been suggested, new rhythms for its movement have been put forward. Let the Christian, and certainly the Catholic, have the courage to admit that Bossuet has traced out the true march of the world's history. But everyone who reads the book must be impressed by his mastery over his material, his sense of proportion, his compressed lucidity, his historic imagination, his splendid style. The introduction gives a conception of the uses and methods of history which is that of our own time. "Quand l'histoire serait inutile aux autres hommes, il faudrait le faire lire aux princes" is the fine opening of the book. And a few pages later he indicates magnificently the chief purpose of his work:—

> Comme la religion et le gouvernement politique sont les deux points sur lesquels roulent les choses humaines, voir ce qui regarde ces choses renfermé dans un abrégé, et en découvrir par ce moyen tout l'ordre et toute la suite, c'est comprendre dans sa pensée tout qu'il y a de grand parmi les hommes et tenir pour ainsi dire le fil de toutes les affaires de l'univers.

In his *Histoire des Variations*, which has been called by Brunetière the most beautiful book in French, Bossuet traces the history of the divergence in doctrine and the loss of Christian dogma in the different Churches which fell away from the Catholic Church at the Reformation. It is a controversial work, full of learning, close reasoning, exposition and refutation, scrupulously fair in argument and courteous and charitable in tone. The reaction of personality on events and doctrines is not overlooked, and there is a series of portraits of the heresiarchs done with great vividness and justice. It is only genius that could have lifted into the level of permanent literature a subject that belonged to the region of acrid theological controversy. Certain modern critics, while praising the book as literature, condemn it as history, and say that Bossuet did not understand the Reformation and did not see that the very diversity of doctrine which was for him a manifest proof of error, was just its true glory. The answer to this objection is that none of the reformers —neither Luther nor Calvin nor Melanchthon—ever took this view of the Reformation. Bossuet meets them on their own ground and refutes them with their own principles and authorities.

For a quarter of a century he was the greatest Catholic apologist in Europe, and in that time a stream of works on all subjects that were under dispute came from his pen. He gave all the resources of his genius and learning to the work of healing the Reformation, of refuting heresy and of bringing about the reunion of Christendom. He was an incomparable disputant, with his immense learning, his power of close, vigorous reasoning, his clarity and distinction of style. The tone also of his writings is admirable in its restraint and courtesy.

The attention given to the question of the reunion of the Churches and the efforts being made at present in that direction make opportune some account of Bossuet's work in this field. His first missionary work

at Metz brought him in contact with Protestants, and his first published work was a refutation of the Protestant catechism of Ferry. Bossuet already shows himself a cogent and brilliant controversialist, and with a tact and courtesy equal to his knowledge. The disputants remained friends, and twelve years afterwards Bossuet renewed the correspondence. He believed, he said, that the time had come when they might hope to work fruitfully for reunion, and he professed that his own ambition was "travailler de tout notre pouroir à remedier au schisme qui nous sépare et à fermer une si grande plaie." He had read the signs of the times aright.

The minds of thoughtful men on both sides of the Alps and on both sides of the Rhine were drawing in the direction of reunion. A century and a half of discussion had made points in question clearer; extreme opinions were being abandoned; the effects of disunion—political and social as well as religious—were only too sadly evident. For Bossuet the chief necessity of the time was "de nous expliquer aimablement," and in this phrase he summed up his method and temper of controversy. In 1671, he published his *Exposition de la Doctrine de l'Eglise Catholique*, a work which made something of a sensation. It was a lucid, concise, statement of the central Catholic doctrines, written for Protestants, to remove the exaggerations and distortions of Catholic truth in which the sermons and pamphlets of their ministers abounded. Some Catholics found Bossuet too conciliating both in his tone and omissions. The book was translated into many languages and made a great number of converts, and it singled out Bossuet the representative of the Catholic Church in the new movement for reunion.

His *Histoire des Variations*, in which he brings consummate historical gifts to the service of controversy, enlarged his view of his mission. It was no longer a question of converting French Huguenots. The desire for union was being strongly felt in Germany. A series of

conversions to Catholicity had taken place among the reigning families in several states. The Gallican movement against Papal Infallibility gave some hope to Protestants that the French church would be more accommodating than Rome. The Emperor Leopold had been deeply interested in religious unity, and he had commissioned Spinola, a Spanish Franciscan who became Bishop of Neustadt, to visit the different states of the empire in this interest.

At no court did Spinola get a more cordial welcome than at Hanover, for the Elector John Frederick was a Catholic and was most zealous for the cause of unity. At this court Leibnitz held the post of librarian and private councillor, and he entered most enthusiastically into the aims of Spinola. But it was not until 1691 that the movement reached its most hopeful stage. In that year Molanus, the Lutheran Abbot of Lockum in Hanover, sent to Bossuet a long Latin document, *Cogitationes Privatae*, in which he suggested a scheme by which the work of reunion might be begun. The scheme was, in brief, that the Pope should recognise as lawful and Catholic certain practices and opinions maintained by the Protestants—such as the validity of the orders of their ministers, communion under two kinds, etc., and then call a General Council to review all the chief disputed questions. A list of these questions, carefully graded from the point of view of difficulty of agreement, was then suggested. The proposal indicated a strong desire for reunion, and was drawn up in a more conciliatory spirit than had been seen since the Reformation. It also narrowed considerably the ground of controversy.

Bossuet translated the paper into French and then wrote a reply to Molanus, in Latin, taking up the different points in order. He examined the proposal with great sympathy—but with the eye of a trained theologian. He pointed out that, in some of the concessions demanded, the gravest doctrinal consequences were implied.

He drew the line with great clearness between what can be conceded and what cannot. The tactics of the proposal he found altogether wrong. Why risk a breakdown of negotiations on certain preliminary demands? Would it not be better to discuss first of all the fundamental questions which were the cause of separation? If agreement were reached in these, they might reasonably hope for agreement on matters of practice. Accordingly Bossuet subjected Molanus's proposal to another examination from this point of view. He took up the questions which his adversary recognised as the capital causes of separation—Justification, Grace, the Blessed Eucharist and the Mass, the Infallibility, Prayers for the dead—and showed that on this ground alone there was no insuperable difficulty to reunion. "Si l'on suit les sentiments de M. Molanus," he said, "la réunion sera faite ou presque faite."

Probably reunion on a large scale never seemed nearer than when Bossuet wrote his famous *Réflexions sur l'écrit de M. l'Abbé Molanus*. There was never such good will shown on the side of the heretics; and the discussion was never managed with such masterly strategy and such clearness and friendliness as Bossuet displayed. So confident was the writer that, at the end of his *Réflexions*, he suggested the terms of an appeal to the Pope by which the work of reunion might begin. And so impressed was Rome with the situation that Bossuet was asked by the Pope to draw up a document in theological form which was to be addressed to all those who accepted the Confession of Augsburg, to dispose them for reunion.

At this point in the discussions Leibnitz enters the scene, and his intervention gives a dramatic and historic interest to the movement. Leibnitz was one of the most eminent men of his time, famous as a mathematician, philosopher, scientist and historian. He had been deeply interested in the question of reunion and had entered into correspondence with Bossuet thirteen years before.

He now—in 1691—resumed the correspondence, and he became the protagonist of the Protestants. For years an exchange of letters—some of them as bulky as pamphlets—went on, and at the beginning Bossuet was delighted at the apparent orthodoxy of his correspondent and was in high hopes for his conversion. But the true mind and temper of Leibnitz began soon to show themselves. With all his intelligence and learning he was no theologian. Not merely had he vague and false notions on some of the fundamental questions at issue, but he had no grasp of the strategy and method with which such a discussion should be conducted. He postulated first of all that the decrees of the Council of Trent should be rescinded before there could be any hope of reunion. Bossuet wished to lead him to the discussion of the fundamental questions in dispute; but Leibnitz stuck fast on the threshold of the discussion and made it his first principle that Trent must go. He used much argument and learning to prove that the Council of Trent was not accepted, that it was not free or representative, that its decrees had no foundation in Scripture or tradition. He shifted the whole debate on to the ground of history. His tone grew more and more polemical and intolerant; he argued for a dialectical victory, not in the temper of a man who was seeking the truth.

Bossuet in all this correspondence displayed his usual learning and skill. He showed that Trent was a fixed and acquired thing; that its decrees were those of the early church and tradition; that to set it aside would be to stultify all past and all future councils including the council to which Leibnitz appealed. His last letter was written in the sickness from which he died; he had long ago given up hope of reunion.

The part played by Leibnitz in this movement for religious unity has recently been written as a contribution to the revived interest in reunion.[1] The book is written

[1] *The Reunion of the Churches.* A study of Leibnitz and his great Attempt. By G. J. Jordan, D.D. London: Constable. 1927. 12s.

from a strongly Protestant standpoint, and with an undiscriminating enthusiasm for Leibnitz. The author tries to do justice to Bossuet. If he has not succeeded, he has at least directed attention to the work to which Bossuet gave most lavishly his immense powers, and which he would have considered as the most important thing in his life. "No group of Christians" says Dr. Jordan, "can discuss the Reunion of the Churches without a record of the correspondence of Leibnitz and Bossuet at their side; for in that correspondence of more than twenty years Catholic and Protestant spoke to each other in the person of the greatest theological giants since the Reformation."

But it is as a preacher, after all, that Bossuet is best known, and some estimate of his eloquence must be attempted. For anyone who knows the mind of Bossuet there is something like disloyalty in speaking of his eloquence or style. It is literally true that there was never a man freer from all trace of literary vanity. His books and his sermons were works written or spoken to achieve some practical end—to convert a soul, to refute an error, to support a truth. When he had preached a sermon he had done the work he had aimed at. Only one of his sermons and a few of his panegyrics were published in his lifetime, and that by special request. He had the most lofty idea of the function of a preacher; the notion of attracting attention from his sacred office to his own gifts would have seemed a sacrilege to him. He was essentially a man of action and a theologian; but that which gave him influence in his own day and much more so in succeeding times was his incomparable style. We use the word style in its widest sense, to include not merely the gift of expression, but in addition the supremely distinctive way in which a great mind will view and treat a subject.

The first element we can isolate in so complex a thing is the use of words, and no one can read Bossuet without

realising that here is a supreme master in this art. Faguet considers that the foundation of his style was "an exact and profound knowledge of the language such as no French writer, not even Voltaire, had." By his absolute propriety of word and plenitude of expression Bossuet was "master of the language, knowing its resources, acquainted with its secrets, penetrating to its genius."

But great expression rests back upon more ultimate qualities of genius, the analysis of which is almost impossible. It is easy to feel them and surrender oneself to them—but it seems hopeless to attempt to convey one's impression of them to others. We might perhaps say that the secret of Bossuet's genius lies in the conjunction of great intelligence and learning on the one hand with great imagination and sensibility on the other. These two sets of gifts are not often combined. Their union makes of Bossuet at once a theologian and a poet. His intelligence and knowledge give strength and cogency to his writings: his sensibility and imagination will give the form and style. Hence the impression a reader of Bossuet's best pages has of being assailed at all points—through reason, through imagination, through the feelings.

Intelligence, learning, and other gifts in this order Bossuet shares with theologians and doctors; but his imagination and sensibility give him his greatness as writer and speaker. What to other men are mere facts or commonplace thoughts come home to a sensibility like Bossuet's with peculiar force and will take on a strange form in his imagination. By means of these qualities he will show them in a new light and a new atmosphere, and throw round them a new range of associations. Death is one of the commonest facts in human experience; it is one of the most hackneyed themes for preacher and moralist. Even by the seventeenth century there seemed to be nothing fresh to say about it. But to read Bossuet's sermon on Death is to understand the power of genius. No one has conveyed

so well the notion of the fleetingness, the caducity, of things, the weakness and pettiness of man.

Tout nous appelle à la mort. La nature, presque envieuse du bien qu'elle nous a fait, nous déclare souvent et nous fait signifier qu'elle ne peut pas nous laisser longtemps ce peu de matière qu'elle nous prête, qui ne doit pas demeurer dans les mêmes mains, et qui doit être éternellement dans le commerce : elle en a besoin pour d'autres ouvrages. Cette recrue continuelle du genre humain, je veux dire des enfants qui naissent, à mesure qu'ils croissent et qu'ils s'avancent, semblent nous pousser à l'épaule et nous dire : Retirez vous, c'est maintenant notre tour. Ainsi comme nous en voyons passer d'autres devant nous, d'autres nous verront passer, qui doivent à leurs successeurs le même spectacle. O Dieu ! encore une fois qu'est-ce que de nous ? Si je jette la vue devant moi, quel espace infini où je ne suis pas ! Si je la retourne en arrière, quelle suite effroyable où je ne suis plus, et que j'occupe peu de place dans cet abîme immense du temps ! Je ne suis rien : un si petit intervalle n'est pas capable de me distinguer du néant. On ne m'a envoyé que pour faire nombre ; encore n'avait-on que faire de moi et la pièce n'en aurait pas été moins jouée, quand je serais demeuré derrière le théâtre.

Bossuet's *Oraisons funèbres* are no doubt the works by which he is best known in these countries ; and in them his genius rises to its full stature. But they do not form a good introduction to Bossuet. Perhaps the work of Bossuet in which we can most easily feel his greatness is his *Elévations sur les Mystères*. It was the book to which he gave most attention, which he kept by him for years, and which he corrected tirelessly. Brunetière has called it the most finished of his works—that into which he put most of himself and which reflects his mind most fully. It is an exposition first of the great mysteries of religion and then of the course of Providence leading up to the Incarnation—Bossuet's favourite doctrine, which runs through all his system, historical, philosophical, theological, like a great beam giving it unity. The name *Elévations* indicates clearly the nature and method of the work. The profoundest mysteries of the Faith, the

being of God, His eternity, perfection, love, the Blessed Trinity, the Creation of the world and of man, are exposed and explained with rare lucidity and precision; then follows an elevation of mind, the imagination takes fire, and there comes a passage of marvellous eloquence, emotion and unction. At one moment he is a theologian exposing a doctrine, at the next he is as a man rapt out of himself by a vision. It is the most perfect of spiritual books.

A recent English critic has said that not even Bossuet's style can save from oblivion the theological controversy of two hundred years ago. And this way of looking on Bossuet is not unknown among Catholics. But it is a false estimate of his achievement. His controversial work is not so remote from us. His religious outlook was almost that of our own day, and the questions on which he spent his genius were questions of modern controversy. Christology, Faith, the Church, Providence, the Blessed Sacrament, the Blessed Virgin, the reunion of Christendom—these were the chief fields in which he worked, and these questions are still living and actual. And it can be said of Bossuet that he has left none of these questions as he found them. But a large portion of his work deals with the great fundamental questions about Providence and human life on which men of every age will speculate. Few men have brought to the contemplation of them so rich a mind as Bossuet and have spoken of them with such power and splendour. It is not easy to mention another writer who satisfies so fully as Bossuet the two profoundest instincts of our mind—our love for truth and our love for beauty.

Hugh Kelly.

APOSTLES OF THE CONGO

BY HELENA CONCANNON, M.A.

Part III—Missioners and Explorers[1]

AT Sainte Marie du Gabon, after almost three and a half decades of a most fruitful apostolate, the saintly Mgr. Bessieux died in 1876, and was succeeded by his friend and comrade of many years, Mgr. Le Berre. During these years, with Gaboon as base, the Holy Ghost Fathers had extended their missionary activities over a large area and, most notably, had revived at Landana one of the old Portuguese Missions. Here, under the energetic direction of Pères Carrie and Duparquet, there were numerously attended schools for the native children and (thanks to Père Duparquet, a famous botanist) a wonderful garden, which was largely availed of for the provisioning with fruit and vegetables of passing Men-of-War.

Hither there came one day towards the beginning of 1881 a young naval officer whom we have met before, and whose name, Ensign Savorgnan de Brazza, has become a familiar one to many since we found him with Admiral du Quilo, trying to persuade Mgrs. Bessieux and Le Berre to abandon Gaboon. This time he had come to the Missioners on a far different errand. His proposals were for an advance rather than for a retreat. He was there to ask for some of the Fathers to hold for France, in his absence, the territories he had just won for her on the northern shores of Stanley Pool far up the Congo.

The missionary was ready in the person of Father Prosper Augouard, who had recently completed the third year of his strenuous apprenticeship to the African Missions by valiant labours, first at Sainte Marie du

[1] For Parts I-II see December (1927) issue.

Gabon (1878-80), and afterwards at Landana. The son of a tradesman of Poitiers, where he was born in 1852, his missionary vocation had been settled for him, during his army service at Rennes, by the keen discernment of Mgr. de Ségur, who had indicated the Foreign Missions as holding the solution of the problems set by the conjunction, in young Augouard's case, of a real call to the priesthood and a temperament so compact of energy and will power that they were liable to be mistaken for bad temper and stubbornness ; they had been already the cause of Augouard's dismissal from the seminary, and might have led, on the home mission, to still more disastrous consequences. " I know you," said Mgr. de Ségur, who had been one of his masters at the *Petit Séminaire* de Montmorillen, " with your impetuous and stubborn nature which is no harm in its own place. But there is danger of you choking your P.P. some fine morning, and being always at loggerheads with your Bishop. Better for you to get off among the savages."

While Prosper Augouard was making his final studies for the priesthood at the novitiate of the Holy Ghost Fathers at Chevilly, Savorgnan de Brazza was engaged in those expeditions of discovery which were to open up for the young missionary his future field of apostolate, and to provide for France the foundations of her great colonial possessions in Central Africa. In a first voyage (1875-1878) Brazza had explored the course of the Ogowe, founded at its junction with the Passa the French station of Franceville, and pushed on to the Alima, which, if he had only known and his resources had held out, would have brought him, after another five days' journey, to the Congo.

Brazza had to return to his base at Gaboon to learn this—and with it the astounding news that had been first disclosed to the world by the sensational telegram published in the *Daily Telegraph* of 17 October, 1877. Stanley, who had left Bagamayo in November, 1874, at

the head of an expedition financed by the *New York Herald* and the *Daily Telegraph*, and of whom nothing had been heard for more than a year, emerged from the mysterious regions which had seemed to swallow him up, at Boma in the mouth of the Congo on the 9 August, 1877, having traversed the Continent from East to West and wrested from "Darkest Africa" its long guarded secret.

The "Gate" had been pushed open at last; and now it was for who could get through it first, to claim a share in the immense natural riches which Stanley's narrative had revealed to the covetousness of Europe. Hardly had Stanley himself put his feet on the quay at Marseilles when he found two emissaries of the King of the Belgians waiting for him with proposals from Leopold II which, accepted after a short delay, were to lead, through the various stages of "Association Internationale Africaine" (1877), "Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo" (1878), "Association Internationale du Congo" (1882), to the "Etat Indépendant du Congo," sponsored by the Congress of Berlin (1885).

While Stanley, backed by the resources of a king, was assembling the colossal expedition with which he was to attack his formidable task, Brazza, like some light-armed, light-footed "kerne" of our own ancient wars, was able to steal a march on him. With the very modest backing he managed to secure from the French Government he retraced his march by way of Gaboon and the valleys of the Ogowe, Passa, and Alima, and came out on Stanley Pool, while "Boula Matari"[1] was still blasting a way for himself between Vivi and Issanghhila. He had, so to speak, "turned" the defences of the Congo—the thirty-two cataracts which had guarded the inviolability of its upper reaches against all the explorers from the days of Diego Cam—while Stanley was taking them by frontal

[1] The name "Boula-Matari" ("rock-smasher") given by the natives to Stanley, was afterwards applied to the Belgian Administration.

assault. And while Stanley was mining a road for himself through the Crystal Mountains, hacking his passage through the virgin forest of the tropics, Brazza at the cost of a few bales of coloured cottons, a few handfuls of beads, was making a "Treaty" with Makoko (the chief of the Ba Tékés, whose tribal territories lay around the Pool) which put France in possession of the regions on the north bank of that famous stretch of water.

Leaving a Senegalese sergeant, the celebrated Malamine, and two Gabonese sailors to guard the French flag he had planted in these newly acquired French territories, Brazza returned to the coast by way of the Congo. On his way down he met Stanley, who, as he afterwards admitted, did not take very seriously this "barefooted" adventurer in the ragged uniform and battered old hat. It was only when he reached Stanley Pool and found the French flag floating over its limpid waters that he changed his opinion of Brazza. He could, of course, have blown to pieces poor Sergeant Malamine and his "laptots" when these opposed his taking possession of the North bank of the Pool, but his instructions were to employ peaceful means for his conquests; and France, therefore, in the person of the black sergeant, was left in possession, while the "Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo" had to be content with the territories on the southern bank.

It was to hold the territories thus acquired for France that Brazza wanted the missionaries, and while he himself returned to Paris to get the "Treaty" with Makoko ratified, Père Prosper Augouard was commissioned by his superiors to make the expedition to Stanley Pool.

Though he started from Landana for Boma within twenty-four hours of the receipt of his *consigne*, many weary weeks were to pass for the young missionary before he could set out on his journey. The great difficulty was to find "bearers," for everything required by the expedition—its own provisions, the cumbersome gifts

for the chiefs through whose territory one must buy the right of passage—all had to be carried on men's heads. None of the natives around Boma were "broken in" to such a trade, and after long efforts to get some of them to undertake it, Père Augouard had to give it up. It was only when Père Carrie succeeded in collecting a couple of dozen Loangos at Pointe Noire[1] that the missionary expedition could start.

It followed more or less the trail which Stanley had blazed, and after a month of such toil and hardship, such difficulties of all kinds—with "bearers," with native chiefs, with the natural obstacles of the road, with sickness and death engendered by the deadly climate that one's heart fails even to read of them—arrived at last at the "Pool." There, on the 1st August, 1881, Prosper Augouard set foot in the place where, a few years later, his own cathedral city of Brazzaville was to crown the fair and fertile plateau above the lovely lake.

For the present his stay was to be of very short duration. Makoko had evidently thought better of his bargaiu with Brazza, and when Augouard asked his permission to establish a mission in his territory he roundly refused. The only strangers he would tolerate within his jurisdiction were those prepared to trade with him for ivory. Finding it impossible to make any progress, Augouard returned to the coast; and it was only several years afterwards that the foundations of a Mission at the Pool could be seriously taken in hands.

In the summer of 1883, Augouard accompanied by Père Krafft and a lay brother, Frère Savinien, set out from Boma on the terrible "route of the Cataracts" once more. This time he had the future Governor of Gaboon, M. Delisie, with him; but even the presence of an official representative of his "ally" France did not soften the

[1] The Missionaries on this occasion inaugurated a new "industry"—and the Loango "bearers" formed part of every subsequent caravan for the Upper Congo, until the Belgians had completed the railway to the "Pool." Stanley had brought his "bearers" from Bagamayo.

heart of Makoko; and the missionaries had to give up for the present the hope of an establishment on the Pool, and content themselves with a foundation at Linzolo, about five hours distant, where the Ba-Lalis showed themselves more accommodating than their neighbours, the commercial-minded Ba Tékés. Leaving Père Krafft in charge of the new missions, St. Joseph de Linzolo, Père Augouard returned to the coast to report to his superior Père Carrie; and, as his health had suffered much from the hardships of his experiences, the latter determined to send him to Europe. Here Augouard found himself a "personnage"—to be received with the greatest consideration at the French Embassy at Lisbon, at the Quai d'Orsay, at the Court in Brussels, at the Vatican. The question of the Congo was soon going to be settled by the Congress of Berlin, and all those interested were desirous to consult at first hand this young missionary in whom practical experience and native judgment had combined to make an authority.

The Congress of Berlin, which "delimited" the spheres of influence of the rival European Powers in the basin of the Congo, had its repercussions in the domain of religion. For one thing, in consequence of a prudent rule adopted by Propaganda, viz., that the Missions in each region should be served by missionaries who were "Nationals" of the Protecting Power—Landana was taken over by the Portuguese Fathers of the Holy Ghost; and Kwamouth, a second station founded by Augouard higher up the Congo at its confluence with the Kasai, was assigned to the Belgian "Missioners of Scheutveld." The French Mission at Landana was transferred to Loango, which became the headquarters of a new Vicariate with Mgr. Carrie as Vicar-Apostolic and Father Prosper Augouard as his Vicar General. The transfer of the Mission of Kwamouth had also its reactions on the missionary career of Augouard; for it was the direct cause of the foundation of the Mission of Brazzaville—destined

in its turn to become the Cathedral City of the diocese of Ubanghi (Upper Congo), of which Augouard was appointed Vicar Apostolic in 1890.

Brazzaville, which Monseigneur helped to build himself (constituting himself architect, brickmoulder, carpenter, joiner, smith and engineer for the purpose), may have been the cathedral city of this " Bishop of the Cannibals," as Pope Leo XIII called him ; but for many a long day his episcopal " sedes " was installed in a little steamer (called after the Pope) which, like his city, the Vicar Apostolic of Ubanghi had to build himself. In this little floating temple, borne on the great waterways that were the only roads of his vast diocese—the Congo, the Ubanghi, the Alima, the Sanga, he brought Christ to the " nations " where " the Adversary " had so long held sway : to the Ba-Yanzi, so degraded that they eat their own offspring ; to the fierce and terrible Bondjos, who hunt for human flesh as other races do for game ; to the poor dwarf Ndrys, " the lees of human kind " ; to the Bouzeros whose very name spells terror to the feebler races around them—to all these tribes debased by polygamy and slavery, defiled with cannibalism and devil worship, he brought Him Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

In a report presented by Augouard to Propaganda the year before his death (Oct. 1921) we have what may be styled the " balance sheet " of his forty years of missionary labours in the Congo. The two missionary stations of Linzolo and Brazzaville have been increased to ten : which with their schools, and hospitals, and farms, and gardens, and workshops, are radiant centres for the diffusion of Christianity and civilisation among the surrounding savages. Twenty-five Fathers and fifteen Brothers have accomplished this enormous work—mostly with their own hands, or at the expense of immense efforts to train native labour. Two devoted sisterhoods, that of " St. Joseph of Cluny " and the " Franciscan Missionaries of Mary," are doing for the little girls of the

diocese of Ubanghi what the Fathers and Brothers are doing for their small brothers. A *personnel* of native assistant masters, amounting to 107, has been formed from the *élite* of the missionaries' *protégés* (many of them rescued from the very hands of the butchers who were preparing them for some terrible banquet), and these help to train six thousand five hundred children in eighty-two schools. For some of these there is hope of a yet nobler destiny. Sixteen are students of the "native" seminary at Brazzaville, and there are two novitiates for native Sisters and Brothers.

And all this work has been carried on in the face not only of the natural obstacles of the situation—the deadly climate, the hostility of the natives to Christian ideals, the multiplicity of languages—but by men who had to struggle against such a gratuitous aggravation of them as the official favouring of "Islamism," official anti-clericalism, official niggardliness. It has had to be carried on side by side with a never ending fight against the plagues of sleeping sickness and of smallpox, and the ravages of oft recurring famines; and it has been combined with scientific work of the highest value, which the learned Societies of France have acknowledged again and again.[1]

In his "Avant-propos" to Madame Reslier's book Mgr. Le Roy, instituting a comparison between Lavigerie and Augouard, sums up the latter's work: "To each man his own vocation. That of Mgr. Augouard has been to 'bore into' Africa at a given point and there to put an end to slavery, to combat cannibalism, to raise the first altars on which should be offered the Immaculate Victim." HELENA CONCANNON.

[1] In 1895 and 1913 the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques* awarded Mgr. Augouard the "Prix Audiffret"; three times he was awarded a prize by the *Société de Géographie* for his work in the domain of cartography. In 1913, when he was promoted Officer of the Legion of Honour, the French Academy awarded him a prize of 6,000 francs. A chapter might be written on the contributions of the Missionaries to the advance of the Science of Tropical Medicine—and their botanical and horticultural "conquests" have been phenomenal.

CHRONICLE

Parish Visitors: Modern Deaconesses

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

MANY New York Catholics have been deeply interested in the growth of a religious community in New York which is accomplishing what is, from certain standpoints at least, a novel and very valuable purpose. The Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, as the new congregation is called, were founded shortly after the war when need among the poor was very great. At first they consisted of a small group of women, mainly school teachers, who took on themselves the duty of visiting the families of the poor, learning sympathetically about their needs, assisting them in various ways, but above all helping them to help themselves. The nucleus of the community was formed in 1919 in St. Matthew's Parish, a very crowded quarter of the city just above and below West 67th Street near the river. The pastor, Father William Meehan, realised as soon as the offer of their services was made that here was an opportunity to carry church blessings of all kinds into families that might otherwise remain without them. He gave these lay workers, as they were then, the heartiest co-operation in their work and such practical appreciation as made their success probable.

After the first year of their work, it came to be clear that, in order to insure its permanency and at the same time add to its prestige and value, these Parish Visitors would have to take on the character of a religious congregation. Accordingly a house was purchased in the Blessed Sacrament Parish on West 71st Street, just on the edge of one of the most crowded quarters of the city. The community was now able to extend its activities to the parish of St. Ambrose, and it became manifest that here was an organisation which promised to be of the greatest possible value to pastors in their work. The archbishop of New York (now Cardinal Hayes) became very much interested in it and encouraged it in every way. Vocations began to multiply, so that the Parish Visitors were soon able to take on other parishes. The little community was not three years old before pastors in all quarters of the city began to appreciate how much the Parish Visitors could help them to know their people better, keep them more intimately in touch with them, and assist them to solve the problems in family life which so often keep members of the family from their religious duties or gradually wean them away from their religious faith entirely.

The work of the Parish Visitors is exactly what their name

implies. They go round and visit all the Catholic families in the parish. They are themselves experienced women, some of them ex-school teachers, all of them specially trained in social service. They are very practical women, without any sentimental idea of reforming the world, but only of helping to solve the problems that they find among the poor. At first, because of experience with social workers of various kinds, the poor were not inclined to welcome what seemed almost an intrusion into their family life, and some of them even resented the visits. It was not long, however, before the call of the Parish Visitor of Mary Immaculate, so far from seeming an impertinence or an ordeal, was an honour and a pleasure. The people recognised that here was a friend indeed, not a " snooping agent," but one who appreciated difficulties, sympathised cordially, was not collecting statistics, but just wanted to help. The fact that she represented the parish priest meant a great deal for most of the poor, and gave a very definite status to the visitor in the great majority of the families on whom she called.

Their main business is to take a census of the parish and find out what are the obstacles in the way of religious practice and religious faith. In certain of the families there are difficulties between husband and wife that can be smoothed over when there is a diplomatic third party whom both thoroughly respect. In our time above all there are difficulties between parents and their children. The dance hall has an attraction, the movies take the young folks out, the cabaret is enticing, evil company is easily encountered, and serious results follow. Home among the poor is likely to be dreary and rather crowded ; unfortunately it is often not as clean as it should be. That is not always the mother's fault, for when there are five or six children in crowded quarters the matter of cleanliness is difficult. Unfortunately many of the apartments (tenements is the better name) in which the poorer classes in New York live, have very little sunlight and often are without such precious opportunities for direct ventilation as are necessary to secure cleanliness and the absence of that fetid atmosphere which develops whenever human beings live crowded together. The conditions that develop in the steerage of an Atlantic steamer, in spite of all the opportunities for fresh air, are the best exemplification of how hard it is to keep tenement houses in anything like inviting conditions.

Children are tempted to get away from home and beyond the influence of parents, sometimes only to come back when suffering from misfortune or injury or disease. Parents' hearts go out

to them, and they try to care for them ; but this often constitutes a very serious drain on the family purse. The affection of the poor for their children is boundless, but other members of the family often suffer. In such cases the Parish Visitor can often be of very great assistance ; for she is in touch with hospitals and with institutions of various kinds that can be of immediate help. The trouble is that often the poor do not know what provision there is for their care.

The Parish Visitor, however, learns not only about the more serious conditions but also the minor incidents in family life that often prove to be detrimental to religious faith and practice in the course of time. Sometimes it is found that children in the families have not been baptized. Sometimes young folks are living together irregularly, either unmarried or but civilly married, and further trouble is surely impending. At times it is found that Easter duties have not been performed and that the families are drifting away from the Church. Note is taken of all these conditions quietly and without attracting attention ; and gradually, as the confidence of families is gained, opportunity is taken to bring about the correction of these obstacles to Christian family life.

Soon the family comes to recognise that the one idea of the Parish Visitor is to be of help. When young folks lose positions, sometimes at least the Parish Visitor can exert influence that proves helpful. When problems are hard to solve, consultation with her will often make them easy. When families are in dire need, the distribution of the charitable funds of the parish being somewhat in the Parish Visitor's hands, immediate help can be afforded and yet without any sense of pauperisation.

Meantime the parish priest is kept informed of conditions in his parish better than ever before. Confidences of the poor are respected ; only with their positive permission is information obtained from them used even to help them. They come to realise that here is a friend in need and in deed. The pastor comes to feel that none of the people of his parish are being neglected. Here are the deaconesses of the early Christian Church exemplified in our time and just when they are very much needed.

While the Parish Visitors are mainly for the homes, they take their work wherever they find it. In trains and stations they befriend the inexperienced traveller or the confused visitor from the country, the seeker after work who has just landed in the midst of the bustle of the city and knows not what to do. Any case of need or distress she meets on the street receives her immediate

interest and aid. As Elizabeth Jordan, writing about the Parish Visitors, said of them, " Souls first is her motto. But the earthly envelopes of souls—the struggling human bodies all around us—have also her unremitting and understanding care."

They do not wear the garb of religious, but simple dark clothes and cloak that might be those of a widow. Under present conditions this distinguishes them quite enough from the women around them ; every effort is made to keep them from being in any way conspicuous. Similarity of garb is not maintained, and yet there is something about the Parish Visitors that makes them recognisable almost at once. This is often said to be their placidity of countenance and readiness of interest rather than anything more material. Their parish visiting is done during the day, but also in the evenings. This is the only way that the working classes can be reached at home ; for in our time all the members of the family are likely to be at work except the mother.

The Parish Visitors pay particular attention to the children in the family. They are after all the future members of the Church. To safeguard and properly regulate the home training of young folks is the most important problem that is before the present generation for solution. Growing young folks now claim so much personal liberty that it readily degenerates into license unless very great care is exercised. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure in this matter, and religion properly practised is the best possible safeguard against the ills which threaten the young folks in our day. The Parish Visitors promote the early Communion of children as the best possible initiation for religious training of character, and regular attendance at the Sacraments as the best auxiliaries for the maintenance of Christian conduct. They employ every means to bring the little ones of Christ to Him, so that He may constitute their best safeguard against the vicious allurements that lie all around them. This is truly Christian social work, and it is no wonder that it has met with instant and constant recognition on the part of pastors and religious superiors. If there were nothing but their work for children to commend them, the Parish Visitors would be a wonderful auxiliary for the pastor in his parish work.

Almost needless to say the field of activity that lies before them is so immense that it will require a very large number of workers to meet the demand that is made on them. Fortunately a good many young women have had a taste of the satisfaction that comes to the heart as the result of service for the Lord. It is not what you give but how much you give of yourself that counts. Life

has become a very disturbing condition for a great many people. Insanity is ever so much more common, suicides are ever so much more frequent, and both of these unfortunate incidents in life are recurring at ever younger years. The number of people who are ready to say every day " Thy Will be done " with a sense of absolute dependence on an overruling Providence is growing smaller, and the result is a panicky throwing back of life's hard things on those who have not the moral stamina to bear up under the burden thus placed on them. There is nothing that so makes life worth living as doing things for others. Many teachers have found that out for themselves in social work in association with their teaching, and some of them have taken courses in social service and are ready for life occupation with it. Most of the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate here in New York have taken courses in social service at Fordham University School of Sociology, and all of the more recent additions have been trained by experienced Parish Visitors in the work that is to be theirs for life.

His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, has been particularly enthusiastic in his commendation of the work of the Parish Visitors, and has not hesitated to say that it will " prove a veritable benediction to our big city and a most efficient help to many an anxious pastor of souls." He knows how much there is to be done, how hard it is to do it, and yet how the neglect of it will prove serious for the next generation. He knows how almost impossible it will be for the parish priest to accomplish the work that the Parish Visitors can prove so helpful in. In his official commendation of them he said, " Dark and hidden places, which the zealous priest neither reaches nor even knows of, are uncovered and flooded with the light and grace of Christian hope and happiness. Distress of soul and body is healed or relieved by the ardent faith, persevering zeal, spiritual touch, and human ministry of consecrated women who work as the handmaidens of Christ's own love and compassion for the poor, the afflicted, the outcast, the neglected and the wayward."

He recognises that their work may seem to be a novelty, but he points out that it is only a fitting of the Church and its ways to modern problems. He says : " Substantially it is the way ever ancient and ever new of the changeless Church, which has ministered untiringly to the ills and sorrows of human nature down the centuries. There can be no more excellent way than, following the example of the Good Shepherd, to go after, seek, and search for the lost and wandering sheep."

JAMES J. WALSH.

REVIEWS

Biography

THE LIFE AND WORK OF BLESSED ROBERT FRANCIS CARDINAL BELLARMINE, S.J. By James Brodrick, S.J. With an Introduction by His Eminence Cardinal Ehrle, S.J. In Two Volumes. London: Burns Oates & Washbourne. 1928. 30s.

ENGLAND owes much to Blessed Robert Bellarmine, and he owes much to the example of those English Catholics—martyrs, confessors and theologians—who were at once his chief inspiration and his reward. It is thus altogether fitting that the fullest and the best biography of the great Cardinal hitherto published should appear as a work of the English Jesuit Province. When Bellarmine was a young student and professor in Louvain, the propaganda of Nicholas Sanders and his small band of fellow-workers first set him thinking of the course in apologetics which was later to become his *Controversiae;* and during the years of his greatest fame in Rome, no students in his class at the Collegio Romano were nearer to the professor's heart than the black-robed Englishmen who sat side by side with the scarlet Germans, as certain as they of future controversies, and more certain of martyrdom. Both nations are mentioned by Bellarmine in his Preface to the *Controversiae.* Germany has perhaps tended to forget her debt to the Italian in the extent of her indebtedness to Canisius. England owes most to Bellarmine, where that name was for centuries almost of legendary power among both friends and enemies. Fr. Brodrick illustrates that legend by two fine specimens of those "Bellarmine" jugs which once made the Cardinal's features familiar to all the topers of the country; and he also includes a photograph of that new "Collegium Bellarminianum" which is being erected close to Oxford to-day. The jugs are no longer on the market, but we wish the College and this book equal success in their mission of making Bellarmine's teaching and personality familiar to a country which is in need of both.

However, Blessed Robert Bellarmine was something more than a great controversialist; and when I first took up these two large volumes, I confess to a certain alarm. Was there any hope that the figure of one of the most charmingly human of modern saints would not be lost to view in all this dust of historical controversy? And then I began to read Cardinal Ehrle's Pre-

face, with its charmingly unconventional tribute to the character of his great predecessor. "His is the type of character that is still to be met with in the little towns of southern Tuscany, simple, kindly and courteous, with nothing in it of the 'Romana grandezza' which may be discerned even in the most ordinary people of the Eternal City . . . . Though he lived so long in Rome he kept his Tuscan heart to the end, a straightforward, boyish kind of heart whose exuberance was something very different from vulgar vanity. I can speak from experience, as I have known personally a highly gifted man with just such a character for some twenty years."

Fr. Brodrick's opening chapters on the boyhood of his saint fill in the details of that charming portrait. He has been to Montepulciano and to Florence and to the other scenes of those early years, and he has Bellarmine's own refreshingly unconventional *Autobiography* to draw upon; but he has been wise enough to go further afield as well, and some of the most pleasing touches in his picture are taken from the descriptions of travellers who saw with their own eyes the Italy of Bellarmine's day. Montepulciano itself is the town from which Politian takes his name, and the great Renaissance humanist was brother-in-law to Bellarmine's great-grandfather. That is a pleasing bond of union between the first great figure of the Italian Renaissance and the man who more than all others typifies the Italian Renaissance in its closing phase. This book is full of such sidelights, and it would be no true *Life* of Bellarmine if it did not contain more than its due share of those merry tales which Fr. Brodrick rightly maintains to be a characteristic of his saintly hero. Those who would gladly read them as they were first told by Bellarmine himself should turn to the Appendix in Volume I, where they will find the *Autobiography* printed in full. They will then know what the German Cardinal means when he talks of the Tuscan's "straightforward, boyish kind of heart."

All the early chapters of this first volume make most pleasant reading, and I know few books where a saint's character is made so human and yet so plainly holy. After the early years at Louvain the book, inevitably, takes on more and more the character of a formal history. But even in his analysis of the *Controversiae*, for example, Fr. Brodrick always contrives to make the saint's personality the centre of our interest. We see him at work or answering his critics, and the pleasure we take in thus watching him makes us forget that this biography is here, more plainly than anywhere else, no final estimate of his achievement. Later

on we have an account of the part Bellarmine played in such famous controversies as the dispute *De Auxiliis* between Dominicans and Jesuits and the trial of Galileo. But we should like to have had a more careful and thorough estimate of his contribution to Catholic theology. Was this amazingly gifted Italian an original thinker, as were undoubtedly many of his Spanish contemporaries ? Or is his name remembered now in histories of Catholic theology chiefly for the new methods of controversial literature which he was the first to introduce in the schools of Europe ?

One point of detail suggests itself to an Irish reader. Fr. Brodrick has some very interesting things to tell us about the effect produced in England as well as in Germany by the publication of the *Controversiae*. The story that Queen Elizabeth founded special chairs in the Universities of England for the refutation of Bellarmine he rejects as a myth ; but the myth was founded on fact. In both Oxford and Cambridge professors of Protestant theology immediately began to deliver public courses in answer to the book, and Bellarmine's *opus magnum* became thus a sort of text-book in the two Universities. Certainly the sale of the *Controversiae* in England seems always to have been very large. Dublin, we may note, possesses (in Marsh's Library) Archbishop Laud's copy with his closely-written commentary in the margins of the great folios. And Dublin has yet another link with the great Cardinal ; for in Trinity College, founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1594, just a year after the issue of the last volume of the *Controversiae*, James Ussher was for years the principal divine of the Ascendancy, and from 1607-1621 he gave there a course of public lectures in answer to Bellarmine's work. Possibly " Bellarmine " jugs were not unknown in the Trinity common-room of those far-off days !

These are but a few of the many topics dealt with by Fr. Brodrick in his two volumes. Those who are interested in the history of Jesuit education should read of the part played by Blessed Robert Bellarmine in the framing of the *Ratio Studiorum*. Students of political theory will always find interest in the history of his famous controversy with James I of England. But most of all will those who wish to understand the sort of sanctity formed by the *Spiritual Exercises* within a generation of the death of St. Ignatius turn with gratitude to these volumes, where a Jesuit theologian is also revealed as a Jesuit saint. Fr. Brodrick has been at pains to make himself familiar with the Cardinal's many works, but I like best those quotations from his Sermons, his

Domestic Exhortations, and the small ascetic treatises which he composed in extreme old age, and which throw an attractive light on one of the simplest and most pleasing figures in all Jesuit history. When Bellarmine died, the Jesuit Fathers resident in Rome decided to lay his body in the tomb from which had just been translated the bones of newly-canonised St. Ignatius. The compliment implied in that decision is, when one comes to think of it, amazingly significant. Bellarmine himself would have preferred his present resting-place, at the feet of his spiritual child, St. Aloysius. But those who have read these volumes will easily understand why the early Jesuits, with the memory of their founder's sanctity still fresh in their traditions, should have chosen Robert Bellarmine as worthiest to lie where had lain for half-a-century the bones of St. Ignatius.

A.G.

THE VOCATION OF ALOYSIUS GONZAGA. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. London : Sheed and Ward. 1927. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS book is a labour of love. Father Martindale's interest in St. Aloysius is of no recent date. The saint cast a spell over him, he says, long ago—when, indeed, he was "looking for a faith." His charming sketch of Aloysius in *Christ's Cadets* appeared in 1913. Now he presents us with a full biography, the fruit of years of reading and thought.

Cepari's *Life of Aloysius*, the account of an eye-witness, is invaluable, but there was much that Cepari, writing so soon after the events, was obliged to slur over. Later biographers have filled in the gaps, making use of the other sources available —the processes of Beatification and Canonisation, the Bollandists' history, the letters of Aloysius. Meschler's "Life," which we have in an English translation, though admirable in many respects, yet leaves something to be desired. Cepari wrote for people who were familiar with the world in which Aloysius lived. To them no doubt he conveyed an adequate idea of the saint. For us who live in another age and in a far different world more is required if Aloysius is to mean anything definite to us. If we could understand his ideas and ideals, we must be familiar with the environment in which these were formed. He must be depicted against a contemporary background. This is what is lacking, in greater or less degree, in earlier biographies, and this is what Father Martindale has undertaken to supply.

Those who have read the article "Gonzagadom" in the

December *Studies* will know that Father Martindale is at home in 16th century Italy. He is able to make his readers realise not only the general conditions of the times but also the peculiar circumstances of Aloysius' heredity and immediate surroundings, for he has made a careful study of the history of the Gonzaga clan in its many ramifications. We may be confident that the background he supplies is true to facts. It is a vivid, not to say lurid, background. Tyranny, extravagance, debauchery, murder, are its prominent traits—a large proportion of Aloysius' near relatives were murdered, having in many cases, one thinks, given considerable provocation for it. If at times one feels bewildered at the confusion of it all, Fr. Martindale reminds us that such must have been Aloysius' own feeling. In any case a background should not draw attention from the central figure. That figure is focussed clearly in its true perspective. We appreciate the deft strokes with which the character of Aloysius is delineated, the shrewd interpretation of apparently minor happenings that often proves so illuminating. I shall not attempt quotation. One must read the whole to appreciate this convincing picture. Aloysius starts life with the fairest prospects of earthly glory, heir to a principality, gifted with outstanding abilities (he demonstrated his administrative capacity by the way in which he settled his brother's troubles and his religious brethern felt that he was destined to become their General); with hard-headed logic and keen intelligence (shown later on by his apittude for Mathematics and Philosophy) he weighs those prospects, finds them wanting, and decides to relinquish all for a nobler calling; with iron will he attains his desire, dying after a brief span of years, having yet fulfilled his high destiny.

The Holy Father, in his Apostolic Letter of June 13, 1926, declaring Aloysius the Patron of Christian youth, desires that his example should be put particularly before those who are preparing to face the stormy seas of life. Let us hope that this book will reach many such and be to them an inspiration and a help. It will appeal to a wider circle. As the reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement* (Dec. 15, 1927) testifies, Aloysius "brings out all the vigorous and heroic element in Christianity and its appeal to all that is most spirited and manly in man," and "possesses the powerful attraction of that which is utterly uncompromising."

D. O'C.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF BISHOP McQUAID. Prefaced with the History of the Diocese of Rochester before his Episcopate. By Frederick H. Zwierlein, D.Sc., M.H. (Louvain). Vol. I., xii., 368 (1925); Vol. II., xii., 487 (1926); Vol. III., xii., 513 (1927). Rome: Desclée: Louvain, Uystpruyst: Rochester, N.Y., 77 Paul Street. 3 dollars per volume.

DR. ZWIERLEIN, a disciple of the school of history inaugurated by Cauchie at the University of Louvain, keeps close to the methods of that valiant and loyal student of human records. A doctoral dissertation on Religion in the New Netherlands (1623-64) connected Flanders happily enough with the present State of New York; and the ensuing appointment to the Chair of History at St. Bernard's Diocesan Seminary, Rochester, made his call to be the historian of Bernard McQuaid, Bishop of Rochester, in every way appropriate. These three volumes on the Cauchie Plan were appropriately, also, completed in time to be an American tribute to the University of Louvain for its fifth Centenary Celebrations.

This life is fully elaborated, and any student of modern Church History who wants the truth, the full truth, and a measure of expository comments that is restrained yet definite, emphatic yet not coercive, will find all in ample measure in these three volumes. He will find the central figure very human, very episcopal even before his long episcopate, as valiant a man in ecclesiastical action and utterance as Chanoine Cauchie was at Louvain in the field of candid history.

Bishop McQuaid was a good deal more. He was very decidedly American, even as he was American-born, and explicitly asserted that national status. But every letter, every official document, every act of that long episcopate showed the first Bishop of Rochester to be as Irish in outlook, temperament, utterance, as any American could possibly be. He had somewhat of St. Paul in his written words, in his acts: he had a good deal more of St. Bernard. With all frankness and evident sincerity, Dr. McQuaid was also as ready to pronounce judgements and opinions as St. Bernard was: this makes even a prolonged biography, such as Dr. Zwierlein has given us, tellingly attractive, utterly human throughout. Perhaps the elaborate chapter on the relations, unmixed yet various, of Archbishop John Ireland and Bishop Bernard McQuaid will be the most relished part of this volume to the student of Church Affairs in modern times. But that chapter is only first among its equals.

There are at least half-a-dozen others as piquant and as exhaustive. Higher commendation to the expert reader, to any reader, we could not well give.

The interest of these three volumes for Irishmen grows as they advance. For the student of Catholic education they rank in the reverse order. The fine judgement, and fine action, of Bishop McQuaid, regarding popular Catholic Schools in the United States, gives a special value to Dr. Zwierlein's earlier sections. But there was not a corresponding interest in high school work, utterly essential for Catholic stability; and there was even less in the forward Catholic University movement launched by Pope Leo XIII. and Cardinal Gibbons forty years ago, a movement vital to Catholic prestige. For Dr. McQuaid, Rochester eclipsed Washington; and the Catholic elementary school was left without the twin power houses so much needed for its persevering progress. A Catholic settlement in a nondescript Cornell would prove a poor substitute for the real thing.

In that, as in his work at the Vatican Council, at the Plenary Council of Baltimore, in his handling of complex problems, at once moral and political, all fully elaborated by Dr. Zwierlein, Bishop Bernard McQuaid stands out a downright man, alert in administration, vigorous in vindication of rights, zealous in all things bearing on his life-work. That he missed greatness is no reason for holding that his biographer's fourteen hundred pages are not well devoted to this exposition of a long, active, and fruitful life. Dr. Zwierlein promises later on a one-volume work on Dr. McQuaid. It will not supersede this serviceable repertory and review of a fine career. T.C.

THE CÚRE D'ARS. By Abbé Francis Trochu. Translated by Dom Ernest Graf, O.S.B. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 1927. Pp. xxii + 583. 15s.

THE life of the Curé of Ars has been written, and well written, more than once. Nevertheless the present work was needed. It is a vast improvement on its predecessors, and bids fair to be authoritative and final.

M. Trochu builds on a foundation of laborious and critical research. He will take nothing on mere hearsay, and so the reader has the satisfaction of feeling that the wonderful story—and there are few more wonderful stories, even of the saints—is not the product of imaginative piety, but a sober record of fact. It is entirely appropriate that the translator of the book should be a Benedictine.

But something more was needed than the historical sense and the power of sifting evidence. To the mere historian the life of Jean-Baptiste Vianney is marvellous but hardly intelligible. It is fortunate that his biographer, with his sensitive instinct for the supernatural, is able to show us, in some degree, how his hero's soul grew and was transfigured by the power of Grace.

Rarely has there been a great life which owed so little to nature. The raw country boy, awkward, hesitating, undeniably stupid—incapable, as it seemed for years, of learning almost anything—had one great gift: he loved God with his whole soul. And that love in time transformed his character, his intellect, his very appearance. Theologians heard him solve their difficulties; court ladies noted his exquisite courtesy; everything about him was beautiful, noble, distinguished. And that external change was only the radiance of the inner transformation, the fruit of living with God.

Dom Graf has translated the book into good, plain—if slightly stiff—English. M.F.E.

CORTES THE CONQUEROR. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Indianopolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1926. $5.00.

MR. SEDGWICK styles his hero in a picturesque sub-title: Earliest and greatest of the Gentlemen Adventurers in the New World; and in his Preface he claims that during the great century of Spain's history, from the discovery of America to the defeat of the Armada, three Spaniards stand out conspicuous for their greatness: Charles the King, Ignatius Loyola, and Cortés—"the gallant, reckless, deep-revolving, gentleman adventurer." There is much truth in this claim, and Mr. Sedgwick is to be congratulated on his choice of a subject. His own popular biography of St. Ignatius, which appeared two or three years ago, is interesting as an attempt at an impartial biography of a Spanish saint by one who is plainly a typical twentieth century American; but it was not satisfying as a serious study of one of the world's great mystics. Mr. Sedgwick's fellow-countryman, Professor Van Dyck, has since produced a more scientific biography, which is perhaps the most convincing study of this Spanish conqueror that has yet appeared in English. And now Mr. Sedgwick returns to the charge with a careful and admirably written study of the great Cortés himself. Plainly there is no lack of interest in Spanish history among modern Americans.

A Jesuit may be pardoned for having read this book with an eye to the *Spiritual Exercises* of Saint Ignatius Loyola. In the

central contemplation of those Exercises the exercitant is bidden imagine the portrait of Christ the King and to hear his words: "Mi voluntad es de conquistar todo el mundo y todos los enemigos." The word *Conquistador* is not actually used, but the expression *conquistar todo el mundo* and the fact that St. Ignatius composed this meditation in or about the year 1521, when Cortés was just establishing his position as Conqueror of Mexico, suggests the question: Was this ideal portrait of Christ—*nuestro Senor, Rey eterno, tan liberal y tam humano*—in any way influenced by the portrait of Spain's greatest conqueror, then a young man in the West Indies? Were Ignatius and Cortés kindred souls?

It must be confessed that from this point of view Mr. Sedgwick's book is a sore disappointment. Cortés, as the American historian depicts him, is perhaps an engaging ruffian—but a thorough-going ruffian he is most unmistakeably. Mr. Sedgwick defends him by comparison with some popular English heroes—for instance, John Nicholson of Indian mutiny fame. This is all very well, but it fails to convince on the main issue; and there is an added difficulty, which the American is honest enough to admit. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Spanish armies fought against almost all the armies of Europe, and wherever they fought they left behind them the reputation of unusual cruelty. England, France, Germany, Holland, the cities of Italy: were they all in a league of conspiracy against Spanish soldiers? Certainly some of the stories which Mr. Sedgwick tells with such dramatic power—the Cholula massacre, for example, and the horrors of *el noche triste*—do not tell in their favour. And even Mr. Sedgwick cannot extenuate the barefaced treachery towards Montezuma. Cortés was the greatest of Spain's *conquistadores*, but he was certainly neither *humano* nor *liberal*—not even when there was question of distributing the plunder.

The religious psychology of the man is hardly less attractive if we may trust Mr. Sedgwick's analysis. Like all Spain's great generals in the West, Cortés was undoubtedly sincere in his determination to establish the Kingdom of God by force of arms; but his own superstitions excite our reluctant contempt. Towards the end of his life especially this trait becomes obvious, and there was surely never a more undignified end to a great career than the last years of Cortés, spent at home in a vain endeavour to win back the favour of the Court. Yet there is pathos in the last document of all, written on Feb. 3, 1544:—

> I thought that to have worked in my youth would have served to procure repose to my old age; and so for forty years I have lain awake, eaten poorly (he says

nothing of the plunder of Mexico) my armour on my back, my life in danger, wasting property and youth in God's service, bringing sheep to the fold, very far away from our Spanish land, sheep not known, not inscribed in Holy Scripture, and at the same time increasing and spreading the name and dominion of my King . . . . . I beseech Your Majesty not to permit such little heed to services so famous . . . . . I am not of an age to go about from inn to inn, but to meditate and settle my account with God, for it is long, and I have little life left to unburden my conscience, and it would be better to lose my property than to lose my soul.

Across the back of this very human document some Secretary of State has written the brief comment: *Nay que responder.*

A.G.

Celtica

TRI TRUAGHA NA SCEALUIDHEACHTA. Seán Ua Ceallaigh do chuir in eagar do Chumann Buan-chosanta na Gaedhilge: Mac Guill agus a Mhac. 1927. 104 leathnaigh. 1s. glan.

I dtús an réamhráidh inniseann an t-údar léigheanta dhúinn an ceann-scríbe do chur sé roimhe, agus é ag cur an leabhair seo le chéile: sé sin, 'na Trí Truagha do chur in aon chnuasacht; agus an chaint do bheith chomh so-thuigthe . . . . . san go bhféadfadh an saoghal Gaedhlach a léigheamh go réidh. Ar an aigne sin chuardaigh sé a bhfuil de láimhscríbhnibh i leabharlainn Choláiste na Tríonóide is i leabharlainn Acadaimh Eireann i mBlácliath, i leabharlainn Tighe na Séod in Lonndain agus i leabharlainn Dúna Eanda. Chuir sé gach innsint fhóghanta, dá bhfuil le fagháil ionnta uile, i gcomórtasle chéile. Annsan chuir sé toradh na gcomórtas san in athchomórtas le leabhra Chumainn Bhuan-chosanta na Gaedhilge; agus sé toradh na gcomórtas n-uile atá san leabhar.'

Ba mhaith an smaoine ón eagarthóir é an foclóir cúig leathanach ndéag do chuir sé leis na scéalta. De réir a dheighbhéis, chuir sé de bharr maise ar an bhfoclóir céadna gan acht an Ghaedhilg ghá h-earchaoileadh féin aige ann. Ní fheadar-sa, ámh, an é a shanas ceart, dílis, atá aige ar 'amhnas.' Ba ghiorra don bhfírinne, dar lion, an Stócach an tan tharraing sé é ón mírin diúltach 'amh'—agus 'nós.' Innitheadh sé na deismireachta so: (1) "Dobertsat a mhílidh frithbert amhnas do Chésair" (C.C.3255); "an mac amhnas" .i. an duine míonáireach, ró-thoghail, sonnta, río-dhána.—Gheobhaidh sé féin a thuilleadh aca ag Windisch.

Is ionthuigthe as an teideal féin gur sean gach dighe é ádhbhar an leabhair. Tuigeadh an léightheoir, mar sin féin, ná fuil Seán uasal ghá dáil dó gan a cothram de nuadh gach bídh. Chéad-

scoth an aigne Ghaedhlaigh í an 'deoch' so. Agus, idir smior is croiceann is a bhfuil d'eadarfhollmhas eatartha, idir leagan is gnaoi, is follas gur fhág an t-ealadhantóir rian a dhúthchais go doimhin doscriosta ar threoir is ar inneach is ar dhlúth na rí-scéal ndearscna so. De ré na págántachta iad, dar ndó, acht má seadh féin, nil sárú an ghrádha bhráthramhail seo sa Chríostíocht :—

Truagh san, a Chlann Tuireann tréan,
Do rachaidís éin trém dhá thaebh ;
Is ní h-iad mo dhá thaebh is tinn linn
Acht sibh-se, a dhís, do thuitim !

Do rinne muintir Ghuill a gcion féin den obair ar feabhas ; óir, idir chló agus páipéar ba dheacair dearscnú den leabhar. An chomaoin fé n-a bhfuil an Ghaedhaltacht uile aca féin is ag an eagarthóir, ní fearr de shás a cúitimh aca ná an leabhar do cheannach go dian, dúthrachtach. MICHEÁL MACCRAITH.

SCÉALTA EORPACHA IS EILE. Pádhraic Ó Domhnalláin do rinne as Gaedhilg. Muintir Ghuill. 1927. 124 leath. : trí raolacha.

Sé is ádhbhar an leabhair seo ceithre gearr-scéalta déag do thionntaigh Pádhraic as an iasacht, acht an t-aon scéal amháin do chún sé féin. An fhís ghoireann sé dhe, agus ní mé féin nach é an scéal is fearr fé chlúdach an leabhair é. Ar aon tslighe, is mó is inspéiste é linne, Eireannaigh, i láthair an uamais seo, ná aon cheann eile aca, dhá fheabhas.

Seadh, ós ag aimsiú na h-iasachta sinn, ní mór dúinn, dar liom, claoi' leis an gcrot do chuir mór-údair na meadhon-Ghaedhilge ar an h-ainmeacha *dilse*, agus gan chrot an Bhéarla acht a gcrot dúthchais do chur ar an gcuid eile aca. Mar sin, b'fhearr liom Bhíen, an Danub (1m.), an t-Sicil Aithinénsta-aí (áitreabh na h-Aithne), Carta(i)gin bhíodh ar an gcathair, agus is dócha Carthaiginénsta ar a h-áitreabh ; Gréag bhíodh ar áitreabh ; na Gréige. B'fhearr liom "feallsa" ná "feallsamhnacht"— ar a fhaid seo agus ar a ársaidheacht súd ; agus dála "maiteamaitice" cuimhnigh, a Phádhraic ar scéal Cholmáin *Rímhidhe.* "Is aire, trá, adeirthear, óir do áirmheadh sé, fó n-a gcosa, an líom each do bhíodh in aonach Tailltean. Óir ní raibh in Eirinn in a aimsir neach do ghnídheadh an *Riomh* amhail do ghnídheadh."

Acht, ar na ponncanna so, ní lugha cinn ná tuairime, is dócha. Más lochta féin iad, ní mór le rádh iad. Agus ná bíodh a mhearthal ar aoinne. Tá féith an scríobhnóra ar fheabhas ag Pádhraic, agus cuireann sé snas is gnaoi dá réir ar a scríobhann. Ní taise

do na scéalta so é. Níor fhág sé rian dá laghad na h-iasachta orra, acht gach aon cheann riamh aca d'aithleaghadh go h-iomlán na inchinn, agus a n-aiththeilgean na threoir dhúthchais féin, as a aithle.

Thug muintir Ghuill an leabhar amach go snasta, slachtmhar idir chló agus páipeár. MICHEÁL MACGRAITH.

AN TOST AGUS SCÉALTA EILE. Barra Ó Caochlaigh do scríobh. Muintir Alecs Thom. 1927. 110 leath. 1s. 3d.

"BEIR buaidh agus beannacht," ar Banba, "is maith iad mo chlann féin, cé gur bheag mo chuid dem oighreacht sul ar eirigheadar chugam." Is dóigh liom gurab amhlaidh seo thra-osluigheann Caithlín Ní h-Uallacháin a chéad—shaothar litéardha don údar óg so. Más amhlaidh comhchuirimíd uile d'aon ghuth léi agus cuirimid an méid seo leis "Gura fada mhairir do iarracht earcaigh is gurab iomad seod eile i ndán duit cur léi 'amach annso,' a Bharra"!

Gearr-scéalta ábhar an leabhair—dhá cheann déag aca, cúig cinn ar an dTost agus seacht geinn ar an "Eile."

Tá gach aon cheann riamh aca ar fheabhas; i dtreo gurbh é adubhras-sa liom féin, agus mé ghá léigheamh: "seadh, a Bharra, nárbh fhada id 'thost' thú féin"? Agus nach duitse is eol a ghnaoi féin—shid é is Gaedhilg ar "atmosphere"—do chur ar gach scéal fé leith! An Ghaedhilg fós atá aige, arsa mé liom féin, cé gur bog, diúid, aiceanta, so-léighte le leanbh, ní fhágann son nach líomhtha, ealadhanta, amhainseach í. (Ní i dtaoibh leis an iasacht atáimíd, amh, chum "doyen" do rádh, agus "druim clí" againn féin air).

Is mór an chreideamhaint do mhuintir Alex. Thom an mhaise fé nar chuireadar amach é; cló breágh soiléighte ann, páipéar maith agus lí-dhealbh chlúdaigh ná tuigtear a brígh go léightear scéal a cúig. MICHEÁL MACGRAITH.

Classics

THE MINOAN-MYCENAEAN RELIGION AND ITS SURVIVAL IN GREEK RELIGION. By Martin P. Nilsson. Lund: C. W. K. Gleerup. London: Humphrey Milford. 1927. 31s. 6d. net.

THE classic age of discovery in pre-Greek archaeology would seem to have ended, and further excavations can do little more than fill in the details of a picture the outlines of which are already clear. The present period is one of stock-taking, in which the vast mass of evidence that has accumulated during thirty years

is being sorted out and classified, theories are being tested, and careful induction is taking the place of intuitive generalisation. In 1901 Sir Arthur Evans expounded the main features of pre-Greek Aegean religion in a famous treatise, *The Mycenaean Tree and Pillar Cult.* Although much has been discovered since, this has remained up to the present the sole comprehensive work on the subject.

Now Professor Nilsson, a foremost authority on Greek religion, has produced in the volume before us a singularly complete, careful, and well-balanced monograph in which every aspect of Minoan-Mycenaean religion is freshly surveyed. Professor Nilsson has already distinguished himself by his insistence on the value of Minoan cult and mythology for the student of Hellenic origins. This work has two qualities which will insure it permanent standard rank. It is based upon an almost minutely exhaustive examination of the monuments, and its method is that of rigorous reliance on clearly-presented evidence, with an absolute avoidance of all theorising upon *a priori* doctrines. This last is a feature which distinguishes all its author's work in a field strewn thick with theories.

In an introductory historical chapter Professor Nilsson ranges himself with those who hold that the Mycenaeans, or Achaeans, as they can now be safely called, were recent Greek-speaking invaders from the north who assimilated Cretan culture at the beginning of the Late Minoan period. This is a subject on which no certain conclusion is possible in the present state of our knowledge, and indeed one which the authorities are very shy of thrashing out to the bitter end. Most English experts believe that Minoan culture was probably introduced into continental Greece by conquest or colonisation from Crete; all seem to agree that the Achaean lords must have spoken Greek. Professor Nilsson's arguments for a northern conquest are not all new. They are chiefly based on the well-known differences between the Mycenaean and the Cretan palaces and on the distribution of the Greek dialects, our earliest knowledge of which dates from a period six hundred years later than the end of the Late Minoan. On these arguments we may remark that they permit of differing conclusions. We would wish to protest against one misleading habit which Professor Nilsson shares with most philologists—that of describing the Arcado-Cypriote dialect as "Achaean." He adds to these a fresh argument from the prevalence of amber in Mycenaean Greece and its absence from Minoan Crete, from which surely very few ethnological conclusions can be drawn.

On the whole the dominant English hypothesis seems to us the one which best explains the almost startlingly Cretan character of Mycenaean civilisation.

In the middle section of the book which discusses the monuments, Professor Nilsson seems to have upset some of the conclusions as to Minaon religion which the imaginative nomenclature and gifted insight of Evans had made widely known. He thinks the "sacral knot" was purely an ornament, that the Double Axe is not a thunder-weapon but the sacrificial implement, and the Pillar not an "aniconic divinity" but the symbol of a shrine. He finds in Minoan religion not the "dual monotheism" of Evans, but a whole pantheon in which there are several goddesses and at least one god. He distinguishes between the Snake Goddess, whom he explains as a domestic divinity (with the snake not an earth-deity but the protecting spirit of the house), and the goddess of the wild, whom he calls by the well-known Greek name "Mistress of Animals." Side by side with this deity he places the single god, who he thinks is not a warrior-god, but her counterpart, the Master of Animals. To this god he gives a name which is surely very doubtful Greek, *πότνιος θηρῶν* (p. 310). He finds in the Hagia Triáda Sarcophagus not hero-worship, but a cult of the *deified* dead, derived wholly or in part from Egypt.

The concluding part of the book, on the relations between Minoan-Mycenaean religion and that of Greece, while dealing with an even more difficult subject, is full of important suggestions and will arouse much interest among all Greek scholars. After first pointing out various similarities between Minoan and Greek cult-practices, and emphasising the well-known fact that Greek holy places were very often the sites of Minoan cult-centres, he goes on to examine a number of divinities for which a Minoan origin may be postulated. Among these are included with fair certainty Hera, Athena, Artemis, and very probably Apollo, whose resemblance to the "Master of Animals" is striking, and as to whose origin in Asia Minor he supports Wilamowitz against the recent arguments of Bethe. Next he discusses the Cretan myth of the Divine Zeus-child and its relations with the Eleusinian Ploutos, the Attic Erichthonios, and the child Dionysos. He derives this latter deity rather from Asia Minor than from Thrace, and thinks the name Bacchos to be Lydian. Finally he has a most interesting chapter on the Mycenaean origin of Hero-worship and on Greek beliefs as to the after-life, which he partly derives from Egypt.

It will be seen that this is one of the most important books on Greek religion published for many years. It is magnificently produced, and well illustrated. Its only fault in this respect is its highly glazed paper, which one reader at least found very trying to the eyes. M.T.

FIVE ROMAN EMPERORS. Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, Nerva, Trajan. By Bernard W. Henderson, M.A., D.Litt. Cambridge: University Press. 1927. 21s.

Dr. Henderson writes always as an Oxford tutor in revolt against academic traditions. Those who judge a book by its academic tone may thus easily underestimate the value of his work. He is for ever throwing off a *boutade* at some German pedant or Cambridge don; his allusions to modern politics are invariably racy and provocative. It is not always easy to make allowance for what is apparently a personal characteristic. In the present volume, for example, I read: "Little grace or charity redeems the angry Christian writers of the later centuries from the forgetfulness which they deserve"; and elsewhere: "The monstrosities of Berlin architecture, the lumpishness of Prussian sculpture, the failure of poetry, the lack of imagination in literature and scholarship, the tawdriness and soullessness of modern German painting, until Von Uhde's protest came to redeem it, all reinforce the old familiar lesson taught by the condition of the Roman Empire from Vespasian to Honorius." At first my instinct is to shut the book, as I have shut so many silly propagandist publications; and then my eye is caught by some striking phrase or some unexpected reference in a foot-note, and I read on. And nearly always I am glad that I resisted that first temptation. For Dr. Henderson is undoubtedly a learned man, who has something to say and who says it clearly and incisively.

This book is not of his best. The *Life and Principate of the Emperor Nero* and *Civil War and Rebellion in the Roman Empire* are more characteristic of his qualities as a writer, and they contain more real learning. This volume, which has been written as a kind of stop-gap to fill the interval between the two earlier works and his recent *Life and Principate of the Emperor Hadrian*, seems to have been put together more hurriedly, and is certainly lacking in proportion. Apart from the first three chapters, in which Dr. Henderson gives us his estimate of the Flavian princes and their policy, almost the whole of the book is taken up with problems of provincial administration and military defence. There are reasons for this selection, of course, and they are duly stated

in the Preface. But it is probable that Dr. Henderson's personal tastes were mainly responsible for the decision. He has always loved war and the rumours of war. How could he resist Trajan's column, with its stirring scenes ? And then there was Cichorius, surely a living proof that German scholars are not always as lacking in imaginative power as Dr. Henderson's rash generalisation would have us believe. Anyhow, he plunges boldly in, and the more romantic Cichorius becomes in his commentary, the more this English scholar waxes eloquent. "Dacian gold, Thracian gold, Gothic gold, Hunnish gold, Rhine gold—we may still be young enough to enjoy and to believe in all."

Anyhow, it is all very readable ; and the long chapter on the German-Raetian Limes is a welcome summary of modern research, which is all too often inaccessible to students. Dr. Henderson has spared no pains here, where his subject interests him. We hear less about other features of Roman imperial policy. His chapter on "Some Aspects of Social and Economic Policy" is largely indebted to the recent work of Dr. Rostovtzeff and to Mr. Heitland's *Agricola.* His third chapter deals with the persecution of the Christians under Domitian. As it stands, it is hardly an adequate statement of a difficult problem ; but it is only fair to take Dr. Henderson's own advice, and refer back to an Appendix in his earlier volume on Nero. There the reader will find a very full and challenging account of the whole controversy, and he will probably come to the conclusion that Dr. Henderson's opinion is more entitled to respect than would at first appear from his provocative tone. On the main issue, he is distinctly conservative, and he will also have none of Sir William Ramsay's distinction between the policy of Nero and the policy of the Flavian Emperors. He is, it is true, unduly sceptical as to the number of the faithful who suffered for the Name under Domitian, for we hear of a general persecution from Hegesippus, Irenaeus and Tertullian—no mean consensus of authority. But the names of those who thus suffered are lost, and Dr. Henderson states correctly the chief interest of this episode in Church History. It shows us "that now at last the new religion was gently making its way, not only into the slaves' garrets of the crowded city or the underlings' quarters in Caesar's household, but even into the palaces of the nobility, and claimed adherence of the Emperor's own kin. And those of noble birth also stood firm, and did not deny their Lord."

A. G.

Economics

A STUDY IN PUBLIC FINANCE. By A. C. Pigou. London: 1928. 16s.

Professor Pigou makes it clear in his preface that he does not attempt to cover the whole field of public finance, but only certain special aspects of the subject. He thus anticipates any possible criticism that his latest work lacks the comprehensiveness and completeness that characterized his previous books on *The Economics of Welfare* and *Industrial Fluctuations*. To these books the present volume is designed as a supplement—"the three books together embodying the main part of what I have to say on general economics." It is to be hoped that by this utterance Professor Pigou does not declare that his authorship is at an end; at least he leaves the door open to the discussion of special as distinguished from general problems.

As might be expected, the method followed is that associated with the Cambridge School. Marginalism is ingeniously applied in the discussion on the burden of taxation so as to lead to some novel results, as, for example, that the optimum amount of expenditure is likely to be larger the greater is the aggregate income of the community—"for, other things being equal, the marginal sacrifice involved in raising n shillings from the public will be smaller the larger is the number of shillings constituting the public income." The most important innovation in phraseology is the distinction between the distributional and the announcement aspects of taxation. "These are on the one hand the way in which the several parts of the total money impost are distributed among people in different economic situations, and on the other hand the scheme of formulae in which their (*sic*) own particular liability is announced to each individual taxpayer . . . . . The announcement of a tax as a rule causes people to modify their conduct with a view, in some measure, to avoiding the pressure of the tax." In actual practice, the author indicates, the announcement aspects are of minor importance compared with the distributional.

As regards the ultimate principle of equity in taxation, Professor Pigou expresses himself emphatically in favour of the principle of least aggregate sacrifice, thus agreeing with the late Professor Edgeworth. The Rignano scheme of inheritance taxation is provisionally approved subject to the administrative difficulties which it entails, and approval is also expressed of a moderate tax on the natural value of land and on monopoly

revenues. The chapters dealing with protection are especially interesting. "There is," we are told, "a strong *prima facie* presumption against government interference with the national flow of competitive imports." The presumption however is not decisive, and an agricultural country, in particular, may be justified in adopting a protective tariff to develop its infant industries. After a full discussion the conclusion is reached that "there is thus, from a national point of view and in a less degree from a cosmopolitan point of view also, a clear theoretical case for certain applications of protectionist policy." The wisdom of such a policy being adopted is however questioned first, because of the possibility of the desired results being obtained more satisfactorily by other means, such as bounties, and secondly because of the danger of entrusting such difficult matters to governments "as constituted in real life." On this subject, as on many others, Sidgwick is quoted to good effect. A new and encouraging note is struck by the suggestion that, even if it were possible to make the foreigner bear the burden of a protective duty, such an imposition would be inequitable and unjust.

The last book deals with certain aspects of public borrowing. The financing of extraordinary emergencies by the granting of bank credits and other inflationary measures is emphatically condemned. On the vexed question of a capital levy in Great Britain, the author confesses that he was in favour of such a measure at the conclusion of the war, but that he is inclined to regard it as impracticable and inexpedient at the present time.

G. O'B.

Education

VINGT LECONS D'HISTOIRE DE L'ART. Par L. Bordes. Paris: J. Gigord. 1927. Pp. xiii., 330. 30 fr. (Les 30 gravures (hors texte) qui illustrent cet ouvrage se vendent aussi separément, en pochette. 5 fr.).

THE formal introduction of the history of Art into the French State programmes of secondary education, as an essential branch in the concluding years of that course, has been markedly successful, despite its limited time-table and its overcrowded programmes. It has the great merit of concentrative attention on the picture: it erred, perhaps, by seeking to minimise elucidation of the concept of the picture, by being too impressionist and too much averse from intellectual appraisal.

The excellent Catholic publishing house for educational works, Gigord, of Paris, has utilised with great success the literary

skill and artistic mastery of M. L. Bordes to correct these defects. Obviously, the treatment of Art is an excellent aspect of historical studies, in a general education, for Catholic schools to promote and cultivate. They have, indeed, never neglected it in secondary education through History, whether in France or in Germany. The new opportunity will give them a splendid means of civilising history, and of rendering it, what it should never have ceased to be, Christian in an explicit way. M. Bordes writes for teachers, not for pupils. He applies, as was to be expected, the excellent French methods of literary exposition to the analysis and synthesis of works of art. We have nothing here of mere sensorial presentation. The great work of art must have a great concept, a great and well-composed idea. So must the piece of literature, in prose and verse, that is worthy of treatment with a class.

The masterly simplicity of these Lessons yields its noblest results, of course, on such material as the great age of art affords. Giotto, Donatello, Leonardo da Vinci ; above all, Michael Angelo and Raphael, even Bernini and Velasquez, all exemplify this educational fact. With Botticelli, and still more with Greuze, Poussin, Corot, it is not to be expected that the same success could be attained. M. Bordes finds that the method of traditional Christian school use serves to show up weaknesses. This grows, as the age of Romanticism approaches. It would be well to limit the school treatment of Art to what is really great, and great not merely by technique, but by intellectual principle.

The 30 illustrations, all outside the text, can be had for the extraordinarily attractive price of five francs, in separate form. This secures that a moderate-sized upper class can be given individual material, while the exposition and criticism of the illustrations remain at the discretion of the teacher. Not all schools will accept all the illustrations provided for those of Catholic France. In particular, a better example of what is laudable in Botticelli could have been easily presented. But, allowing for the excessive range of matter and of schools of painting named in the official programmes, the house of Gigord has done worthily in these Lessons and in their illustrations, and has presented the clear and direct, yet masterly comments of M. Bordes as fittingly as it has presented the thirty subjects chosen by him.

T. C.

THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS. An Autobiography. Privately issued, 1907; first published, 1918; Popular edition, 1928. Edited by Henry Cabot Lodge. Pp. x. 517. London: Constable. 1928. 10s. 6d. net.

THE editor's preface to this timely reissue of Henry Brook Adams on himself will be a disappointment to many readers. It reveals nothing of that ecstatic self-complacency which characterised Boston Puritanism in the middle years of the last century: the age when the Cabots, as was well known and entirely true, spoke only to the Lodges. But the popular reader of this popular edition of the essence of that epoch will be well pleased with the book itself—serene, nay, superb, in its calm condescension.

Henry Adams, son of Charles Adams, Minister to London, sets all the world of Europe and America in motion to elucidate his own education. The Adams *ego* is omnipresent, it is, with ample appropriateness, evolved from the preceding careers and characters of John Quincy Adams, grandfather, also Minister to London, sixth President; and of John Adams, also Minister to London, and second President, great grandfather of this Henry Adams, expositor of the *ego*. Mention of these two Presidents, to all who know of America, will explain all. Most especially will it explain how in five hundred full pages, as perfectly printed as they are complacently composed, three lines (page 393) dispose of the mere Irish, who "obstructed even themselves." Let us think of Boston and of those United States, in this Presidential year, the centenary year of that Jackson election of 1828, when the effective career of John Quincy Adams closed at Washington.

Because of all this, the book is full of values: it eclipses even Mr. Siegfried's recent volume, illuminating though it was. That acute observer viewed America in its basic states: Henry Adams lets us see Boston adjudicating on all America and on all Europe. Most of all will it be useful to university professors, and to students of modern diplomacy and politics who connect with Universities. Adams, after elongated essays towards his own education, became a Professor at Harvard, and "imposed Germany on his scholars with a heavy hand" (p. 304). Yet as a university student at Berlin, a decade before, "his first lecture was his last," for "neither the method nor the matter could profit an American education" (Pp. 75-76). What wonder if his life was ineffective, no less so at Berlin than at Harvard, where "the lecture-room was futile enough, but the faculty-room was worse: a social desert that would have starved a polar bear" (p. 307). What was he doing there? "He was teaching his students nothing: he was

only educating himself at their cost. Education, like politics, is a rough affair" (p. 306).

On any and all forms of education, politics, diplomacy, this exudation of egoism is almost unique: everything is quietly quizzed, to use an Americanism for educational work, as to what it can contribute to the Adams *ego*. Both continents are merely tributary. London, Washington, Rome, Berlin, all yield their treasures; yet, for the Irish reader, all are illuminated, deftly distinguished.

The Education of Henry Adams would be a salutary sedative in the educational work of Universities to-day. For its writer, weary of himself, turned ultimately to the age of the First Renaissance, to the epoch of Saint Bernard and Saint Louis, to the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, to Amiens, Chartres, Mont-Saint-Michel, "as the unit from which he might measure motion down to his own time." And why? Senator Lodge explains why, quoting Adams himself: "Any schoolboy could see that man, as a force, must be measured by motion from a fixed point. Psychology helped here by suggesting a unit—the point of history when man held the highest idea of himself as a unit in a unified universe." This seemed to promise well: yet even here, Henry Adams quite failed. Without knowing why he tells us why in the next sentence. He wished to study that great age of philosophic unity "without assuming anything as true or untrue, except relation." The egoistic and eclectic Puritanism of Boston eighty years ago, bringing this spirit into the study of the age of the great democratic universities, great cathedrals, giant intellects rooted in Christian humility, was bound to fail. So Henry Adams tells us always of failure. T. C.

Fiction

THE SHORT STORIES OF H. G. WELLS. London: Benn. 1927. 1152 pages. 7s. 6d. net.

This volume is very good value, first of all because it gives us all Mr. Wells's stories, sixty-three in number, for seven and sixpence. But more than that, it is very good value because it gives us a most interesting picture of Mr. Wells himself. One passes nowadays by a very natural transition from Mr. Wells to Mr. Belloc. Mr. Philip Guedalla, in a highly amusing essay, once compared Mr. Belloc for his versatility to a procession (including, we remember with delight, an elderly gentleman slightly merry and singing ballads of his own composition). In this volume

of stories Mr. Wells stands revealed not exactly as a procession, but as a little knot of rather curiously assorted writers. There is first of all the really great Wells, Wells himself, unspoiled by that queer humility of his in the presence of scientists with one-tenth of his brains, or that equally queer recent hatred of Catholicism, or any other of those strange warps that so often deform his genius. This is the Wells who created that " Kipps " for which most of us would give fifty " Outlines of History." In stories like " A Catastrophe " or " The Jilting of Jane " or " Mr. Brisher's Treasure " we find that suggestion of fullness and ease that marks off genius from mere talent. We feel that Mr. Wells is here telling us all about a life that he knows as well as anyone knows it, and that he can talk about it with supreme skill. We feel that he is absolutely full of his theme, and could go on for ever spinning yarns of the little struggling shops and gas-lit parlours and shabby streets of that lower middle-class England we have got to know so well from his pages, that England so incredibly vulgar, so incredibly *tracassant*, yet capable of amazing depths of affection and devotedness and even of queer sudden heroisms.

Then come the inferior, though always entertaining, Wellses. First the " prehistoric " Wells, with his romance of Ughlomi and Eudena and its paraphernalia of flint axes and fossil necklaces, and its children " narrow in the loins and long in the arms," whose ears " had no lobes, and had little pointed tips, a thing that still, in rare instances, survives." It all sounds very reminiscent of the early chapters of the " Outline of History." There follow the " scientific " Wells and the " creepy " Wells, with their journeys into the future, and their escapes from the trammels of space, and their murderous orchids and thinking spiders. It would be pedantic, of course, to take all this stuff as an indication of Mr. Wells's philosophy. It is just what he meant it to be, entertaining imaginative foolery. But to one who disagrees with and dislikes Mr. Wells's materialistic concept of the cosmos it is decidedly interesting to note the persistent impatience of his mind towards the limits of that very cosmos and the delight it takes in escaping from them.

Next we have the " religious " Wells. And here another interesting reflection presents itself. We all remember Mr. Chesterton's entertaining parable of the man who set out to discover a desert island and who discovered England. It is diverting to note how, whenever Mr. Wells ceases from demolishing the " creeds outworn " (for which he has such contempt) and

starts out to give us some religious ideas of his own, he seems to stumble up against something that, to Catholics at any rate, sounds suspiciously like the penny catechism. One certainly gets the impression for instance from a sketch like " A Vision of Judgment " that Mr. Wells thinks he is here giving us something much cleverer than the traditional version of the Last Day. In point of fact he gives us something so completely in the truest traditional style that one could almost imagine it coming wholesale, with its human marionettes and its grim humour, from the lips of (say) Saint Bernardine of Siena, and even its irreverences would have almost been matched by his familiarities,. And then there is that superb " Story of the Last Trump," in which, as a result of a premature sounding of that instrument, various unsuitable persons get a glimpse of the Divine, with strange results. Once again one gets the impression of " superiority." The idea may be superbly worked out, but it is not new.

There is one more Wells in this book, a Wells who is something between the " creepy " Wells and the Wells of " Kipps," and that is the Wells of pure fantasy. It is pleasant to close on this aspect of him, for it has given us such fine examples of the story-teller's art as " The Magic Shop " and " The Door in the Wall "—the latter being perhaps the finest story in the volume. F. McG.

History

THE DRUIDS: A Study in Keltic Prehistory. By T. D. Kendrick, M.A., Department of British and Medieval Antiquities, the British Museum. London: Methuen. 1927. 12s. 6d. net.

We have three chief sources of knowledge about the Druids: ancient Greek and Latin authors contemporary with the Druids or in touch with contemporary information; the tradition of early Irish literature; and, not least, the outgrowths and effects of Druidism surviving in early Christian Ireland. Mr. Kendrick does not profess to have made any systematic investigation, one might almost say any investigation, of the second and third of these. He gives in an appendix a useful collection of passages from Greek and Latin authors and translates these in suitable places in the book.

The opening chapter is devoted mainly to a proper and necessary task, clearing the ground of the fanciful notions that modern romanticism has set in vogue about the Druids and Druidism. It has however escaped the author's perception that

precisely to this class of notions the assumption belongs that the Druids were priests, and he is himself so fully obsessed with it that he bases his view of the Druids throughout on that assumption without discussing it or showing any evidence for it. Had it occurred to him that this also might be a modern fancy, the ancient writers would have confirmed his suspicion, for not one of them says or even suggests that the Druids were priests. Their evidence, as far as it is explicit, is to the contrary. Cæsar, for example, whose account, the most minute and complete, is given with characteristic exactitude, says in describing the human sacrifices of the Gauls: "*ad*ministris *ad* ea sacrificia druidibus utuntur." If the Druids had been known to him as priests, this statement would have been superfluous. It would not even have been necessary to say "ministris eorum sacrificiorum druidibus utuntur." The meaning of his phrase is developed by Diodorus Siculus: *ἔθος δ' αὐτοῖς ἐστι μηδένα θυσίαν ποιεῖν ἄνευ φιλοσόφου*—"it is their custom to offer no sacrifice without (the presence of) a philosopher"; or as Strabo has it briefly, *ἔθνον δὲ οὐκ ἄνευ δρυιδῶν*—"they did not sacrifice without Druids." If it were written of some modern people, "They do not mine for gold without a geologist," what should we infer as to the probability of the geologist being a professional miner? The other sources abovementioned concur with the evidence of Greek and Latin writers in indicating that the Druids were not priests.

The collected passages reveal another aspect of the case. The Greek writers in general and among the Latin writers the earlier—Cæsar, Cicero, Ammianus Marcellinus, and Mela—write of the Druids without depreciation and indeed in terms consistent with a sense of respectful esteem. Later Latin writers—Lucan, Pliny, and Tacitus—are hostile or contemptuous. These reflect the imperial policy which sought and achieved the overthrow of Druidism in Gaul. Augustus excluded the Druids and their disciples from Roman citizenship. Tiberius "removed" them (*sustulit Druidas*), whatever that may mean, since it left something to be done by Claudius, who "utterly abolished them" (*penitus abolevit*). The pretext for this policy was the connection of the Druids with human sacrifices. Plutarch tells us that the introduction of Roman civilisation into Gaul cost the Gallic people two million lives—one million killed, another million given to a worse fate, sold into slavery. From this we may judge how greatly the Romans were shocked at the part taken by the Druids in human sacrifices, in which the victims were usually thieves, robbers, and other delinquents. It is in fact on record

that Roman citizenship, denied to the Druids, was accorded to Gallic priests, the Gutuatri. The Roman *humanitas*, accepted in their ignorance (*imperiti*) by the conquered Gauls and Britons, was really, as Tacitus understood, a factor in their enslavement (*pars servitutis*), and the suppression of Druidism had the same purpose. With less candour Tacitus endeavours to give something of the aspect of a military success to the massacre of the Druids in Anglesea, and puts forward the imperial pretext to excuse it.

Misled by his fundamental error of regarding the Druids as priests, Mr. Kendrick deals with Druidical learning in a chapter on Religion, and satisfies himself that his ancient authorities, no less than modern fancy-mongers, accorded the Druids a prestige in learning far beyond their merit. In this connection he gives an account of the Coligny Calendar. He cites in footnotes my paper on the subject in "Eriu," Vol. x, but it is evident that he has not had time to use it so as to avoid serious mistakes—the assumption that the Calendar represents a complete solilunar cycle, that it exhibits an erroneous computus, that it is based on the Roman Calendar before the Julian reform, that its NSDS is a contraction for the Latin *nefastus dies*, that its intercalations were all at equal intervals of $2\frac{1}{2}$ years, etc. I have shown that in general structure and in detail the Coligny Calendar is not based on any known model, that its lunar reckoning is mathematically accurate, that its lunar basis is the Druidical month indicated by Pliny.

On the question of the origin of Druidism, Mr. Kendrick undertakes to explain away Cæsar's statement and to reject Pokorny's argument. Any force that his counter-argument can display is based on the initial error, the assumption that the Druids were priests. A footnote in Bury's "Life of Saint Patrick" (p. 76) has just brought to my notice that, before Pokorny, Sir John Rhys formed the view that Druidism was not of Celtic origin. This view is supported by the poem in the "Irish Nennius" which says plainly that Druidism was learned from the Picts. Cæsar says: "It is believed (*existimatur*) that the teaching (*disciplina*) was invented in Brittania." He is here reporting an account received in Gaul. Mr. Kendrick thinks that the statement is weakened by *existimatur*, but it is not easy to imagine what evidence could be more valid than the belief of the Gauls of Cæsar's time. We may be fairly certain, however, that Cæsar's Gallic informants did not say "Brittania." So far as we know, Cæsar himself was the first to substitute Brittania for the earlier and later name Albion, and Brittani for the earlier Pretani. The

Pretani were Picts, common to Britain and Ireland, and in a saying reported on Gallic authority Cæsar's Brittania, like *ἡ Πρεταvική*, may well have had reference to both islands together. There is no record of Druids found by the Romans in Britain except the massacre in Anglesea, in suggestive proximity to Ireland.

I hold it most probable that Ireland was the country of origin, and find myself in full agreement with Mr. Kendrick where he says (p. 132): "It seems safe to say that there are no good reasons for disputing the essential sameness of Druidism as represented in Gaul and in Ireland." It is demonstrable that the *filid* ("poets)" and *brithemuin* ("brehons") of early Christian Ireland are in direct succession from the Druids, whose name they have discarded. The *brithem* is seen to be a *fili* who "specialises" in jurisprudence. The *fili* is not the professional poet so named in later times, but rather, as O'Curry long ago understood, a philosopher in the Greek sense (MS. Materials, p. 2)—limited however in his philosophy to the native tradition of learning, which did not extend to the theological and Latin learning of the ecclesiastical schools. In these days of Statism and State-worship, it is easy to miss the concept of a nationality, a specially developed civilisation, based on a common national culture and not on a common political machinery, but overleaping political boundaries and uniting independent states in a nationality of fact as well as of sentiment. This was prevented in Gaul by Roman policy. It was achieved in Ireland. In Gaul, the Druids acquired a common jurisdiction in disputes between states. In Ireland, they established a common national law which was administered in separate and independent jurisdictions. Their learning, where it essayed to cover ground occupied by the learning of Greece, borrowed into Latin, had to give way before the Latin schools which had the backing of the Church, but their cultural spirit permeated the Latin schools and made Ireland for an age the home of a phenomenally vigorous Latin culture. The outstanding and distinctive character of Irish nationality in the pre-Norse period is symbolised in the scene at Tara, where the *fili* Dubthach stood up first in the court to reverence and welcome Patrick.

Cæsar knew more and tells more about the Druids than all the other Greek and Latin writers combined. He was an acute observer, had the best opportunities of observation, and cannot be accused of a favouring prejudice. It is not good history to whittle down his account or to present Druidism in any meaner aspect than he has outlined. For him the Druids were not mere

sorcerers, upholders of an inhuman ritual. It is only when the imperial policy has decided to destroy them that they are so depicted.

Mr. Kendrick's book, as a study of Druidism, is inadequate and inaccurate. It contains, nevertheless, a great deal of special and valuable information, archæological and historical, regarding the ancient Celts and the countries occupied by them. In this respect, it deserves not to be neglected by students of early Irish and British history. EOIN MAC NEILL.

THE BOOK OF THE GALTEES AND THE GOLDEN VEIN. A Border History of Tipperary, Cork and Limerick. By Paul J. Flynn. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co. 1926. 21s. net.

THE writing of local history does not seem to be popular in Ireland. We have far too many general histories, of varying degrees of merit, while relatively little attention has been paid to the claims of regionalism. Yet few countries afford greater scope for the activities of the local historian. For it took Ireland several centuries to attain the doubtful blessing of political centralisation. Down to the end of Elizabeth's reign Irish civilisation, while preserving the essentials of unity, remained largely "particularist," and thus the student who is content to labour in any part of the field should be assured of a rich harvest. This consideration alone should be sufficient to secure a welcome for the present work.

Mr. Flynn has selected one of the most interesting of Irish districts. He has given us the story of the Galtees and the Golden Vein from the mythological origins of the *Eoghanacht* down to the battle of Kinsale, after which point, indeed, the tale would be scarce worth continuing. This has meant considerable research, for the sources consulted range from the earliest Gaelic legends down to the sixteenth century reports of British officials and spies. The author is to be congratulated on the industry which he has employed, more particularly on his study of the State Papers, where he has obviously not contented himself with the miserly Calendars but has consulted the originals. He has produced, on the whole, a very readable work, the value of which is enhanced by its handsome format and excellent illustrations. True, the style is somewhat free and easy for a serious work, degenerating at times into sheer journalese. To take but one instance, the expression "Allen did not half like the match" hardly does justice to the dignified, if somewhat ponderous, arguments

addressed by the Lord Chancellor to the Countess of Ormond against her projected alliance with Gerald of Desmond. Again, there is too great a tendency to indulge in lengthy *excursus*, which bring us very far from the territory under discussion and mar the unity of the work. Finally, the author would have been wiser to eschew rigorously all attempted etymologies of Irish place-names. There is no department of Irish scholarship which presents such fatal attractions for the amateur and is so full of traps for the unwary. Mr. Flynn has—inevitably—fallen into some of them.

The greater part of the work deals with the sixteenth century, when the historic *Eoghanacht* became the cock-pit of the rival houses of Desmond and Ormond. The author has drawn extensively on the State Papers, and has been able to elicit many interesting territorial details concerning the movement which culminated in the Desmond Rebellion and the final overthrow of the Gaelic polity in the South. But all foreign sources have been ignored. For the earlier relations between the Desmonds and France, the author would have been well-advised to consult the first volume of Professor Hogan's *Ireland in the European System*, where all the available material from French as well as Irish sources has been collected. Still more striking is the omission of important sources relating to James Fitzmaurice, in many ways the Hamlet of the piece. While Mr. Flynn has diligently garnered all the information sent in by English spies on the Continent about the activities of the man they called "the Arch-Traitor," he is apparently unaware that infinitely more detailed and reliable records have been published in the Calendars of State Papers of France, Spain and Rome. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the story of Fitzmaurice's youthful exploits in foreign countries, to which the author frequently refers, is almost certainly apocryphal. The single authority on which it is based, never very reliable, has here been obviously led astray by the accounts of Fitzmaurice's later career. On the other hand there is no word of it in the detailed account of the great Geraldine submitted by his intimate friend, the Jesuit David Woulfe, to the Vatican in 1570 (*CSP., Rome*, vol. ii).[1] Nor is it once mentioned in the numerous and exceedingly interesting letters of Fitzmaurice himself, nearly all of which have unfortunately escaped the author's researches. D.A.B.

[1] The full text of Father Woulfe's "Description of the Realm of Ireland" has been recently printed in Italian, as an appendix to Canon Begley's *The Diocese of Limerick in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* (Browne and Nolan. 1928. 21s.)

LIFE AND WORK IN MEDIEVAL EUROPE. By P. Boissonnade. Translated by Eileen Power. London: Keegan Paul. 1927. Pp. + xix 395. 16s. net.

PROFESSOR BOISSONADE'S admirably written account of the economic institutions of medieval Europe—here excellently presented to the English reader—will necessarily take its place as an indispensable addition to the working library of every serious student of medieval history. Nor is it only the specialist who will welcome it, for it has many features that will commend it to the general reader at all interested in the actualities of human history, too often ignored in the usual text-books. Professor Boissonnade's treatment of this aspect of the life of the period shows that the realist historian can be just as attractive to his readers as his brother practitioner who devotes himself to themes of greater spectacular interest. At any rate his readers will admit that he gives them a picture of life that will strike them as the real life of the age.

Viewed from this angle the period of the Middle Ages has nothing to fear in comparison with any other period in human history—in the author's own words it appears as "one of the most fruitful and brilliant periods of the historic past," a period in which men wrought great achievements of incalculable importance to the progress of civilisation.

The volume opens with a description of the confusion and ruin worked in social order through the Barbarian invasions that disrupted the Roman Empire. Out of the resulting welter of anarchy and chaos it traces the gradual rise of the labouring classes in town and county, whose work made the foundation on which was built the great edifice of medieval civilisation, bringing the story down to the Renaissance period when the great medieval structure crumbled and was transformed into the modern world. Every page of the book bears evidence of the painstaking research of its writer, and one feels that he is a sure guide in a difficult historical region—at least one feels that he has ample warrant for his statements.

Professor Boissonnade emphasises the importance of the part played by the medieval church in the economic development of this thousand years. Through her work was given to Western Europe the form it retained throughout the Middle Ages, not only in the moral but also in the economic sphere. The example she set was a source of stimulus to enlightened efforts by the laity towards social amelioration. The great agricultural domains of the church were the seed-beds of progress—and here due tribute

is paid to the work of Irish foundations in rendering service to the cause of civilisation that cannot be over-estimated.

When one has read this book, one will have good reasons for agreeing with the writer's contention that it is to the Middle Ages that the world owes its recognition of the social importance of labour, and one will feel with him that it is in this period that were laid the foundations of democratic institutions, with all that they imply for the dignity and ennoblement of humanity.

The book is one to buy and read—a most valuable unit in the great series to which it belongs. W.J.W.

Miscellaneous

THE "ACTION FRANÇAISE" CONDEMNATION. By Denis Gwynn. London: Burns Oates and Washbourne. 1928. 7s. 6d. net.

POURQUOI ROME A PARLÉ. Par P. Doncoeur, S.J., V. Bernadot, O.P., E. Lajeunie, O.P., D. Lallement, F. X. Maquart, Jacques Maritain. Paris: Editions Spes. 1928. 15 fr.

L'HEURE D'OBÉIR. Par Mgr. Paul Rémond. Paris: Bloud and Gay. 1928. 6 fr.

THE CONDEMNATION OF THE "ACTION FRANÇAISE." By Leo Ward. London: Sheed and Ward. 1928. 1s.

IT is an inevitable circumstance of prolonged public controversy that it is only when the excitement has calmed down and the discussion is more or less closed, that an impartial survey of the whole matter becomes practicable. This is what Mr. Denis Gwynn has now attempted to supply concerning recent religious events in France, and his carefully compiled record is likely to remain the standard work on the subject for English readers. That Mr. Gwynn is well equipped for his task goes without saying; he has spent several years on French soil, and his volume on "The Catholic Reaction in France," published a couple of years ago, establishes his familiarity with the French religious situation. No one, therefore, among our laity is more competent to reveal the extraordinary complexities of a situation which at one moment threatened to disrupt the Catholic laity in France, and which has been but little understood beyond her frontiers.

Catholics in other countries have usually failed to make due allowances for the peculiar difficulties of the situation when a large section of the nation found itself faced with the papal condemnation of a movement which appeared to many of them

purely political; and we specially welcome the clarity with which Mr. Gwynn has exposed this aspect of the controversy. In the first place Mr. Gwynn brings out very rightly the amazing amount of support and approval that the Action Française in general and even M. Maurras in particular had received from numerous highly-placed ecclesiastics: from Cardinal de Cabrières, the old royalist Bishop of Montpellier, who had undoubtedly intervened with Pius X to withhold the earlier condemnation; from Cardinal Charost of Rennes, who supported the Action Française with generous praise up to the very eve of the condemnation; from the Bishop of Montauban; from Maurras' old tutor, Mgr. Guillebert, and even, in 1915, from Cardinal Andrieu himself. Was it surprising, therefore, that the first expressions of ecclesiastical disapproval were met with indignation or incredulity by Catholics who regarded these either as outbursts of purely personal animosity or as moves in the game of party politics?

Again, the method selected for the attack, through a personal letter of Cardinal Andrieu in language by no means wholly felicitous, was calculated to arouse rather than to allay impetuous public pronouncements from all sides. The position was further complicated by the unhappy echoes of the war-time accusations against the Vatican of being unduly subservient to Germany, which the Action Française has never hesitated to revive as part of its virulent nationalist campaign against the pacification of Europe. As a matter of fact it was not Germany, but Belgium, that was interested in the condemnation. One can indeed understand the stupefaction of their spiritual directors when the students of Catholic Louvain, in response to a query as to whom they regarded as their master among contemporary writers, recorded 176 votes for the author of "Anthinea" and only 6 for Cardinal Mercier!

Finally, Catholics were faced with the amazingly adroit and, in the end, utterly unscrupulous defence of M. Maurras himself, poured out day by day in the columns of the *Action Française*, which the great body of his readers had come to regard with peculiar affection and trust. To be suddenly cut off the reading of what for years had been the favourite daily relaxation of thousands, was in reality a very stiff test of Catholic loyalty. It is never easy to draw the correct line between politics and morals, and it has surely never been more difficult than in the case of the Action Française, with its avowed and sincere royalism, its professed respect for Order and Tradition, its frequent

if erratic support of the Church, combined with an underlying doctrine and outlook on life wholly at variance, when carefully pieced together, with Catholic teaching, and expounded bit by bit by the most brilliant and captivating controversialist of our day in writings that extend over thirty years. Thousands of young Frenchmen, while remaining Catholics, were carried away by Charles Maurras ; many of the clergy were among his convinced admirers. It was, as Mr. Leo Ward pithily remarks, a movement in which the leaders were mostly atheists and the followers mostly Catholics. Happily the second thoughts of many who began by protesting were inspired by wiser and surer instincts, and in his closing chapter Mr. Gwynn feels able to assert that " henceforward the Action Française may be regarded as a negligible force in French affairs."

Having read Mr. Gwynn's book for the history of the Action Française, the reader should turn for the understanding of its spirit to " Pourquoi Rome a parlé." The Action Française, posing as the victim of an unjust judgment, has clamoured for an exact and objective statement of the reasons of the condemnation. This solid volume of essays contributed by five distinguished theologians and that very subtle Catholic writer, Jacques Maritain, is a reply to the demand, and one that must carry conviction to all open-minded persons.

In the first essay, Père Doncoeur, S.J., with an exquisite lucidity, convicts Charles Maurras out of his own mouth. He gives him full credit for the frankness with which he has always exposed his own philosophic and moral attitude. He traces, with quotations from his writings, the early beginnings of the royalist pact between Catholics and agnostics, the limits and the dangers of which M. Maurras himself indicated with his accustomed clarity. Thus every one was fully warned concerning this " delicate situation." And Père Doncoeur recalls how, when the Modernists and the Sillonists in turn found themselves in trouble, M. Maurras pointed out to them, in terms truly edifying and singularly applicable to the present situation, their religious duty of submission. No one more explicitly than he has accepted papal authority within the sphere of religion.

It has fallen to two Dominicans to expose M. Maurras' doctrinal errors, and after re-stating the obvious dangers of the situation, they point out how these were aggravated by " the very great talent of M. Maurras, the dialectical power of his speeches, the beauty of his literary form, the facile clarity of his theories, which expose Catholics who accept him as their master to the perils of

dangerous deviations in regard to fundamental ideas. Little by little a Maurrassian mentality would take the place of a Christian mentality."

Charles Maurras has frequently boasted that people have come to him for his ideas; hence it is by his ideas that he must be judged. After studying his attitude towards God, which they show to be that of an atheist deeply tinged with paganism, the authors analyse his attitude towards Our Lord. It is perhaps in his idealisation of slavery as a natural and beneficent institution—more especially in the "Chemin de Paradis"—that he betrays most clearly his utterly non-Christian spirit, while his open aversion to the "Hebrew Christ," by which he professes to mean the Christ of the Protestant tradition, he is in reality blaspheming the Christ of the Gospels and of the true Catholic tradition. How then can he defend and exalt the Catholic Church? It is because he regards it simply as the Church of Order. All his favorite ideas of tradition, order, discipline, hierarchy, and so forth have been preserved and perfected by Catholicism. But he recognises in it nothing supernatural. For him the Church is a great and necessary, but purely human and social machine, the inheritor of a discipline received from Athens and Rome.

For many readers the closing chapter will possess an exceptional charm. We know of no writer who could have summed up the controversy more skilfully, more loyally, and one may add, more charitably towards his old friends of the Action Française than M. Maritain. Would that all polemics could be carried on in so gracious a manner. Under the title, "The meaning of the Condemnation," he establishes at once its inevitability and its essentially spiritual basis and defends the Pope from the accusation of political bias. One by one M. Maurras' arguments and assertions are shewn up in the hollowness of their plausibility, while the disobedience of his disciples is taken to have afforded the saddest of confirmations to the opportuneness of the condemnation. The summing-up is in every way worthy of a very notable volume.

Two slighter books remain to be noticed. "L'Heure d'obéir" consists of the clear and paternal instructions on the subject of the Decree of October 11, 1927, issued to his clergy by Mgr. Rémond, followed by a vigorous refutation of the principal controversial points made by the Action Française in the last months. Mr. Ward's little book deals effectively with the main considerations involved. He illustrates the teaching of the "school" of the Action Française by a number of brief but

illuminating quotations from M. Maurras and others, and describes its essential heresy as "the new and equivocal meaning it attached to such words as Order and Authority." V. M. C.

PSYCHOLOGIA SPECULATIVA IN USUM SCHOLARUM. Auctore Josepho Fröbes, S.J. Tomus I.: Psychologia sensitiva, pp. viii. + 254. M.4 (relig. M.5.50). Tomus II.: Psychologia rationalis, pp. vi. + 344. M.5.20 (relig. M.6.70). Freiburg: Herder. 1927.

FATHER FRÖBES is well-known through his large handbook on Empirical Psychology, which is acknowledged as the fullest guide to the work achieved by modern Psychology in all its departments. The present book deals with the philosophical aspect of Psychology. It is written in Latin, and the Scholastic method of exposition is adopted—the main doctrines being put forward as theses, followed by objections and replies in syllogistic form.

The author points out that in selection of material he does not side with those Scholastic philosophers who, "neglecting newly discovered facts and laws, confine philosophical discussions more and more to abstract questions." He links himself up rather with those who join the new with the old; this being more in harmony with the sound tradition of Peripatetic philosophy, "seeking truth from whatever source is found to be of aid, lest through ignoring new truth one may render even solidly established older doctrines contemptible to adversaries."

As this book is mainly concerned with questions of a philosophical kind, it presupposes that the student is at the same time equipped with a knowledge of the details of Empirical Psychology, through courses of lectures or otherwise. Sufficient treatment of these details is however provided in this work, though in a condensed form, to enable the reader to understand the discussions.

Both volumes are closely packed with matter. There is no unnecessary diffuseness or repetition. The style of exposition is direct and trenchant. The discussion, though often profound and subtle, is always admirably lucid. The author, with a sure tact, omits many of the older discussions and focusses the attention on central and relevant problems. In treating of "domestic" Scholastic controversies he is refreshingly impartial, and we find him sometimes siding with the Thomists, sometimes with Suarez. One feels that his deep erudition in the Scholastic literature, combined with his thorough knowledge of modern Psychology,

impart to his work a greater ease and mastery, a better grasp of the inter-relations of problems, and a greater actuality than is usually met with in books covering similar ground. The latter quality is especially evident in the selection of objections, these being usually drawn from "live" controversies. One instance of this is the discussion, in connection with the problem of animal intelligence, of W. Köhler's well-known experiments.

J. Shine.

THE DIALOGUE CONCERNING TYNDALE. By Sir Thomas More. Reproduced in Black Letter Facsimile from the Edition of 1557. Edited with a Modern Version and an Essay on the Spirit and Doctrine of the Dialogue by W. E. Campbell. With Historical Introduction and Philological Notes by A. W. Reed, M.A., D.Litt. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1927. 30s.

This work of the great English champion and martyr of the Faith was written just four hundred years ago, *viz.*, in 1528. It was republished in 1557 with a collected edition of his works. But it has had to wait 370 years for another edition. Now, as though in reparation for this long neglect, editors, publishers, and printers have combined to produce a truly noble edition. It is a quarto volume of over 600 pages handsomely printed, with a portrait of the author after Holbein. Everything that could contribute to the full understanding and appreciation of the work is provided by the editor and his collaborators. There is first a synopsis of the Dialogue, chapter by chapter. This is followed by an introduction, not very long but very rich in information. Then follows the facsimile of the Black Letter text of the edition of 1557. Then the editor laboriously collates the three editions (1529, 1531, and 1557) of the Dialogue, and provides notes on the punctuation, spellings, and language of the original, which, be it remarked, is an early monument of English prose.

All this first portion of the work is addressed to the scholar and specialist rather than to the general reader. The turn of the latter comes with Mr. Campbell's essay on the Spirit and Doctrine of the Dialogue, which is followed by his modern version of the work, and this in turn by a glossary and by elaborate indexes.

More's Dialogue is in substance the first great English vernacular controversy about the doctrines and discipline of the ancient church by the greatest and most loyal Catholic layman of his time against one of the ablest clerics of the new movement.

It is a defence of the Church all along the front line of attack—pilgrimages, prayer to the saints, veneration of images, and behind these the more fundamental points of doctrine—the authority of the Church, miracles, Holy Scripture. More was himself a reformer and well aware of the abuses that had become associated with practices otherwise holy and orthodox. But he was able to distinguish true doctrine and practice from excess and abuse, the gold from the dross.

The theme, then, of this book is merely that of all the writers who have played a part in the age-long struggle waged in defence of the Church since heresy first challenged her divine message and mandate. Its peculiar interest lies in the personality of its author, in the circumstances of the times, and in its spirit and style. The man who wrote it was one of the noblest figures in English history, if not in all history. It was written at a moment when England was at the parting of the ways and was approaching the most momentous crisis of her history. And then More's apologetic is couched in a form that sets it apart from the controversy to which we are accustomed. There is a racy vigour about it. The arguments are enlivened by dialogue, apostrophe, anecdotes—not always such as would to-day be welcomed in polite society. No doubt the quaintness of its sixteenth century English has something to do with the charm and freshness of the book. But the principal source of these and other qualities was the mind and character of the man who wrote it. S.J.B.

RELIGIOUS CONVERSION. A Bio-Psychological Study. By Sante de Sanctis, Professor of Psychology in the University of Rome. Translated by Helen Augur. London: Kegan Paul. 1927. 12s. 6d. net.

THIS resolutely agnostic study of the phenomena of religious conversion contains much that will interest the apologist and the spiritual director. Here is a sample quotation of use to both :—

> For example, among the younger psychiatrists the terms *hysterico-psychopathic* or *epileptic* are gratuitously applied to every religious mystic who is reported to have had experience of states of ecstasy with visions or crises of a like nature. They forget that the true hysterical ecstasy, somnambulism or vigilambulism, and the equivalent psycho-epilepsy are all phenomena followed by amnesia. When the saints or the mystics present phenomena of apparent ecstasy or rapture, accompanied by complete cutaneous anasthesia and followed by amnesia, the physician cannot fail to recognise the morbid character of these symptoms. But the truth is that in the majority of instances, even when insensibility accompanies the state of rapture, there is no amnesia, and whatever occurs in these ecstasies is remembered by the subjects themselves. In such cases no psychiatrist can diagnose such raptures as somnambulistic or epileptic attacks (p. 221).

The general tone of the book, though rigorously agnostic, is very sympathetic, and we rarely encounter, as on page 187, any offensive expressions. The writer respects religion and religious sentiment. Even in the manner in which he adapts the theories of Freud to explain conversion phenomena he is careful to avoid offence. But for a few *obiter dicta* one might readily take Professor de Sanctis as being merely agnostic in method, as one who desired to study religious conversion as a mere problem in experimental psychology. If we can accept such an assumption of method, we must admit that Professor de Sanctis has made a very useful contribution to religious psychology, but it is after all *Hamlet* with the Prince of Denmark left out. Salvation considered as a readjustment of complexes is a little unsatisfactory. In every real conversion there is one necessary element, *grace*, which observational psychology can only infer from a certain redundancy and repercussion on the content of consciousness. It is common doctrine that such an inference is only probable. "No man knoweth whether he is worthy of love or hatred." Between the repercussions of grace on our sensibility and our purely *natural* emotions there is such likeness that they are practically indistinguishable (St. Thomas, *De Veritate* Q10 A10 ad1). Hence the futility of a merely empirical psychology of religion which rejects the data of theology. The psychology of religious emotion is not religious psychology; save for purposes of disputation with the infidel. JOHN HOWLEY.

THE PETTY PAPERS. Edited by the Marquis of Lansdowne. London: Constable. 1927. 52s. 6d.

LORD LANSDOWNE has rendered a valuable service to the memory of his illustrious ancestor by publishing a selection from the papers of Sir William Petty preserved at Bowood. We are told that the papers printed form but a small part of the total available, but they are sufficient to illustrate the author's amazing versatility and originality. There is scarcely any subject upon which Petty did not "ratiocinate," and, in many directions, he anticipated quite modern discoveries. Varied though the papers be in subject matter, they are all identical in method; throughout every discussion there is found the same attempt to conduct the investigation in terms of precise numerical measurement. The inventor of the phrase "politial arithmetic" is truly worthy of the title "father of statistics."

In his insistence on the necessity of quantitative treatment of political and economic questions Petty is curiously modern

The whole keynote of present day economic science is statistical induction and verification. The paper entitled *The Method of Inquiring into the State of any Country* contains a programme of national statistics that leaves little to be desired, and the later paper *Of Lands and Hands* is an excellent exposition of the deductions which could be derived from the statistics when collected. The figures which engaged Petty most were those dealing with population, a subject on which he held very decided views. His desire for a rapid increase in the numbers of the people as the only source of increased wealth led him to favour most revolutionary proposals regarding the marriage laws. Petty was the true founder of the optimistic school which received such a severe set-back by the publication of Malthus's *Essay*. The old controversy regarding Petty's right to be considered the author of Graunt's *Observations on the London Bills of Mortality* is reopened by Lord Lansdowne in the light of the new material now available. The impression made upon an impartial reader is that the claim in favour of Petty's authorship rests upon an exceedingly strong foundation.

Many of the papers in the collection deal with Ireland. Petty realized that the only possible solutions for the problem of Irish government were complete liberation or absolute conquest. This appears from a remarkable document entitled *The Ship of Ireland between Scylla and Charybdis*, dated 1686. The only method he could suggest by which these two extreme solutions might be avoided was a gigantic transplantation of a million Irish Catholics to England and of a million English Protestants to Ireland, by which means, he said, Ireland might be made into a Free State—another curiously modern phrase. Lord Lansdowne mentions that there are at Bowood several papers dealing with the development of the mines, fisheries and forests on Petty's Kerry estates. Let us hope that these will also be published. G. O'B.

Shorter Notices

LOUIS LE CARDONNEL. Par Phillis Aykroyd, Ph.D. (T.C.D.). London: Dent & Sons. Dublin; Hodges, Figgis & Co. 1927. 6/-.

IT may be safely stated that Louis Le Cardonnel, born in 1862 and still living, is the most important religious poet in contemporary France: truly a poet of the first rank by his sensitiveness to many aspects of man and nature and by the literary quality of his expression; truly religious by the purity and spirituality of all that he has chosen to preserve of his published work, by his traditional Catholicism, by his fidelity, once he has followed the call, to his priestly vocation.

This alone would make him worthy of the study of Irish readers. But, besides, Le Cardonnel claims an Irish strain in his very mixed ancestry. This claim seems to be based on a family tradition, and on his name; no attempt apparently having

been made to investigate it. But he certainly felt in himself, and there runs through much of his poetry, what we are wont to call a "Celtic" note, set off and in the end assimilated by the "classical" tendency inborn in this son of the old Roman city of Valence. So that whether we read him merely for his beauty; or, more curiously, to analyse racial tendencies; or to watch the symbolist develop into a classic; he offers most interesting matter.

Miss Aykroyd has done a great service, and not only to Irish readers, by gathering such a mass of material not easily accessible, and setting it forth in such readable order. Her biographical chapters, without which much remains obscure, are better than anything else on the subject; and are the fruit of unwearying search. The chapters *Ascension* and *le Prêtre* show excellently how varied kinds of inspiration are sublimated in the crucible of Christian thought.

Yet the few reserves we have to make fall under this head. To a Catholic reader reading a Catholic poet, the value of trials and fruitfulness of suffering in *A une Bénédictine*—the reference by the way on p. 21 should be to *Poèmes*—would not have the very faintest savour of a pagan *volupté de la douleur;* the fact of suffering as inevitable, penitential, propitiatory, and not to be compared with the glory to come, being one of our basic ideas. And again on p. 146 there is a passage which reads, though perhaps not so meant, as if there were something more universal in the world of thought than the Christian system.

But the whole study shows much insight and sympathy, and all the tact required in dealing with a living poet. A spirit so sensitive naturally has moods of recoil from the evil of the world, and lapses into something like a despondency inconsistent with the clear serenity of faith. But this, which would be inadmissible in philosophy or theology, only gives an added intensity to religious poetry.

Altogether we thank Miss Aykroyd for her book, and hope that she and her poet will be widely read. M. R.

THE LIFE OF JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN. By Wilfrid Ward. New Impression in One Volume. London: Longmans. 1927. 18/-.

It is a real pleasure to welcome this one volume edition of Wilfrid Ward's standard *Life*. Newman's personality retains its hold, even on a young, post-war generation; and there are lessons to be learnt from these pages which we shall be the poorer for forgetting. Here in Ireland Newman is best remembered as a great educationalist. Is it too much to hope that this re-issue of his biography may bring his ideas home to many who have perhaps not known them, or who have not realised how well Newman appreciated the great needs of Irish education, even though we may grant that on minor issues he was not always able to rid himself of English preconceived theories? Anyhow, among the many Englishmen who have unselfishly sacrificed personal advantage for the sake of work in this country, none was ever more generous or more kindly in his sympathies than the English Oratorian; and for that reason alone we hope that this new edition will find many new Irish readers. P. D.

OUR INHERITANCE. DOCTRINE FOR CATHOLIC COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS. By Mary Eaton. Foreword by Bishop Henry Grey Graham. London: Longmans. 1927. Pp. vi, 320. 4s. 6d.

The work of a practised secondary teacher, who has given ample proof already of power to write on the teaching art, this unpretentious yet ample volume will be of great and even distinctive service in more advanced religious instruction. It is well-ordered, not in the form of a professional treatise on Doctrine, but on a clear plan, personal rather than technical, reminding one more of the *Spiritual Exercises* in its structure than of a manual of Apologetics. Herein lies its distinctiveness. It unites in excellent fashion doctrine and devotion, knowledge and practice. Too often the work of the school for Religion is severed between classroom and oratory. Here both are made one, and given an issue into actual life. T. C.

L'EVANGILE AU CENTRE DE L'AFRIQUE. Le P. Van Hencxthoven, S.J., Fondateur de la Mission du Kwango (Congo Belge). Par E. Laveille, S.J. Louvain: Editions du Museum Lessianum. 1926. 18 fr.

"FATHER VAN HENCXTHOVEN was not only a great missionary. He was the initiator of a form of apostolate marvellously adapted to the needs of the peoples he evangelised. The 'Fermes Chapelles' have made it possible for one of the most degraded races of the Dark Continent to accomplish, almost without effort, the first stages of civilisation. On this account they deserve to be carefully studied by all those interested in the history of the Missions."

Father Laveille's fine work on the Founder of the Belgian Jesuit Missions in the Congo amply fulfils the promise of its preface. It is not only a careful study of a great missioner—both "in the making" and grown to his full stature—but a full and authoritative account of the missionary system of which he was the originator. The controversies which raged almost a quarter of a century ago around this system—the "Fermes Chapelles"—have obscured their real contribution towards the great results obtained by the Belgian Jesuits in the evangelisation and civilisation of the Congo. Here we have "the case stated" for the "Fermes Chapelles" with great, and very convincing, competence.

In the controversies thus recalled Ireland had, so to speak, an "association" interest through Sir Roger Casement. But to many of its Irish readers Father Laveille's book will make, on other grounds, an affecting appeal. For it seems to bring us close to the heart and soul of Father Willie Doyle during that memorable "Long Retreat" in Tronchiennes (Oct.-Nov., 1907), whence he was to set out on the rough, steep road that was to bring him so high and so far. As we read these pages we seem to understand better why Willie Doyle made his election to offer himself for the Congo Missions. "Dead was the lion; but his lair was warm." A year previously Father Van Hencxthoven had died in an obscure village on the banks of some African river; but his spirit still haunted the historic old Abbey by the Lys where he had been a fervent novice some four and thirty years earlier; and as the young Irish "Retreatant" paced the lime-shaded walks of the Abbey gardens a shadowy form kept step with him, telling him of the "hard things" to be done for Christ in the Congo Missions of the Belgian Province. Opposites as they were in all that constitutes the personal equation, in racial characteristics, in temperament, there is a curious similarity in the quality of the "saintship" of the very Irish Father Doyle and the very Belgian Père Van Hencxthoven. For this reason—and for numerous others—many of us will be glad to put on our shelves, side by side with Professor Alfred O'Rahilly's book, Père Laveille's full and authoritative record of the work of the Belgian Jesuits in Central Africa, and of the great missionary, the perfect religious, the generous and faithful son of St. Ignatius, who first led them there.

HELENA CONCANNON.

ECCLESIA. ENCYCLOPEDIE POPULAIRE DES CONNAISSANCES RELIGIEUSES. Publiée sous la direction de l'abbé R. Aigrain. Paris: Bloud et Gay. 1927. 45 fr.

CATHOLIC literature has just been enriched by two important general works of reference, *Universal Knowledge*, the successor of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, and the work under review, described in its sub-title as a popular encyclopedia of religious knowledge. We may say at once that it is a most valuable work. It has in the first place the great advantage of being comprised in a single volume, of convenient size though containing 1,111 pages, and relatively moderate in price. Secondly it is the work of a comparatively small number of well-known and able scholars, whose names are a guarantee of the general value of its contents. The collaborators include Mgr. Gibier, Mgr. Le Roy, Dom Baudot, Ferdinand Cabrol, and Leclercq, O.S.B.; Pères A. Brou, Henri du Passage, and Léonce de Grandmaison, S.J.; Abbés Bricout, Vacandard, F. Mourret; François Veuillot, Georges Goyau, P. de Labriolle.

Ecclesia combines the advantages of a text-book and an encyclopedia. Unlike most encyclopedias it is arranged not alphabetically but systematically and

logically. This enables the writers to deal amply with large departments of knowledge instead of scattering the various aspects of it between A and Z, as must be done in the smaller dictionary-encyclopedias at least. But, with a view to ready reference, *Ecclesia* supplements its systematic arrangement by a very detailed alphabetical index of the whole work, to say nothing of an analytical table of contents.

We can give no better notion of the usefulness of this work than by setting down here its principal contents. There are three main divisions—Doctrine, History, "Action Religieuse." Under the first heading we have compendious treatises on—1. Philosophy. 2. Apologetics. 3. Scripture. 4. Dogma. 5. Moral Theology. 6. Asceticism and Mysticism. 7. Devotions. 8. Liturgy. 9. Canon Law for the Laity. Under the heading History are sections on—1. How History is Made. 2. Old Testament History. 3. Our Lord. 4. The Church. 5. Geography of the Catholic Church. 6. Separated Churches. 7. History of Christian Philosophy. 8. Christian Literature. 9. Christian Art. 10. Non-Christian Religions. Then follow lists of the Popes (a critical chronology) and of the principal Saints (a little dictionary of hagiography), a historical and biographical lexicon, and a geographical gazetteer. Part III. is divided into—1. General Sociology. 2. Religious and Social Education. 3. The Christian Family. 4. The Parish and the Diocese. 5. Christian Society. 6. Œuvres.

Ecclesia is a wonderful compendium of information about the Faith and all that concerns it. **S. J. B.**

Books also received:—

Anonymous	...	The Mirror of Simple Souls. Orchard Books—No. 14. Edited by Clare Kirchberger. (Burns O. W., 5/-).
Antony, C. M.	...	Father Reginald Buckler, O.P. (Sheed and Ward, 4/6).
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Batiffol, Mgr. Pierre	...	Saint Grégoire le Grand. "Les Saints." (Gabalda, 7 fr. 50).
Belloc, Hilaire	...	A History of England. Vol. III. (Methuen, 15/-)
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Bouillon, Lucienne	...	Le Consolateur Viendra. (Lethielleux, 5 fr.).
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The Conversations at Malines, 1921-1925. (Oxford University Press, 2/6).
Acta V Conventus Velehradensis. (Olmutz, 1927).

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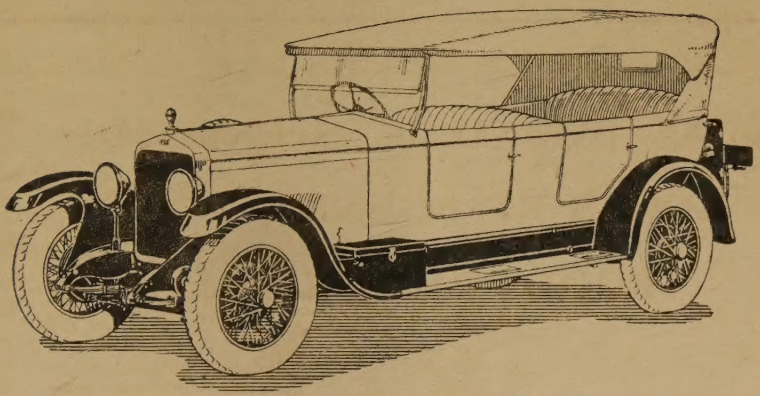

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